Jan. 12, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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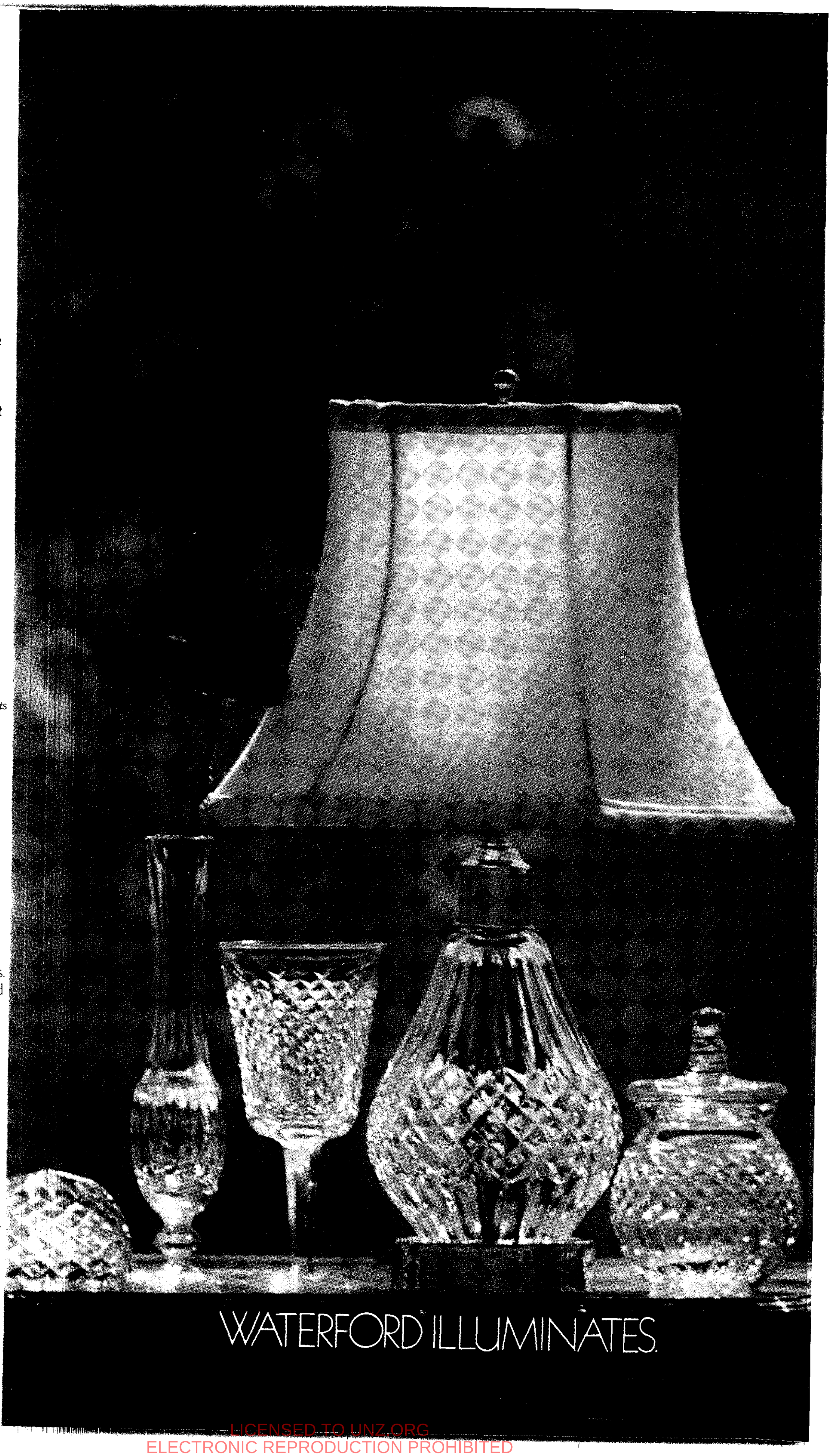

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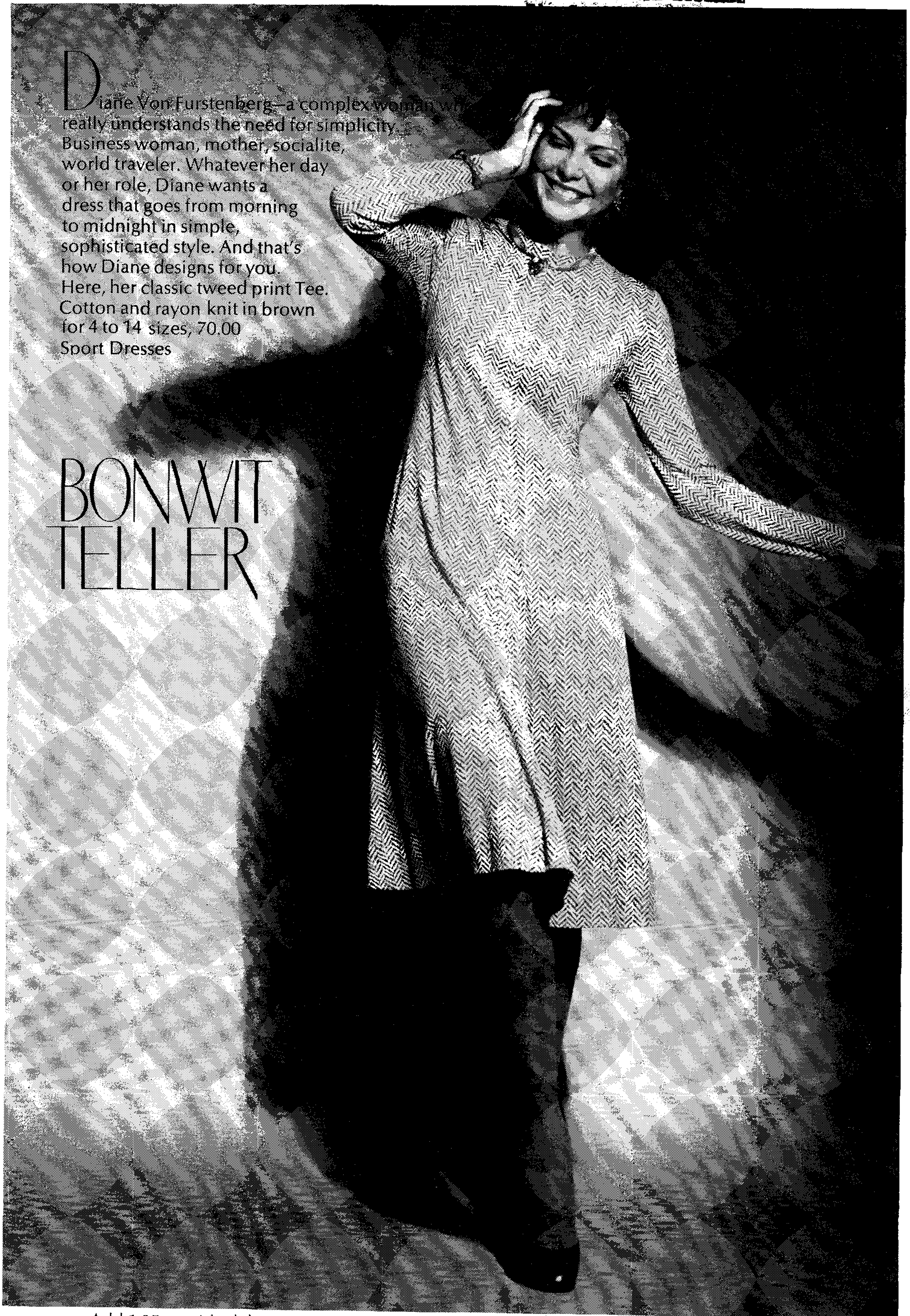

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angel Street—A revival of Patrick Hamilton's thriller of 1941. Dina Merrill is the fluttery Mrs. Manningham, who is being driven out of her mind by a murderous husband. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Clarence—A revival of Booth Tarkington's comedy, with Barbara Britton, Sonny Fox, and Stephen Keep. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Dear Mr. G.—A play by Donna de Matteo. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 243-8334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens—A return engagement of Mr. Williams' durable one-man show. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2 and 8, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, at 8.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:15; matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Gift of the Magi—A musical by Ronnie Britton, based on the O. Henry story. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Glass Menagerie—A superior production of Tennessee Williams' early play about the bittersweet misery of family life. With Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Habeas Corpus—Donald Sinden and Rachel Roberts demonstrate what is, on this side of the water, the little-known art of acting farce.

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The play itself is pretty thin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hamlet—Sam Waterston is the star of this superb production. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 25.)

Home Sweet Homer—A musical that mysteriously contrives to empty one of the most action-packed tales in all literature of much of its content. With Yul Brynner and Joan Diener, and directed by Albert Marre. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is at least an occasion for two performances—by Barry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by clamping cloche hats on her head and singing Bessie's songs is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. Bessie had majesty; Hopkins doesn't. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Murder Among Friends—Jack Cassidy and Janet Leigh in a complicated and occasionally witty comedy-thriller written by Bob Barry. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Musical Jubilee—A not very conscientious account of the origin of the American musical comedy; mostly we get old favorites—Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, John Raitt, Patrice Munsel, Tammy Grimes, Dick Shawn, and Larry Kert—singing old favorites. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—A venal husband seeks to make everyone happy by incessant acts of seduction. Alan Ayckbourn is a clever play-

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LI, No. 47, January 12, 1976. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wright, and we laugh continuously at his dark view of domesticity. The schedule is complicated—**LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 2; Friday, Jan. 9, as well as Monday, Jan. 12, and Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 13, as well as Thursday, Jan. 15, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Thursday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 2; and Friday, Jan. 16, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

PACIFIC OVERTURES—A musical with a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by John Weidman, and a cast headed by Mako and Soon-Teck Oh. Harold Prince directed. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 10. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 11. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE POISON TREE—A play by Ronald Ribman, with Cleavon Little, Moses Gunn, Dick Anthony Williams, and Peter Masterson. Directed by Charles Blackwell. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 8. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and George Grizzard, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 13, Mr. Rabb will replace Mr. Grizzard. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH—Irene Worth's extraordinary performance as an aging, frightened movie star, in hiding after making what she considers a disastrous comeback, almost redeems this deeply flawed play by Tennessee Williams. With Christopher Walken, Pat Corley, and Cathryn Damon, among others. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TRAVESTIES—An enchanting comedy by Tom Stoppard, with John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) starring as a dotty retired English consular officer, who thinks he remembers having known Joyce, Lenin, and Tzara in Zurich during the First World War. Directed by Peter Wood. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Jan. 11, at 7:30.)

VERY GOOD EDDIE—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YENTL—A play about Jews in the Old Country long ago, based on a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Tovah Feldshuh plays the part of a bright and pretty girl masquerading successfully as a husband—but no way! (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Jacob Milligan, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,537 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shelley. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Special matinées Wednesday, Jan. 7, and Thursday, Jan. 15, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 18.)

DANCE

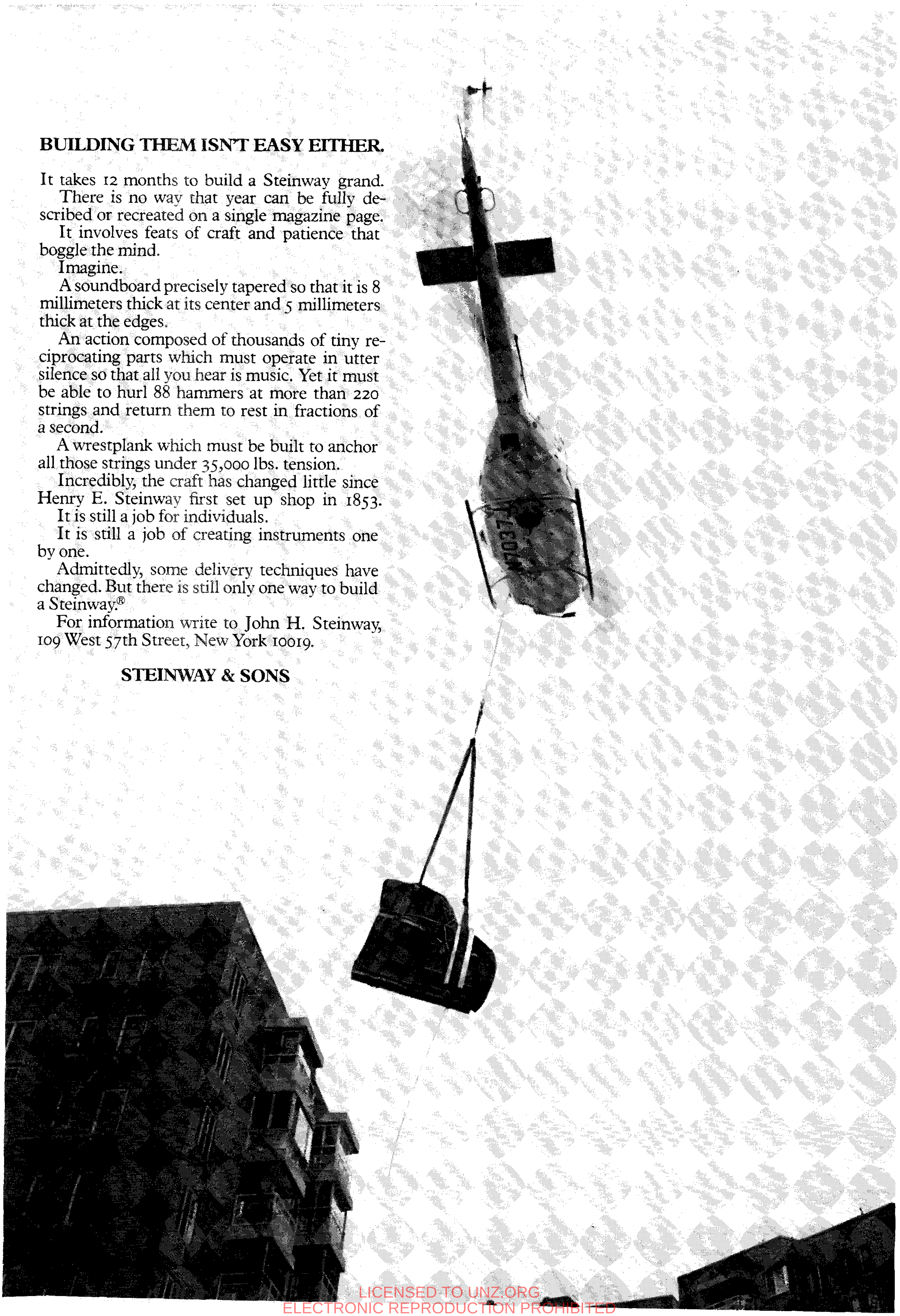
NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," "Rapsodie Espagnole," and "The Concert." . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "The Concert." . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "Coppélia." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Raymonda Variations." . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 11, at 1: "Episodes," "In the Night," "Rapsodie Espagnole," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 11, at 7: "Raymonda Variations," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Daphnis and Chloe." . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Serenade," "Allegro Brillante," "Scherzo Fantastique," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Episodes," "Sonatine," "Illuminations," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Episodes," "Fanfare," and "Divertimento No. 15." . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "In the Night," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2: "Fanfare," "Agon," and "The Concert." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Piano Concerto in G Major." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Giselle." . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Hamlet: Connotations," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "The Leaves Are Fading." . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "Push Comes to Shove" (première), "Pas de Deux," and "The River." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 8: "Coppélia." . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Brahms Quintet," "Awakening," "Las Hermanas," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Giselle." . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Medea" (American première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free." . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Medea," "La Ventana," and "Shadowplay." . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "Awakening," "At Midnight," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Tales of Hoffmann." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "La Ventana," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Shadowplay." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Medea," "The Maids," and "Push Comes to Shove." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 7, and Friday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Index." . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Scheherezade." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2: "Bach Suite," "Facets," "Chimera," and "Hoopla." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Geometrics," "Moments," and "Catalogue." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 777-1123.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement of a program that consists of "Runes" (New York première), "Esplanade," and "From Sea to Shining Sea." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 14-16, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 17-18, at 2 and 8.)

TRISHA BROWN DANCE COMPANY—In a program of avant-garde dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thurs-



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day, Jan. 8, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2.)

Pearl Lang Dance Company—The first two in a series of eight performances of "The Possessed," a full-length work based on Ansky's play "The Dybbuk." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 14, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. **SONNY FORTUNE**, a very fine soloist on alto saxophone and flute, heads up a rousing quintet through Saturday, Jan. 10. Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta, who has over the past few years wandered from avant garde to pop to soul, will wander in with a quintet on Wednesday, Jan. 14. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Bluesman **JOHN HAMMOND** is here on Wednesday, Jan. 7. Hammond, who is the son of the record producer and who has never looked as though he spent much time hopping freights, nonetheless brings off "Terraplane Blues," "Statesboro Blues," and other relics from the Robert Johnson period. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 8-11, **DOC WATSON**, the legendary folklorist from the mountains of North Carolina, will sing and stunningly flat-pick a repertoire that ranges from "Gonna Lay Down My Old Guitar" to "Little Stream of Whiskey" to "The Sheik of Araby." His son, Merle, will accompany him, as usual, and so will a couple of other young rural musicians. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 12-13, will be given over to two young jazzmen—electric pianist Jan Hammer and soprano saxophonist Dave Liebman—and their bands. On Wednesday, Jan. 14, **KENNY RANKIN**, a tasteful singer and guitarist, will offer his blend of folk music and Brazilian-flavored jazz with his band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An artsy neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and an overabundance of patrons and conversation. Pianist Ronnie Matthews and bassist Wayne Dockery collaborate through Saturday, Jan. 10. On Monday, Jan. 12, guitarist Mike Gary, pianist Mike Abene, and bassist Michael Moore begin performing. Barry Harris has charge of the keyboard on Sundays. Music after nine-thirty. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Julie Wilson is singing in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL**, a strong piano soloist who occasionally seems to take a wild delight in her work, is at the keyboard from nine-fifteen to one every night but Sunday.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Stride pianist Joe Turner, who hasn't played in this country in some thirty years (he's been living in Europe), is now busy playing here, Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN**, an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Jan. 13, Carrie Smith will sing along with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at five-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 11, beginning at eight, saxophonist Richie Kamuca and drummer Mel Lewis will co-pilot a quintet.

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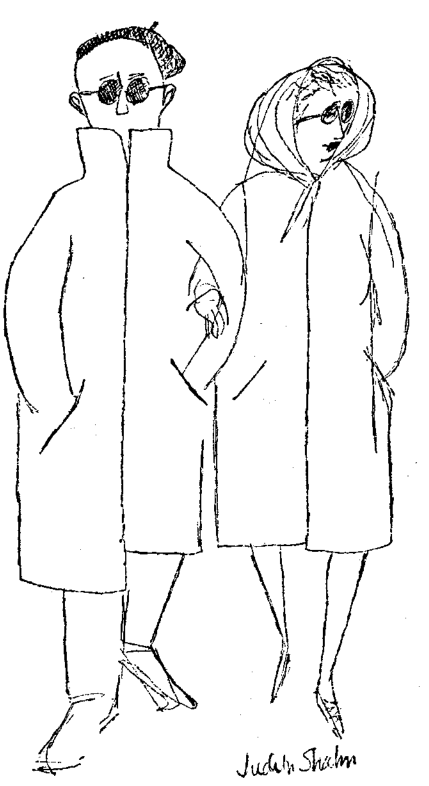
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, seventy-two and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-seven, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. On Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, pianist Hal Galper works with bassist Victor Gaskin and guitarist Bill De Arango. On Sunday, Jan. 11, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, bassist Jimmy Lewis, and pianist Mike Longo play from five to nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Norris Turney on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weekdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **JOE BUSHKIN** is onstage Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. His sidemen are Jo Jones, Milt Hinton, and Herb Ellis. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Probably the best place to hear rhythm and blues, thanks to bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE**, and either **CHRIS PARKER** or **STEVE GADD** on drums. These four fine studio men (by day) and bluesmen (the rest of the time) are here through Thursday, Jan. 8. Music from ten until three. Dinner.



Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE** have played and sung together for more than thirty years. Wherever they go, they usually have young, eager, thoroughly delighted, and predominantly white audiences in their pocket; some of their best songs are "Custard Pie Blues," "I Feel So Good," and, often as an encore, "You're Just a White Boy Lost in the Blues." Through Sunday, Jan. 11. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Oscar Brown, Jr., a tall, dashing, theatrically expressive singer, is here with his backing crew through Sunday, Jan. 11. On Tuesday, Jan. 13, Holly Woodlawn, the torch-singing female impersonator, begins a week's work. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various small jazz groups play every night. Among them is one led by trumpeter and sometime vocalist **CHET BAKER**, which is scheduled for Mondays and Tuesdays. Saxophonist Carmen Leggio, bassist Eddie Gomez, and guitarist Joe Puma join forces on Wednesday, Jan. 7. Yet another group is a quartet led by saxophonist Richie Kamuca on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10. The regular Sunday feature is still the duo of guitarist **JOE PUMA** and his long-standing partner, **CHUCK WAYNE**, who exchange lobbing, single-string, underspinning, and chordal solos. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine.

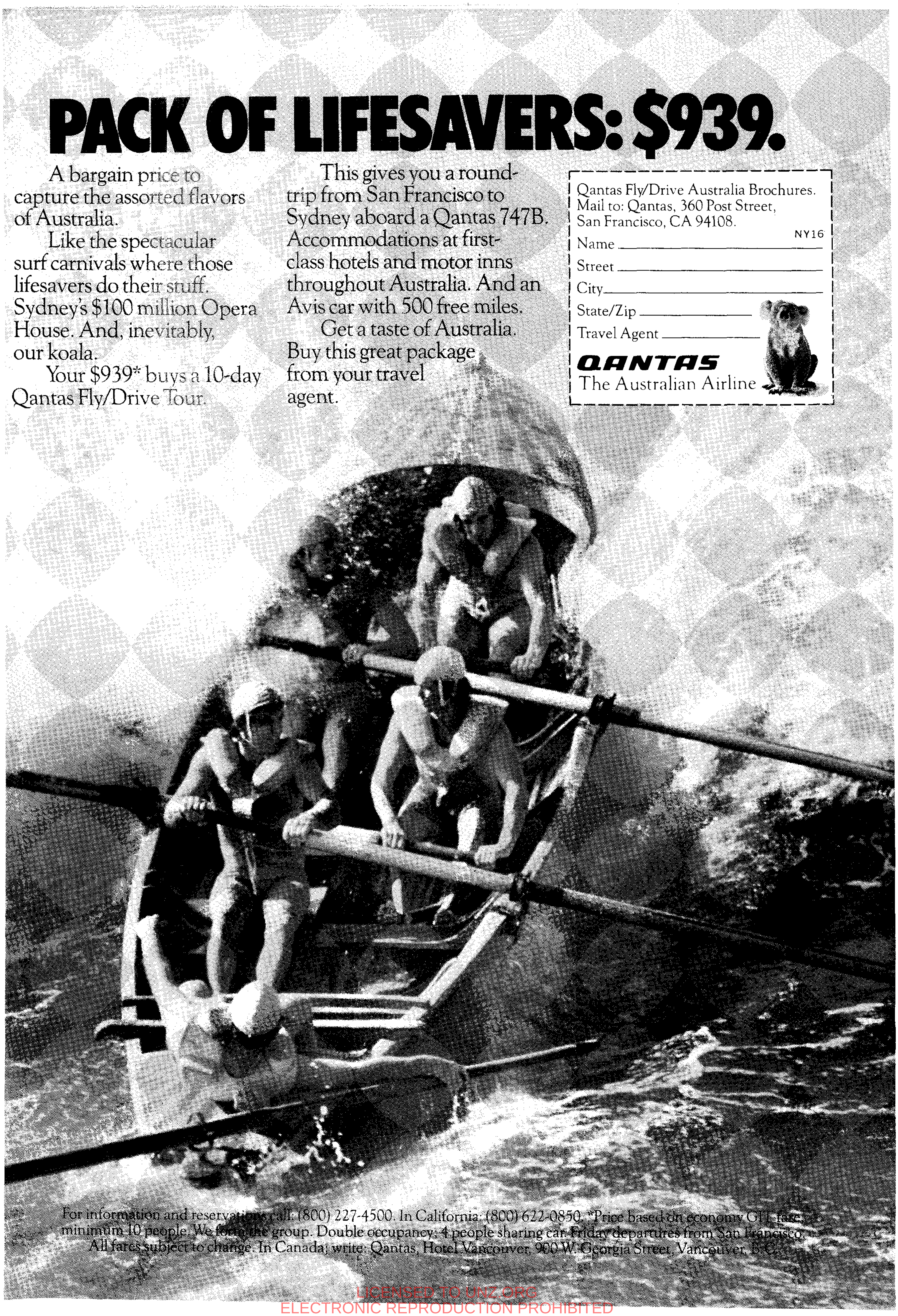
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A heavily patronized restaurant and music room. **RON CARTER**, a bassist who is a pleasure to watch, is on hand through Saturday, Jan. 10, with piano accompaniment. On Sunday, Jan. 11, Gene Bertoncini will play guitar solos; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 12-14, folkie Joel Zoss will sing his own compositions, with support from two sidemen; and, beginning Thursday, Jan. 15, pianist Paul Knopf will work with bassist Duke Cleamons. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd performs with bassist John Williams on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—An attractive, hassle-free restaurant with an ever-changing music roster. Fridays and Saturdays are currently reserved for singer **LEON THOMAS** and his backup band. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, just back from a Triumphant Tour of Japan, is crammed into the tiny triangular stage area through Saturday, Jan. 10. On Monday, Jan. 12, **CLARK TERRY**, who still mugs and mumbles, and whose trumpet and flugelhorn solos still seem to skid on ice, will ride herd on his seventeen-piece band. On Tuesday, Jan. 13, Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, will bring in a quintet. Music from ten. Closed Sunday, Jan. 11.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos which hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who come to hear jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, onetime Basie saxophonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet—trumpeter Taft Jordan, pianist Dill Jones, and a drummer—known as the Warren Court. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving **SAMMY PRICE,** Harold Ashby, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Concert for Satchmo—A tribute to Louis Armstrong, with Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Herb Hall, Marty Napoleon, Arvell Shaw, Oliver Jackson, and Brooks Kerr. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Don Reno-Bill Harrell and the Tennessee Cut-ups—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.)

Sonny Rollins—With Hubert Laws and Tony Williams. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Cleo Laine and John Dankworth—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8.

Interludes—The first offering in the winter series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **NANCY DUSSAULT AND KAREN MORROW** on Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 5:30.

Mel Tormé and **Peter Nero**—With a symphony orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

David Amram, David Bromberg, and **Chuck Israels**—Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 320-1962.

Mongo Santamaria, Cal Tjader, and **Willie Bobo**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8 and at midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Louis Finkelstein—Representational paintings of rural Connecticut and urban New York. Through Jan. 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Gillian Jagger—Conceptual sculptures from the last ten years. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Herbert Katzman—Drawings, from 1935 to the present, of urban scenes, the artist's family and friends, and the artist himself. Through Jan. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Karl Korab—Compositions by a young Austrian that contain elements derived from many antecedent Surrealists yet have an independent character of their own, not to mention excellent craftsmanship; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gerhardt Moswitzer—Sturdy iron and brass sculptures, some suggestive of the human figure; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Fritz Scholder—Oil and acrylic paintings of American Indians. Through Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ethel Schwabacher and Jeanne Reynal—Portraits: Pastels (of Gorky, Freud, and others) by Schwabacher and mosaics (of Duchamp, Gorky, Martha Graham, and others) by Reynal. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kurt Seligmann (1900-62)—Costume designs for the ballet, done in watercolor and pastel. Through Feb. 28. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Charles Shaw (1892-1974)—This artist got around to shaped canvases before there was a name for the genre, and in 1937 he was doing to a package of spearmint gum what Andy Warhol did to a Campbell's soup can a whole generation later; also, his writings graced the pages of *The New Yorker* in its formative years. A selection of this original's paintings, including some delicately poised abstracts, is now on view. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Théo Stavropoulos—Abstract paintings done in subdued colors, some of them suggestive of landscapes; also pencil drawings. Through Jan. 31. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Group Shows—At **ARTWEAVE,** 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Eleven nonfigurative American quilts, nearly half of them Amish specimens, the earliest dated 1850 and the latest 1920. Through Saturday, Jan. 17.... **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Margit Beck and Helen Hoie, among others, and a freestanding illuminated sculpture by Clyde Lynds. Through Jan. 28.... **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Raphael Soyer, Bruno Lucchesi, David Levine, and others. Through Friday, Jan. 16. (Open Mondays.) ... **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such European artists as Sonia Delaunay and Barbara Hepworth, plus paintings by Sam Francis and Paul Jenkins. Through Jan. 29.... **KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: A benefit loan show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by N. C. Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth, James Wyeth, and a scattering of non-Wyeths, including Asher B. Durand and Everett Shinn. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.)... **MC KEE,** 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and drawings by Jake Berthot and Harvey Quaytman, and abstract floor sculptures in stone by Jim Huntington. Through Wednesday, Jan. 14.... **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Braque, Tamayo, and Calder. Through Jan. 31.... **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Ken Danby, Stephen Greene, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through Jan. 31.

Sculpture—Highly polished pieces—glass, stainless steel, bronze, and so forth—by artists associated with the gallery (Sahl Swarz and Barbara Lekberg, for instance) and by invited artists. Through Wednesday, Jan. 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **KOSTA ALEX** at Ault, 25 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **SUZANNE HODES** at Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **ELLIOTT KOSLOFF** at FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Joe Brainard—Some five hundred small collages done with exceptional draftsmanship and unusual wit. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Semi-abstract gouaches based on landscapes and reflecting a deep admiration for Turner. Through Thursday, Jan. 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Hagan—Tulip, oak, and walnut are among the woods used in these large, abstract carved sculptures, which have a rough, unfinished quality; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 24. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—Realist landscapes. Through Jan. 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Recent landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Warrens—Comic-surrealist paintings of animals, including one depicting a life-size hunting dog who has been converted into an ashtray; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Zuka—Collage paintings of figures and events in American history. Through Jan. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and collages by such contemporaries as Steinberg, Christo, Wesselmann, and Frankenthaler which are small in scale but bear the unmistakable stamp of the artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.... **HUMBOLDT,** 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four West Coast artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.... **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American paintings by West, Marin, Hopper, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 17.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Wood and metal sculptures from the last fifteen years. One new work is a floor piece made of squares of natural tin. Through Jan. 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Lois Dodd—New paintings, including views of woods and the artist's studio. Through Jan. 22. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Cynthia Mailman / Diane Churchill—Realist landscapes seen from an automobile. / Abstract paintings, some of them on shaped canvases. Through Jan. 28. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Dalia Ramanauskas—Pen-and-ink drawings of cardboard boxes, bags, and wrapping paper. Through Jan. 24. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

George Schneeman—Figure paintings. Through Jan. 22. (Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St.: Works in various mediums by Robert Wilson, Jennifer Bartlett, Sol LeWitt, and others. Through Wednesday, Jan. 14.... **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Work in a variety of mediums, including paintings by Mary Grigoriadis and sculptures by Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira and Gary Wojcik. Through Jan. 24.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **ANNE BELL** and **KATHRYN PERRY** at Aames, 93 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **FABRIZIO PLESSI** and **ERNST AEBI** at Yu, 393 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **DAVID L. STOLTZ** at 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

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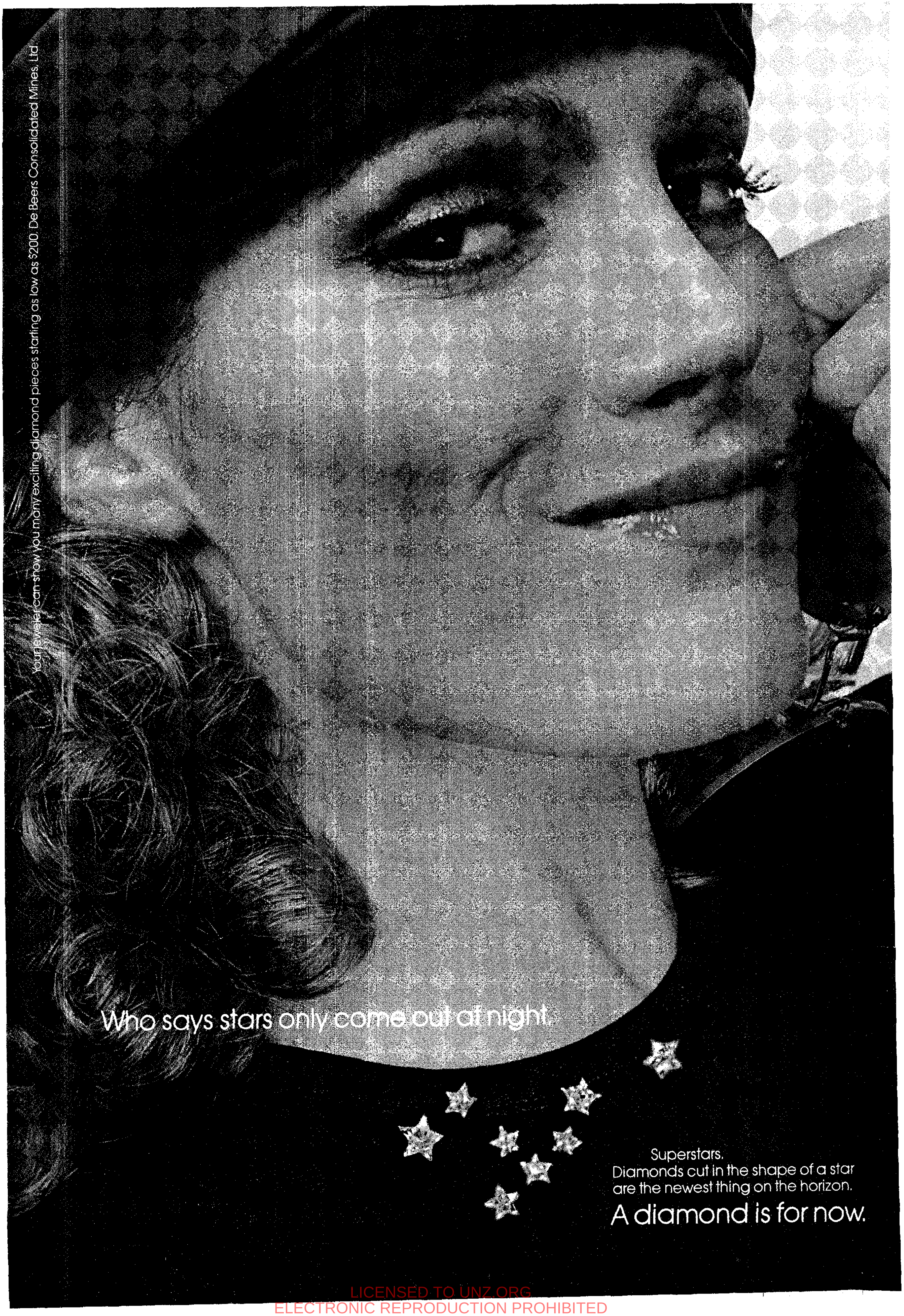
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hattan and some of its high rises and lowlifes, built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. Through Jan. 20. (88 Pine St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Kate Millett—A series of sculptures depicting people and objects in cages, by this artist-writer. Through Jan. 21. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **african-american institute,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: A travelling exhibit of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.)... **feiden,** 51 E. 10th St.: Boris Aronson, Ruth Gikow, Al Hirschfeld, Raphael Soyer, and others are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—A retrospective made up of more than a hundred and eighty works by this veteran American photographer. Through Jan. 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bernhard and Hilla Becher—About eighty pictures of industrial plants in Pennsylvania coalfields. Through Jan. 22. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Eugene Buechel (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Winthrop Edey—Landscapes and cityscapes taken in Venice, Mexico, and New York. Through Jan. 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Gary Hallman / Joe Deal—Outsize black-and-white prints of, for example, ice cream melting, lettuce compressed under glass, hands holding ice; also a group of pictures made from scratched negatives. / Photographs of back yards taken from elevated points. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Louis Lanzano—Street photographs taken blind with a wide-angle camera strapped to his wrist. Through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Robert Monroe / Darryl Jones—Dye-transfers; one thousand toned prints (all variants using the same negative); and other manipulated prints. / Three-dimensional images printed on nonsoluble gelatin (also known as the carbo process because the image is made of powdered carbon). Through Saturday, Jan 17. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Barbara Jo Revelle and Richard Edelman—Composite prints in black-and-white and in color. Through Thursday, Jan 15. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Group Shows—At the **camera club,** 37 E. 60th St.: Photographs of a wide variety of subject matter by members. Through Monday, Jan. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)... **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers that may or may not have been taken by Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period.... ¶ Color photographs of the American scene by Ernst Haas. Both exhibitions through Feb. 1. (Open Sundays.)... **witkin,** 243 E. 60th St.: A hundred prints by ten photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Walker Evans, and Edward Weston. Through Jan. 24. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)... **zabriskie,** 29 W. 57th St.: Photographs of artists, taken by Brassaï, Man Ray, Albert E. Gallatin, and Alexander Liberman, among others. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress.... ¶ The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23. ... ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Printsequence," an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18.... ¶ A selection of objects acquired during the last couple of years for the museum's design collection, including wrought-iron pieces and ceramics. Through Sunday, Jan. 11.... ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Feb. 8.... ¶ Photographs of Pennsylvania coal-screening plants by Bernhard and Hilla Becher. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and twelve monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8. ... ¶ A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, and drawings of one of the earliest American abstractionists, Arthur G. Dove. Through Jan. 18.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 22.... ¶ A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. Through Jan. 18. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30.... ¶ An eleven-minute slide show, with narration, of drawings and photographs that explain (in a mixture of story and fact) how hats are used all over the world, and a companion exhibit of hats worn by politicians and theatre people. Through Feb. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Indian drawings and painted sketches dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Starts Thursday, Jan. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of clay, stone, jade, and bronze figurines found in Chinese tombs dating from the third century through the sixth. Through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection,

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including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne. . . . ¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Nearly sixty-five pieces of furniture made in New York between 1740 and 1840. Also on view: a tool chest that belonged to cabinetmaker Duncan Phyfe. Through May 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Colored-pencil drawings by Cleveland Bellow. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings by Phillip Lindsay Mason. Through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Collages, paintings, and pen-and-ink drawings by Michael Cummings. Through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 7: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; conducted by John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Elinor Ross, Rita Shane, Jean Kraft, Barry Morell, and Sherrill Milnes; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 9: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and *Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with* Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Ezio Flagello, Jon Garrison, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 10: "Elektra," with Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Roberta Knie, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley; Heinrich Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 10: "Così Fan Tutte," with Clarice Carson, Huguette Tourangeau, Colette Boky, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Lenus Carlson, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 12: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 13: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 14: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Teresa Kubiak, Lili Chookasian, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Lili Chookasian; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Evelyn Mandac, Lili Chookasian, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "Elektra," with Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Roberta Knie, Astrid Varnay, Robert Nagy, and William Dooley; Heinrich Hollreiser. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 16: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, and Raymond Michalski; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Justino Diaz, and Richard T. Gill; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Aaron Copland's "The Tender Land," staged by Richard Getke, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 16-17, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting on Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 9, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 10, and Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30 (with Gary Graffman, piano). . . . ¶ Everett Lee conducting on Thursday, Jan. 15, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30 (all with Ruggiero Ricci, violin). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30 (with Ivan Davis, piano).

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting performances of Mahler's Ninth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 7-8, at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Ravi Shankar, sitar; Don Tison, trumpet; and Donald S. Sutherland, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Sacred Music Society of America—Anthony Morss directing an orchestra and a chorus in a benefit performance of the American première of Massenet's opera "Marie Magdeleine" in concert form, with Régine Crespin, soprano; Sheila Nadler, mezzo-soprano; Louis Roney, tenor; Joseph Rouleau, bass; and Daniel Roth, organ. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the second in a series of three programs of new music, this one with Susan Belling, soprano, and John Swallow, trombone. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Myron Romanul, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Seymour Lipkin conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all Tchaikovsky program, with Lazar Berman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the first in a series of five programs of American music, this one devoted to "The Founding Years—1620-1800." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Note—On Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:30, Gerard Schwarz, Jack White, and Renold Schilke will conduct a program of music performed by an ensemble of more than four hundred brass players in the lower plaza at Rockefeller Center.

RECITALS

Beverly Somach—Violin, in the first in a series of three recitals of music associated with Fritz Kreisler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8, the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. . . . ¶ Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:30, an all-Beethoven program, with Judith Raskin, soprano.)

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Robert Whaley—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

James Tocco—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:15.)

Anton Heiller—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

Isaac Stern and his Friends—The first of two concerts, this one played by Mr. Stern and Alexander Schneider, violin; Yo-yo Ma and Leonard Rose, cello; Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; and Arnold Steinhardt and Michael Tree, violin and viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Fredrik Wanger, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Virgil Fox—Organ. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Regis Pasquier—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, in an all-Scarlatti program. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Jerome Rose—Cello and piano, in a recital of Beethoven and Brahms sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Renata Tebaldi—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Cesare Siepi—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At Nassau Coliseum—Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:05.

Darts—United States Open Darts Championship. (Grand Ballroom, Commodore Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 10-11, at 10:30; the finals begin at 5:30 on Sunday. Tickets at the door.)

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum (all games at 8:05)—Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. the Soviet Wings, in an exhibition game, Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Tuesday, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Jan. 17.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 10, and the Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 17. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 10.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

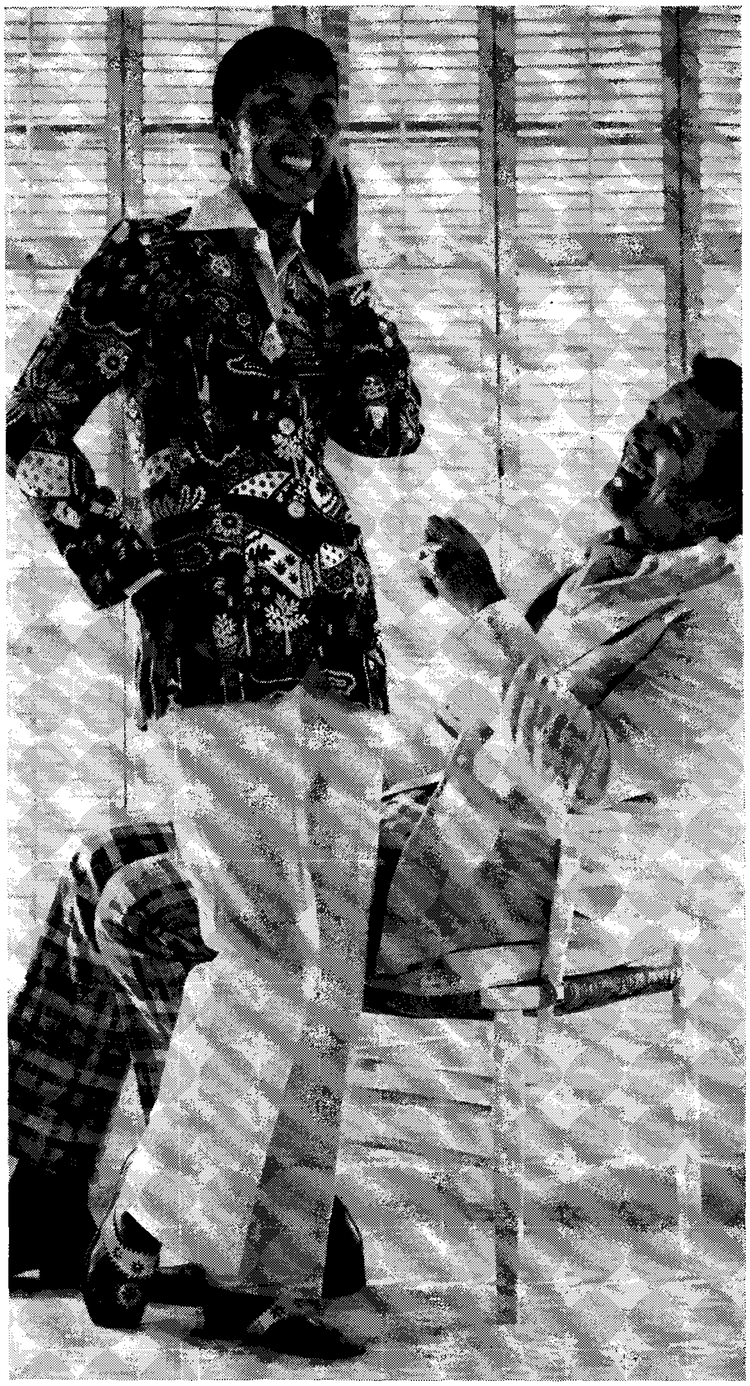
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—David Ignatow, Harvey Shapiro, and Nathan Whiting reading poems about New York City by other authors. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—The third in a series of four lectures under the title "About Food," this one given by James Beard. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 10:30 A.M.)

National Boat Show—The sixty-sixth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 10 and 17, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 11 and 18, from noon to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 12-16, from noon to 10.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, at 2: Oriental rugs, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 15, at 2: The American Shakespeare Theatre Collection of paintings, drawings, and ceramics. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 10.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Jan. 13: "Supervixens" and "Cry Uncle" (both X-rated).
From Jan. 14: "Let's Do It Again" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 13: "Hearts and Minds" and "Oh! What a Lovely War."
From Jan. 14: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 13: "Love and Death" and "Bananas."
From Jan. 14: "Hard Times" and "The Fortune."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Hindenburg."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 8: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."
From Jan. 9: "Blackbeard's Ghost" and "The Sword in the Stone."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Killer Elite."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Lucky Lady."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Distant Thunder."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Jan. 13: "The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams."
From Jan. 14: To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Black Bird."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Special Section."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Distance."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 13: "A Pain in the A.."
From Jan. 14: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 13: "The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams."
From Jan. 14: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Swept Away."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hindenburg."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Hustle."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Killer Elite."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Aaron Loves Angela."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Jan. 8: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."
From Jan. 9: "Blackbeard's Ghost" and "The Sword in the Stone."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Three Days of the Condor."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Nashville."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Killer Elite."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 13 at one or another of the theatres: "Smile" and "Thieves Like Us" / "Swept Away" / "The Romantic Englishwoman" / Two X-rated films.
From Jan. 14: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 13: "The Day of the Locust" and "Harold and Maude."
From Jan. 14: "Let's Do It Again" and "McQ."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"I Am a Dancer."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Three Days of the Condor."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 8: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." From Jan. 9: "Blackbeard's Ghost" and "The Sword in the Stone."
Theatre 3: "The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 13: "The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams."
From Jan. 14: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 13: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From Jan. 14: "Gone with the Wind."

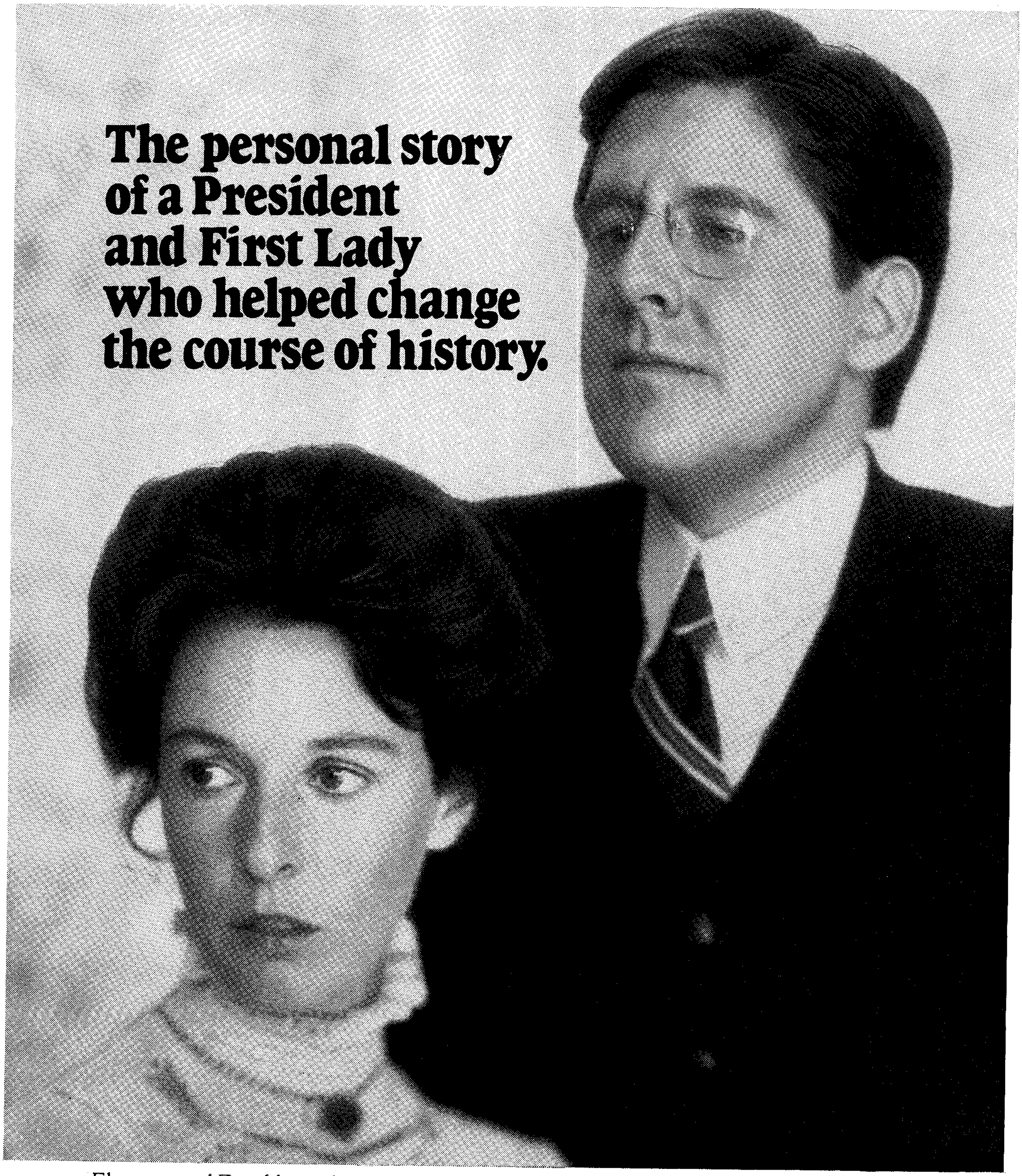
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 13: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "Russian Roulette."
From Jan. 14: "Let's Do It Again" and "The Getaway."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 7: "A Free Woman" (1974), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with Margarethe von Trotta; and "A Woman Under the Influence" (1974), directed by John Cassavetes, with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands.
Jan. 8: "Uncle Vanya" (1971), in Russian, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky, with Innokenty Smoktunovsky; and "The Three Sisters" (1964), in Russian, directed by Samson Samsonov.
Jan. 9: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
Jan. 10: "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Images." (†)
Jan. 11: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (1965), directed by Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan, with performances by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev; and "Cinderella" (1961), a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.
Jan. 12: "Paris Belongs to Us" (†); and "The Nun" (1965; "La Religieuse"), directed by Jacques Rivette, with Anna Karina.
Jan. 13: "The Sin" (1965), in Egyptian, directed by Henry Barakat; and "The Postman" (1968), in Egyptian, directed by Hussein Kamal.
Jan. 14: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat.
Jan. 15: "Nosferatu" (1922), directed by F. W. Murnau; "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (†); and "Un Chien Andalou." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 7: "Black Peter" (1964) and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), both Czech films, and both directed by Miloš Forman.
Jan. 8: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973), in French, directed by Jean Eustache, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.
Jan. 9: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
Jan. 10: "The Loved One" (†); and "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman.
Jan. 11: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "Major Barbara." (†)
Jan. 12: "The Teahouse of the August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Moon" (†); and "The Young Lions." (†)

Jan. 13: "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom; and "The Goat's Horn" (1972), in Bulgarian, directed by Metodi Andonov.

Jan. 14: "The Firemen's Ball" (†); and "Taking Off" (1971), directed by Miloš Forman, with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry.

Jan. 15: "The Middle of the World" (1975), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Olimpia Carlisi and Philippe Léotard; and "Charles Dead or Alive." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Jan. 7: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx" (1970), directed by Waris Hussein, with Gene Wilder.

Jan. 8: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "King of Hearts."

Jan. 9: "Harold and Maude" (†); and "King of Hearts."

Jan. 10: "Bananas" (†); and "King of Hearts."

Jan. 11: "Little Murders" (1971), directed by Alan Arkin, with Elliott Gould; and "King of Hearts."

Jan. 12: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; and "King of Hearts."

Jan. 13: "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" (†); and "King of Hearts."

Jan. 14: "Musashi and Kojiro" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Swords of Death" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Tomu Uchida.

Jan. 15: "Trail of Blood" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Samurai Rebellion." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Jan. 10: "The Front Page" (1931), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton; and "I Cover the Waterfront" (1933), directed by James Cruze, with Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, and Ernest Torrence.

Jan. 11-13: "A Date with Judy" (†); and "Nancy Goes to Rio." (†)

From Jan. 14: "Red Dust" (†); and "Bombshell." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of Mexican films directed by Luis Buñuel, in Spanish: Jan. 8 at 5:30: "The Great Madcap" (1949), English subtitles.... Jan. 8 at 8: "The Young and the Damned" (1950), English subtitles.... Jan. 9 at 2: "Gran Casino" (1947), no English subtitles.... Jan. 10 at 3: "The Great Madcap."... Jan. 10 at 5:30: "Susana" (1951), no English subtitles.... Jan. 11 at 3: "Daughter of Deceit" (1951), English subtitles.... Jan. 12 at 2: "The Young and the Damned."... Jan. 13 at 2: "Mexican Bus Ride" (1952), English subtitles.... Jan. 15 at 5:30: "Gran Casino."... Jan. 15 at 8: "Daughter of Deceit."... ¶ Other, non-Buñuel, films scheduled during this period are: Jan. 8 at 2 and Jan. 9 at 5:30: "Night of Love" (1927), directed by George Fitzmaurice, with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.... Jan. 10-11 at noon: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964), directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles.... Jan. 11 at 5:30: A program of twelve short films.... Jan. 12 at 5:30: A program of short films by Tom Chomont, done between 1969-75.... Jan. 15 at 2: "No-Man's Land" (1931), a German film in several languages, directed by Victor Trivas; some English narration. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 13: "Solariumagelani: Vernal Equinox" and "Solariumagelani: Summer Solstice," both directed by Hollis Frampton.... ¶ Starting Jan. 14: "What Maisie Knew," directed by Babette Mangolte. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Bresson, Hays, Warhol, Broughton, Buñuel, Dreyer, and others. Showings Jan. 7 at 6 and 8; Jan. 8 at 6 and 9; Jan. 9 at 6, 8:30, and 10; Jan. 10 at 2:30 and 6; Jan. 11 at 8; Jan. 13 at 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 14 at 6 and 8; and Jan. 15 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 8-11 at 8: Two films each by Kent Hodgetts and Vickie Z. Peterson.... ¶ Jan. 15-18 at 7:30: "An Infinite Tenderness" (1972), directed by Paul Jallaud, a French film with no dialogue.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Aaron Loves Angela—With Moses Gunn, Kevin Hooks, and Robert Hooks; directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an over-elaborate production. The idea has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

The Adventures of the Wilderness Family—With Robert F. Logan, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Guild, and Loews 83rd St.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Gramercy; through Jan. 13.... ¶ Elgin; Jan. 10.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Blackbeard's Ghost (1968)—From the Disney studios, with Peter Ustinov and Dean Jones, directed by Robert Stevenson. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 9.)

The Black Bird—With George Segal and Stéphane Audran, directed by David Giler. (Columbia II.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star. Also with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucously, but from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 14.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 15.)

Charles Dead or Alive (1969)—Alain Tanner's Swiss film, made before his "La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken. Highly recommended. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 15.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 15.)

A Date with Judy (1948)—A Joe Pasternak-M-G-M musical intended for the whole family; deliberately corny, shiny clean, and cheery, but with some redeeming energy. Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell are the ingénues, and Robert Stack, looking like a Greek god, junior division, is the juvenile. Tolerable score, with one nice number ("It's a Most Unusual Day"); Richard Thorpe directed. With Wallace Beery, Carmen Miranda, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11-13.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Playboy; through Jan. 13.)

Distance—With Paul Benjamin, directed by Anthony Lover. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Distant Thunder—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Cinema II.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Art, U. A. East, and Symphony.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Olympia; through Jan. 13.)

The Firemen's Ball (1967)—A Czech comedy considered by some to be a minor masterpiece. A small-town firemen's ball is held, ostensibly to award a hatchet to a retiring fire chief but also as an occasion for a beauty contest, a raffle, and an all-purpose celebration. Directed by Miloš Forman, with a feeling for parody and gentle slapstick, from a script that Ivan Passer had a hand in. Sample gag: an old man sits in a chair in the snow facing his house, which is burning; his neighbors, considerate of his feelings, turn the chair around, and then, fearing he'll catch cold, move the chair closer to the fire. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 14.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe. Jack Nicholson has some high comic moments, but the film isn't likable. (Gramercy; starting Jan. 14.)

The Getaway (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Olympia; starting Jan. 14.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Thalia; starting Jan. 14.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Gramercy; starting Jan. 14.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Playboy; through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Elgin; Jan. 9.)

Hearts and Minds—This documentary on the war in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis (of "The Selling of the Pentagon") and finished in 1974, is a film of poise and amplitude. It is really a reflection on Americans' changing view of themselves, and it is done with even temper and a heed for justice. (4/28/75) (Cinema Village; through Jan. 13.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Plaza.)

The Hindenburg—With George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft, directed by Robert Wise. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Hustle—With Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Loews Ciné.)

I Am a Dancer (1972)—Rudolf Nureyev formal (in excerpts from "La Sylphide," "The Sleeping Beauty," and Glen Tetley's "Field Figures") and informal (rehearsing, relaxing with a pot of coffee, meeting his fans). Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand" is included complete, with Nureyev partnering Margot Fonteyn, and it comes off better on film than it did on the stage. (Cinema Studio.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Elgin; Jan. 13.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 10.)

Killer Elite—With James Caan and Robert Duvall, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Greenwich.)

Let's Do It Again—An innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. Cosby looks spaced out on his own innocent amiability, and he floats away with the show; Poitier, who directed, plays straight man to him and gives an embarrassed, unfunny performance. It's crude slapstick, but the people on the

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screen are very likable. The cast includes Jimmie Walker, Ossie Davis, Julius Harris, Mel Stewart, John Amos, Lee Chamberlin, Denise Nicholas, and Calvin Lockhart. (11/3/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Jan. 14.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

The Life and Times of Grizzly Adams—With Dan Haggerty, directed by Richard Friedenberg. (Columbia I, Juliet 1, and New Yorker; through Jan. 13.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 14.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Gramercy; through Jan. 13.)

The Loved One (1965)—From the look of this version of Evelyn Waugh's satirical novel centering on Forest Lawn, the director, Tony Richardson, shot every plausible idea that came along, and then, as the material was of megalomaniac length, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to plug the holes with overlapping sound. But it's funny anyway. The botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton play a married couple, Rod Steiger an embalmer, Ayllene Gibbons his bedridden fat mother (who gets orgasms from looking at the food in TV commercials), Jonathan Winters a charlatan, and Liberace a casket salesman. The cast also includes James Coburn, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Roddy McDowall, Robert Morse, Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lionel Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Christopher Isherwood worked on the script; then Terry Southern was brought in. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10.)

Lucky Lady—An agents' picture—everybody's rip-off, and a mangy insult to the audience. Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 11.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Coronet.)

McQ (1974)—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hocks. John Sturges directed, at a funereal pace. (2/11/74) (Playboy; starting Jan. 14.)

Nancy Goes to Rio (1950)—One of the vacuous, bright-colored, wholesome musicals featuring Jane Powell that Joe Pasternak produced for M-G-M. With Ann Sothern, Barry Sullivan, Carmen Miranda, and Hans Conried. An abysmal score, featuring such songs as "Nancy's Goin' to Rio." Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11-13.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is enlivening in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Oh! What a Lovely War (1969)—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Cinema Village; through Jan. 13.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

A Pain in the A . .—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. The topic of hotels is the most interesting one to think about here, because of its value to French farce; the film allows one time to muse, though it is comic enough, especially in the lugubriousness of Lino Ventura about the

tenacious friendship of Jacques Brel. In French. (9/1/75) (72nd Street East; through Jan. 13.)

Paris Belongs to Us (1960)—This first, improvisational film by Jacques Rivette is about atomic spies, a labyrinthine political conspiracy, and young intellectual aesthetes, and it has been called a modern French existentialist version of "The Possessed." But the director seems to have no thought of penetrating the labyrinth to sort things out for the audience; his images of panic and terror don't add up to anything more than neurotic attitudes, and one doesn't have any particular response to what's going on. Jean-Luc Godard, Claude Chabrol, and Jacques Demy are among the cast. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 12.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady—but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 14.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 13.)

Russian Roulette—No click. With George Segal, directed by Lou Lombardo. (Olympia; through Jan. 13.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed sword fight. In Japanese. (Elgin; Jan. 15.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker; starting Jan. 14.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 13.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, the birds and the flowers, and a narrator with the voice of a benign uncle. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 8.)

Special Section—Costa Gavras's melodrama, set in Vichy France. The casting and the writing are far too prejudicial: the collaborators with the Germans are cartoon figures—vain, ambitious weaklings, easily soft-soaped—whereas their victims unfailingly shine with humanity. The film lacks temperament; it seems lifelessly worthy. In French. (12/15/75) (Beekman.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema I.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Juliet 2, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 13.)

The Sword in the Stone (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 9.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon (1956)—John Patrick's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, adapted from Vern J. Sneider's novel, is a whimsical comedy fantasy about the foolishness of the American military bureaucracy's attempts to impose American ideas on occupied countries—in this case Okinawa. Many people thought the play magical, but the movie version, directed by Daniel Mann, is heavily boisterous and an almost total mistake. Marlon Brando starved himself to play the pixie interpreter Sakini, and he worked up some amazingly tricky movements with his legs. But the roguish role is so far outside his range that he's less effective in it than dozens of lesser actors might have been. As the American captain who tries to turn an Okinawan village into a well-scrubbed Yankee community, Glenn Ford grimaces, twitches galvanically, and stutters foolishly. With Machiko Kyo, Paul Ford, and Eddie Albert. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 12.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 13.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic view of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Thalia; through Jan. 13.)

The Young Lions (1958)—This piece of heavyweight kitsch is fairly entertaining, what with Marlon Brando as a fearfully handsome German ski instructor turned Nazi (he's also the blondest blond ever seen), Montgomery Clift as a forlorn, romantic American Jew, and Dean Martin as a Broadway playboy. The three meet before the Second World War and then again during it. Directed by Edward Dmytryk and adapted by Edward Anhalt from an Irwin Shaw novel, the film is episodic and overproduced, like a wartime "Grand Hotel." Maximilian Schell plays a mean Nazi, in contrast to Brando's misguided, agonized idealist, and Hope Lange, May Britt, and Barbara Rush are among the women. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 12.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A NUMBER of prominent Americans on both the political right and the political left, discouraged by the nation's failure in recent years to export its form of government to Vietnam or any other part of the world, have begun to wonder whether or not the American democracy still has a role to play in world affairs. Some recent remarks by Secretary Brezhnev suggest that it does. In a speech at the European security conference in Helsinki, Brezhnev, using words to mean the reverse of what they would ordinarily mean to us, said, "It is no secret that information media can serve the purposes of peace and confidence or they can spread throughout the world the poison of discord between countries and peoples. We would like to hope that the results of the conference will serve as a correct guideline for coöperation in these areas." According to the Party line these days, both dissidence within the Soviet Union and criticism without must be suppressed in the name of détente, which is supposedly the opposite of the "discord between countries" that Brezhnev was talking about in his speech. We were reminded that in the Watergate years the Russian government quickly ganged up with the Nixon White House in attacking the American press. Leonid Zamyatin, of the Tass news agency, commenting on President Nixon's fall from office, remarked over Moscow television, "A very definite brainwashing of public opinion was taking place on both radio and television, and it certainly was not in favor of President Nixon." This alliance of the Soviet and American governments against the American press seemed odd until one reflected that the American press consistently plays very much the same role with respect to the Soviet government that it plays with respect to the United States government. The Soviet Union, lacking a free press of its own, finds itself under the critical eye of only the press in free countries. The free countries, moreover, provide dissidents within the Soviet Union a chance to make their voices heard around the world. No rival totalitarian nation, such as China, can amplify the voice of a Solzhenitsyn or a Sakharov in this way; a voice emanating from another unfree nation is as suspect as any voice that is allowed to speak in the Soviet Union itself. Only voices that emanate from an atmosphere of freedom can win the trust that gives them their power.

In recent months, a number of other governments have lodged protests against newsmen from abroad. Last June, the Indian government demanded that journalists submit their stories for clearance, and expelled those who refused. In Spain last September, when a large part of Europe, including the Vatican, protested the execution of five men who had been convicted of terrorism after rigged trials, the government laid the blame for the protest on the world press. From Czechoslovakia last August, a reminder came of just how far governments in our time are willing to go to suppress information: an article on the Op-Ed page of the *Times* reported that the police were breaking into writers' apartments and confiscating manuscripts before the texts could be disseminated. The prospects for expanding the realm of freedom may seem poor at the moment; however, free nations have a role to play which does not require expansion. For nations whose governments are bent on extirpating the past, the free world—which is to say those countries where liberties actually exist—can serve as a memory. The pasts of these nations are, in a manner of speaking, refugees, and the free world can take them in, into its libraries and schools. For nations in which the truth about the present is suppressed, the free world can serve as a forum. Thus, simply by existing, and by securing and perfecting its liberties, the free world is able to serve the globe as librarian, archivist, and sounding board—as custodian of whatever can be known about a world that does not want to know very much about itself.

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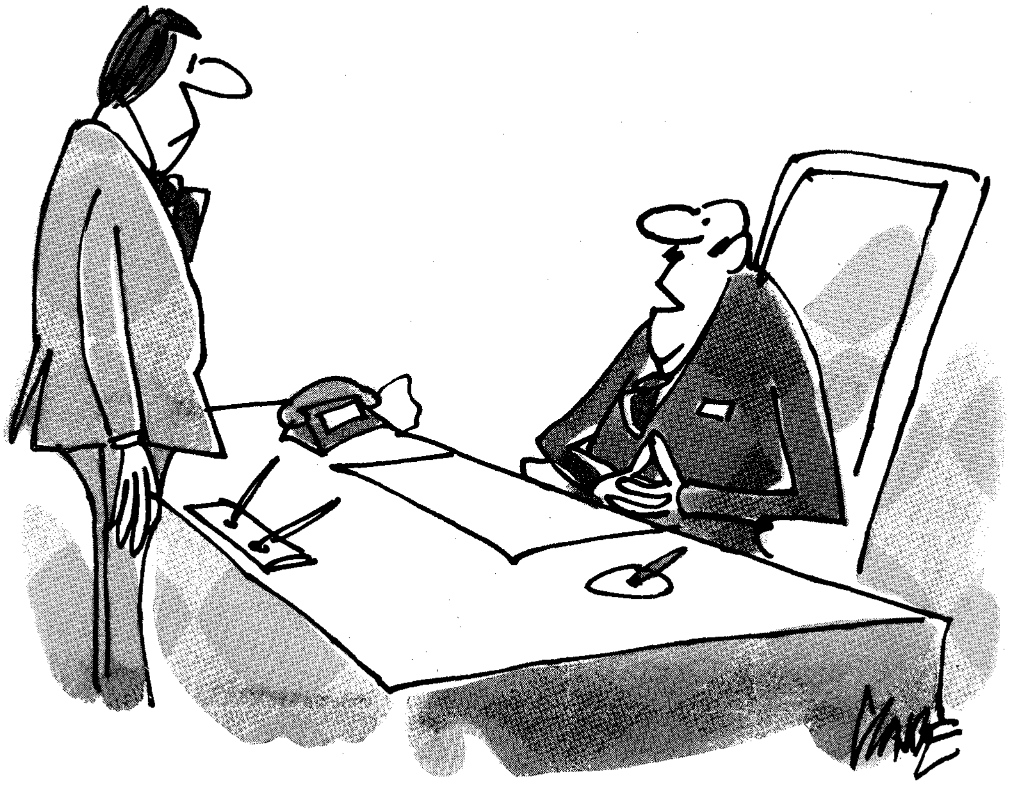
Freespace U

A RECENT visit to Freespace Alternate U suggests to us that that cheery figure from recently bygone days—the peppy, hardworking American anarchist—is being nudged perilously close to extinction. Freespace U nicely approximates what a well-indoctrinated West Point cadet would regard as a nightmare. It is a collectively run institution with neither faculty nor officers, no semesters, no registration or required fees, no study halls, no dunce cap, no basketball team. People show up when they feel like it. The main campus at Freespace U is a one-room third-floor walkup on Lafayette Street, a cozy time warp in which the anarchist élite occasionally meet. It has folding chairs, file cabinets, handwritten notices posted on the walls, a blackboard, an electric space heater in the middle of the floor, a bookcase loaded with soft-core and hard-core anarchist tomes, a vague aura of mistrust in the air—the usual stuff. A message on the



"Hedwell, as part of our Bicentennial Celebration we're letting you go."

• •

blackboard the other day said, "Our pre-evaluation of common-stock equity shows X-rays on the upswing." The room is an excellent period piece; just being there must make the average armchair nihilist want to argue with his fellow-man over the merits of anarcho-syndicalism, vanguardism, and radical conformism.

Talk is cheap at Freespace U. The other day, a few members of the general public showed up for a Freespace U freebie lecture and gallery tour called "SoHo Art Through Anarchist Eyes," led by Thomas Y. Brink. The tour began an hour late, because of some travel hangup Mr. Brink ran into in the Newark PATH station on the way over from his home, in New Jersey. When he finally arrived, he passed out cards that said, "ANARTCHY, DECLASSIFY, DEMATERIALIZE, DESECRATE, DENY, WITHDRAW!" "That about says it all," Mr. Brink explained.

Nine people started out on the tour, including at least six anarchists: a welder from Milwaukee in town for the holidays; a buddy of his from West Virginia; two vegetarian restaurateurs from Vermont; a middle-aged woman, who told us she is an apprentice anarchist; and Thomas Brink himself, a journeyman. We stuck close to Mr. Brink, following him through about a half-dozen SoHo galleries, and although he saw a lot that he said was "interesting," nothing really seemed to rev up his anarchist juices. In one gallery, he said that a floor-to-ceiling storage bin filled with large canvases was "interesting" because no one could see what paintings were stored inside. In another gallery, someone asked if a certain doorway was minimal art. "Yes," said Mr. Brink. "That's pretty minimal. Interesting."

After an hour or so, or by the time the walking tour reached the Holly Solomon Gallery, on West Broadway, the crowd had dwindled to four people. In one room at Holly Solomon, we almost tripped over a couple of small metal sculptures on the floor. Mr. Brink, who has an open mind and a charitable heart, decided that the metal pieces were part of some integrated "environment." "It's interesting what's going on with environments," he said. "They've become involvement art. Just like that. I've been going to galleries for twenty-five years now. Actually, it's just one vast flow of stuff. But it's good for the eyes."

Time with Pryor

TWO things we know about Richard Pryor for sure: he is the funniest man in America, and, after Muhammad Ali, he is the baddest person anywhere. "Bad" here does not mean rotten or no good. It means being so extraordinarily good at doing something that for someone to call you the greatest, or anything like that, does not quite measure up to describing how incredible you are. Only the word "bad" will do. For instance, not long ago we saw Pryor performing at the Felt Forum, in Madison Square Garden, and he said things that are usually considered uncomplimentary about blacks, whites, and women, and the audience, which was made up of blacks, whites, and women, laughed and laughed.

He was in town the other day, and around dinnertime we stopped by his suite at the Regency Hotel for a chat with him. Before we had a chance to say hello, he stuck a finger out and showed us a ring he was wearing and said, "Look at this ring. It's nice. Ain't pimpy at all." We looked. It was a slim, plain gold band decorated with three delicately set diamonds. Then we looked at him. We had never before seen him close up, and noticed that he is quite handsome. He is tall, slim (he was dieting, he said), with a boyish face that is especially nice when he smiles. He was wearing tapered gray trousers, a mottled black-and-white sweater, and brown mules. In his rooms with him were a woman he introduced as his girl friend; his manager; his valet; and his jeweller.

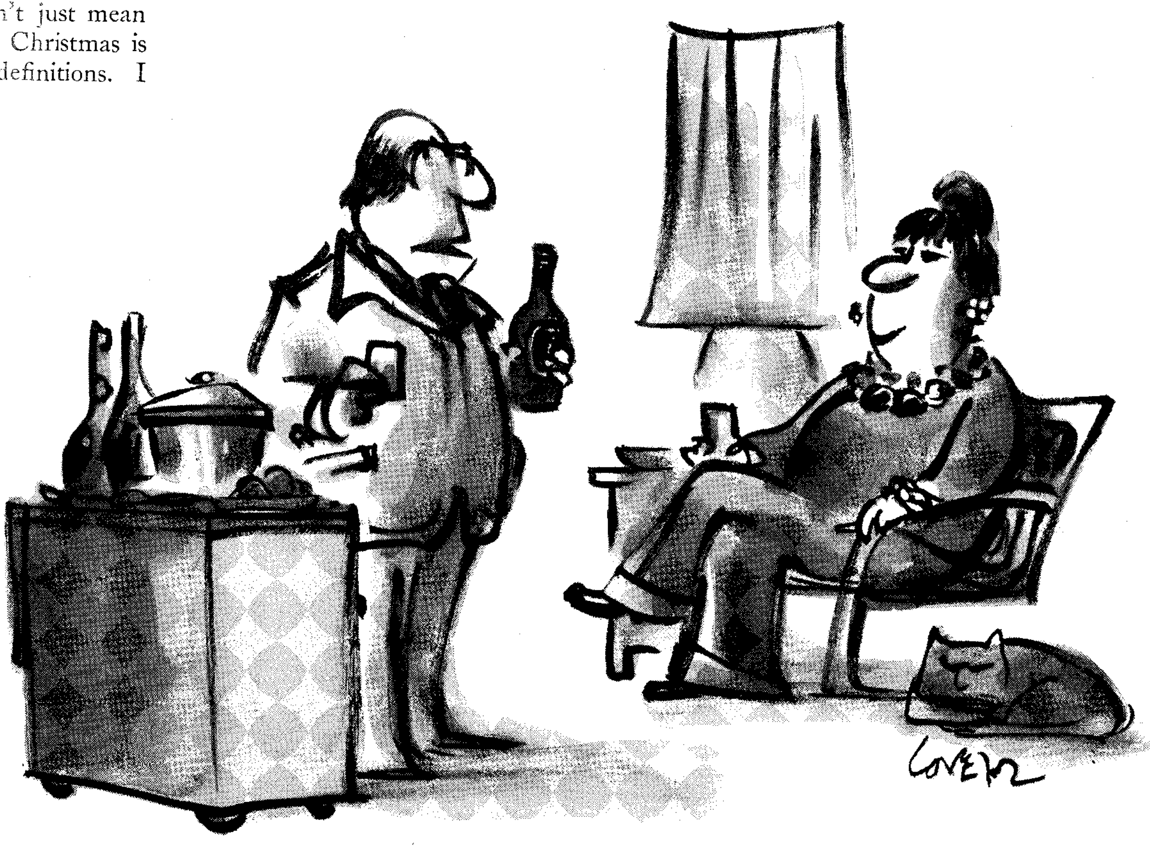
We spent three hours with him, and during that time this is what happened: he bought a gold necklace with a heart-shaped, diamond-studded pendant for the woman he had introduced as his girl friend; he bought a gold ring for his manager and a gold ring for his valet; he wrote a check for sixteen hundred dollars to his jeweller; he ordered a dinner of sweet-and-sour fish from Greener Pastures, a health-food restaurant not far from the hotel; he picked up his spinach with his bare hands and said with a British accent, "I like my spinach squeeze-dried, don't you?;" when the telephone rang, he spoke into his mules; during dinner, he watched "The CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite" and mimicked Walter Cronkite many times; after dinner, he disappeared for a while with a copy of *U. S. News & World Report*. When he was not mimicking Walter Cronkite, these are some of the things he said: "I am now a vegetarian. I was standing at the corner of Forty-second Street, and this man came up to me and said, 'Rise, and go forth and be a vegetarian.' One thing I can say—I was lucky he didn't pick my pocket.

Vegetables are funny. They have a great sense of humor. You drop their seeds in the ground and they rub around in the dirt and then they grow up and you can eat them. Politicians are always doing things to Negroes. One will be standing on his head, another on his ass, and another on his foot. Politician to Negro: ‘Look, buddy, this is what I can do for you.’ Negro to politician: ‘Man, will you take your foot off my mother?’ I’m trying to figure out things to sell to the Chinese. They don’t dig Joe DiMaggio. How about an album of Mao’s greatest hits? I was born under the sign of funny. I haven’t met the other people born under that sign yet, but I think a couple of them became scientists. You know how I get to be funny? I go to sleep for about a year. I wake up with cobwebs all over my face. I roll them up in a large ball with milk and sugar, eat it quickly, and then I start laughing. People say, What’s so funny? I tell them. They start laughing. Then I have lunch. Some of the things I say are true, some are not, but it all happened.”

Old Skippers

HERE is a note from a young woman we know who left New York a few years back for the good life in the village of Castine, up on Penobscot Bay, Maine:

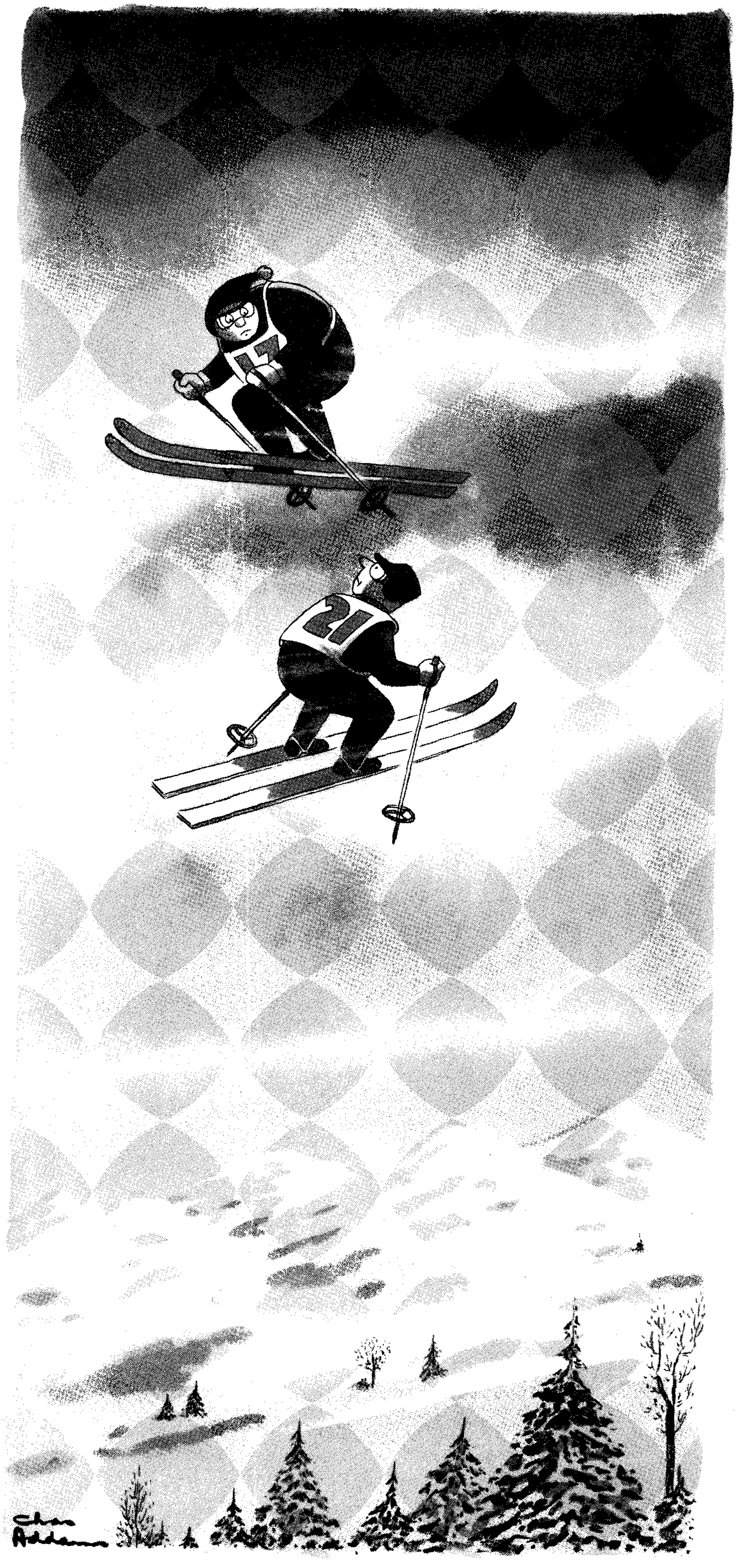
It’s deep winter. I don’t just mean that it’s January, or that Christmas is over. Those are city definitions. I mean that I am sitting here at the kitchen table wondering whether to open up my last jar of homemade blackberry jam and invite the neighbors in for a tea party by the fire or to hoard that precious jam for just a little longer, and both those impulses, I’m told, are sure deep-winter signs. There are other signs, of course. The snowstorms this week. A mean, howling wind today. The birches in the woods behind the house are brittle with frost now, and the only boats in the harbor are the fat and sturdy craft that drag the bay for scallops. My neighbors, in fact, have settled in for the season—that is to say, they have stopped talking about the weather and have begun to trade their annual opinions on old and new Presidents and the cost of living. Castine is a town where people talk about the war and mean the Revolutionary War. It is a town with a long view, and I am beginning to adjust to it. I love Castine. I love the old white wooden houses, built for big families and long winters, and I especially love the harbor, which opens onto Penobscot Bay. The harbor sky is still filled with gulls and cormorants, and if you watch for them you can see young seals swimming in from their rocky little islands at the tip of the bay to have a look around. The things people here admire are the things they can count on, like visits from seals in January, or blackberry bushes in the woods, or eagles’ nests on Pond Island. (That’s my favorite island here.) They would sooner listen to a seafaring man than a politician. The old sea captains are the important people in Castine. They carry the past of the town in their heads. They can show you exactly where each of the forty-three boats of the Penobscot Expedition went down before the Tory fleet. They can tell you what it feels like to cross the Atlantic in December in a four-masted schooner. And they make certain that every village youngster in these halcyon days of pleasure boats and summer vacations has a proper respect for the sea and a proper knowledge of the bay channels and tides and the fretful coast winds. Penobscot Bay captains come in all varieties: old ones, of eighty-five or ninety, who used to make the swordfish run to Boston; young ones, of seventy, who still go out after scallops on a freezing winter sea and, on days like today, count their overboard survival time as a little short of three minutes. In the middle of August, every year for twenty-four years now, the town has paid its respects to these captains with a big sailing race. I want to tell you about the race while I make up my mind about the blackberry jam. It is officially called the Maine Retired Skippers’ Race. Nobody ever calls it that, though. People call it the *Old* Skippers’ Race—for the very good reason that nobody around here ever stops working. There are a few requirements if you want to sail in the Old Skippers’ Race. You have to have been born in Maine, you have to be at least sixty-five, and you have to have been in command of a boat at one time or another in your life, though it doesn’t really matter if that boat was an eight-foot dory or a battleship. The important thing is that you are by temperament a seafaring man—and are not too embarrassed to race twelve miles for pure pleasure in an elegant sloop or yawl that usually belongs to a summer



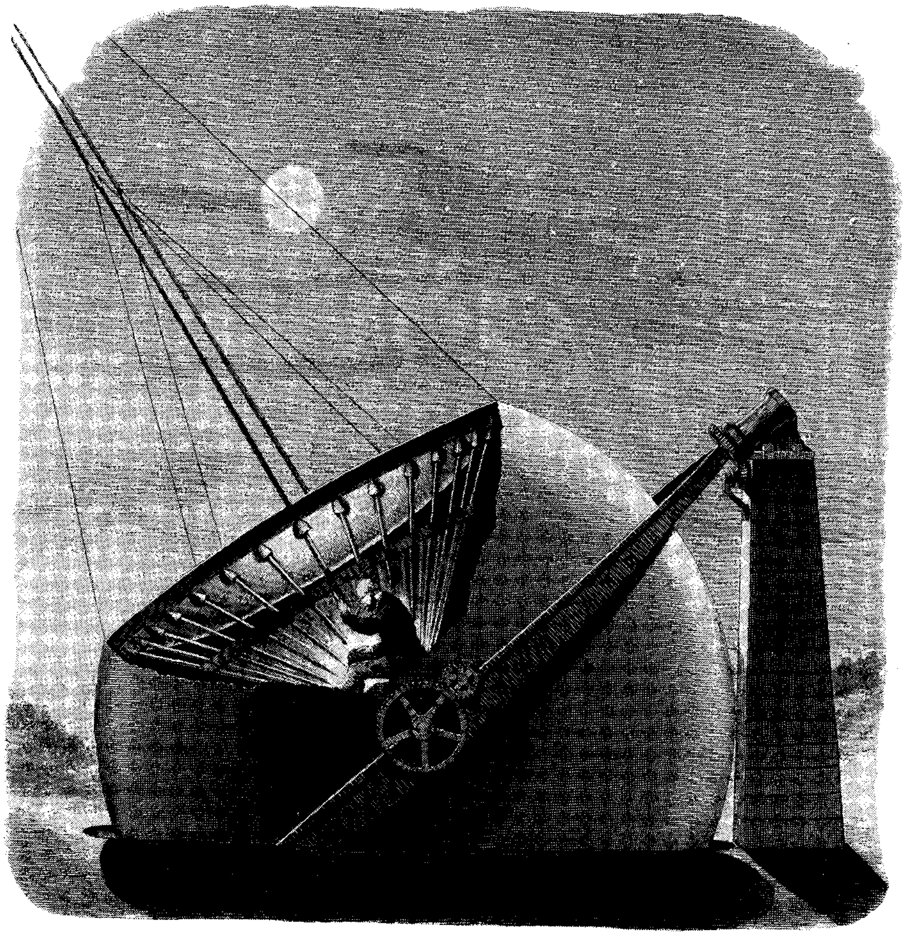
“No, this conversation does not remind me of something on last week’s ‘Mary Tyler Moore Show.’ ”

person or a local big shot. No old skipper *I* know was ever that embarrassed. I have watched a few Old Skippers' Races by now, but my favorite is still my first one. There were twenty-eight entries in the race that year, skippers and owners sailing together, and the list included the first woman skipper in anybody's memory, as well as a fisherman of seventy-five, who said that he was substituting for his father, who was ninety-eight and "not up to it." I went to that race with Rear Admiral John Kennaday, United States Navy, Retired, whom everybody in town calls Captain Jack. Captain Jack and his wife, Jeanette, are my next-door neighbors. Jeanette keeps my little girl supplied with homemade cookies and likes nasturtiums as much as I do, and Captain Jack has helped us through our first Maine winters by teaching us all about celestial navigation. They are the best neighbors I have ever had. Captain Jack is seventy-three and an Annapolis man. He has been in command of all sorts of important naval vessels, but, like most men of his particular accomplishments, he never boasts about it. When I first asked Captain Jack about his adventures in the Second World War, he told me, "It was really a very quiet war for me, if you don't count the Battle of Okinawa." Like the town, Captain Jack takes a long view. I think he has even forgiven his mother for having him somewhere like New York or New Jersey—a geographical misfortune that makes him ineligible for the Old Skippers' Race. He has long been the chairman of the race committee, though, and runs everything from the bridge of a big steel cutter that the Coast Guard always put at his disposal. Boarding the cutter from a launch is very exciting. I remember that there was a thick fog from the east the afternoon of my first Old Skippers' Race, and the sailboats glided in and out of it like ghost vessels from "The Flying Dutchman." I thought the fog was beautiful and mysterious, but Captain Jack, I recall, thought things would be more beautiful if you could see the sailboats better, and so, I imagine, did all the people who were trying to watch the start of the race from the Head, which is what we call the little peninsula that frames the harbor. Mrs. Kennaday had made lemonade and blueberry cakes and dozens of sandwiches, because she knows from experience that waiting around on a Coast Guard cutter always makes people very hungry. We had all been up late the night before at a dinner for the old skippers, swapping stories about races and doing a lot of speculating about the doctor from down the coast who had been found adrift in the bay the week before with a pair of panty hose wrapped around the tiller of his boat. I remember wondering whether the skippers were tired out from the party. One skipper of seventy-seven—he's probably out scalloping today—had stayed up all night afterward hauling lobster traps. He said he wanted to make up some of the time and money he'd lose racing. The skipper I was rooting for is an all-purpose fisherman. His name is Paul Eastman, and he is a shy, very courtly person—he is only in his sixties—who smokes a corncob pipe and usually wears baggy pants and funny suspenders. Paul has lobster traps, too, and I was afraid that he'd been out all night hauling, because I knew that the prospect of a day off, sailing, made him feel a little like a loafer. But Paul looked fresh to me when he tacked past the cutter to the starting line. All the old skippers looked fresh, actually. Some of them were dressed up in their church suits. Captain Jack would point them out to me. "That's Captain Black," he'd say, for example. "Captain Black never sails this race without a tie." I liked Captain Marcoux, who sailed by in a suit and a hat *and* a life preserver. Paul Eastman himself used to wear a black derby to the Old Skippers' Race. He had misplaced the hat that year and never found it, and was very disappointed, since he likes to have a nice hat to doff when the race committee's toy cannon is fired and the race begins. Paul is usually first over the starting line, because he sails the sloop Julie, which is only twenty-six feet and is in the class that gets to begin five minutes before any of the bigger yachts. Julie belongs to another neighbor of mine, named John P. Gardner. John was raised in Castine and has come back to settle here, with his wife and their small daughter, after seventeen years as a pier superintendent in Brooklyn. He is the best sailor in town, and he especially loves races—any kind of races. If you asked John to race you across the road, he'd grease his shoes first—that's how my husband says to describe him. John had grounded Julie at low tide the night before the race, and cleaned and waxed her hull, so that she would be able to whip across the starting line ahead of everybody else's boat, which is just what happened. There were a lot of cheers from the Head as Paul Eastman sailed Julie off into the fog, heeling smartly, with John at the sheets and his crew of two sea-struck summer boys up front, keeping the bow down. Most of the people from around here were rooting for them, just like me, because John and Paul are considered such fine seafaring men. Paul builds his own lobstering boats in the yard behind his cabin, near town, and he cares for them as if they were his children. As for John—John's father was a Castine captain, and so John has what he calls "a kind of deep, ancestral sea feeling." He said to his wife, Elaine, before they moved back here that the happiest moment of his life would be the moment he sailed his own boat into Castine Harbor—and that's exactly what he did. He sailed Julie up the Atlantic coast from Brooklyn, with a crew of one, and arrived in glory. Castine likes it when children come home, and respects them for it, too, because life on the sea here is hard work and a financial struggle. Anyway, I stood on the bridge of the Point Hannon—that's the Coast Guard cutter—and cheered for old Paul Eastman and young John Gardner until Captain Jack told me that if I wanted to watch the race with the race-committee chairman I had to be impartial. So I cheered the rest of the boats as they sailed off and disappeared, one by one, into that thick Maine fog. It was cold on the deck of the cutter. I remember that when all the sailboats were out of sight we sat down in a huddle against an ammunition box with a big "Danger" sign on

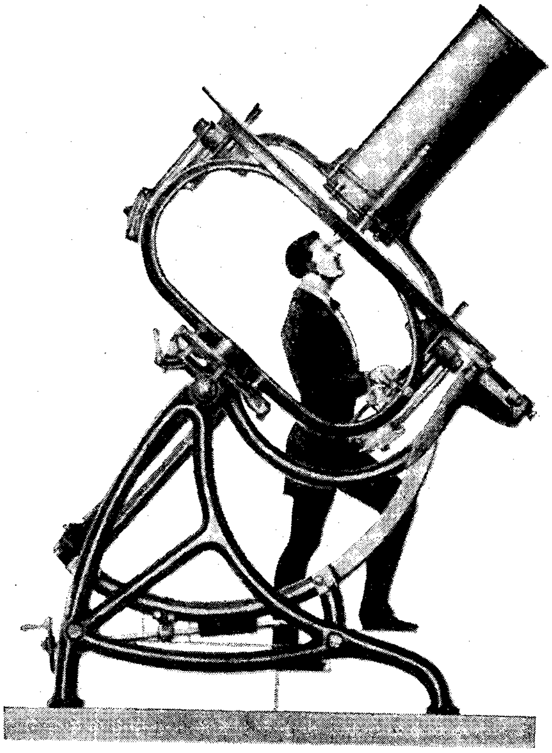
it and ate up the sandwiches. After a few hours, the judges' boat, which is a super-fast inboard, pulled up, and someone on it told me that Julie had been out ahead for the first two legs but now the wind had come up. There was nothing to do but wait. Jeanette Kennaday and I passed the time swapping recipes. She gave me her famous Old Skippers' Race cocktail dip: cream cheese, devilled ham, horseradish, lemon juice, and whatever else is in the kitchen. I don't remember what I gave her. At about four o'clock, we sighted the first returning boat, and Captain Jack stood on the bridge with his charts and his signal flags and his stopwatch. The boat turned out to be a thirty-three-foot cruising sloop. The next boat in was a forty-foot cruising sloop. That left third place, so I crossed my fingers and closed my eyes, and when I opened them, there was Paul Eastman sailing Julie across the finish line. Later, there was a lot of celebrating at the town dock. Paul got a copper trophy with an anchor on it. He stood there holding it and sucking on his corncob pipe, and he looked so proud that photographers from newspapers as far away as Bangor came up and took his picture. He told them that when he and John sailed in the Old Skippers' Race the year before, they had stowed a quart of whiskey aboard to warm them up if the winds got chilly, and that *that* was the reason they had only come in seventh. Now, Paul said, all they took on board was a one-shot bottle—the kind that airlines hand out. Then he headed home to his cabin, because he wanted to get a good night's sleep for lobstering in the morning. He prefers lobstering to any other kind of fishing. The day is longer, but the work has its compensations, since a lobsterman gets to stay in bed till five in the morning. "I never looked back today, not once—not even in that darned last leg, when I knew that the big yachts must be catching up," Paul said, I recall, as he went off. And Captain Jack agreed that this was the right way to sail. It was a fine race, Captain Jack said. The best ever. People here are still talking about it, comparing the boats and the handicaps and the seamanship of the twenty-eight skippers. One of my neighbors told me today that if politicians respected their countries the way good captains respect the sea, we would not be in such a terrible mess. Respect is the criterion. Old skippers have it. That's why people here pay so much attention to them. Old skippers represent the proper attitudes.



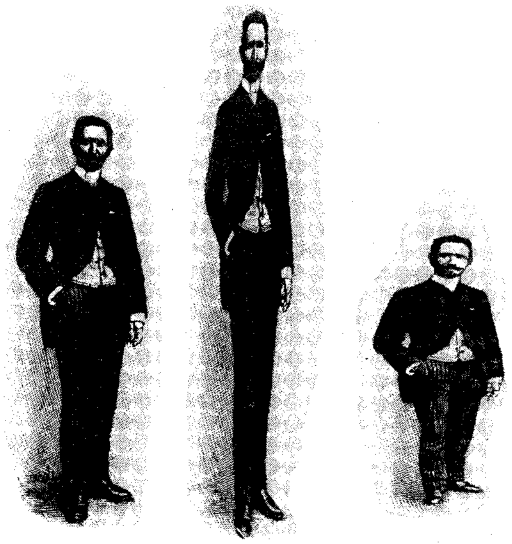
THE DASSAUD PRIZE



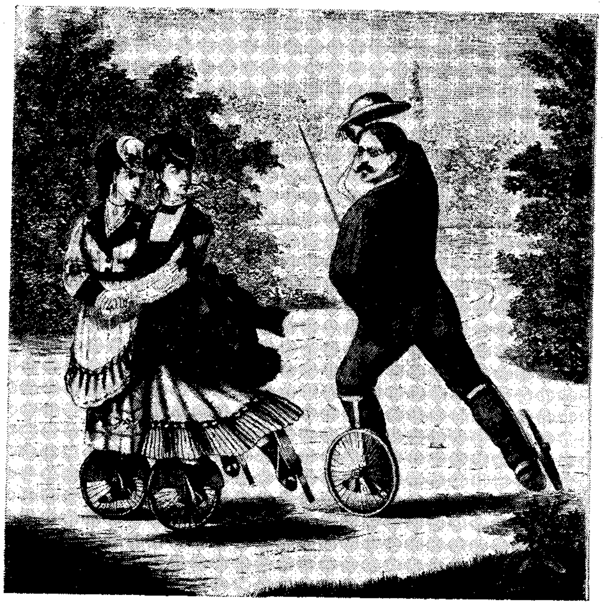
As a preliminary to the Paris World Exhibition of 1900, the firm of Dassaud Frères, instrument-makers, sponsored a grand scientific competition with a prize of 50,000 francs. Object: to find—that is to say, locate in time and space—God. A number of brave and gifted investigators set immediately to work.



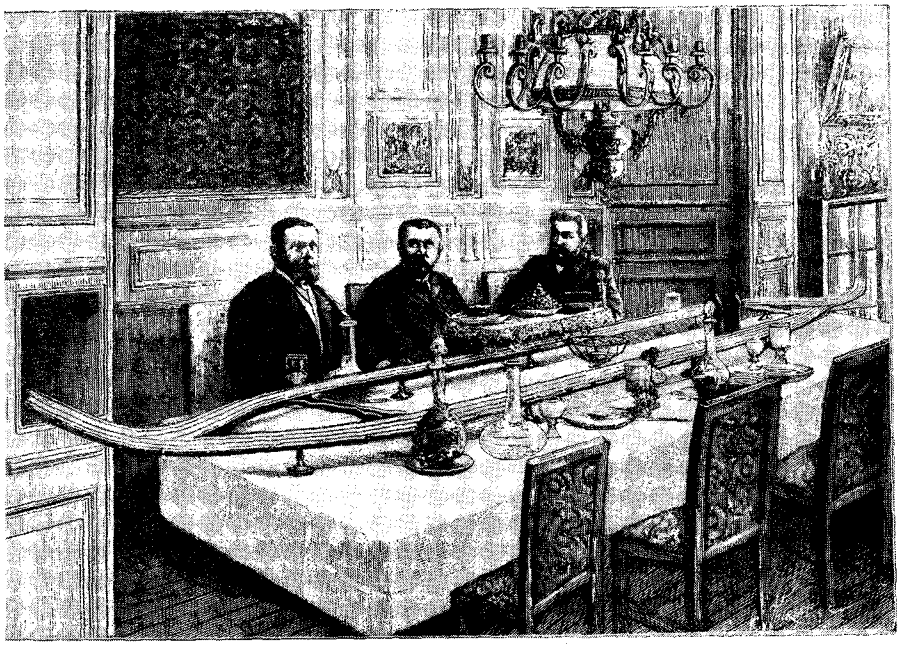
The development of superior telescopes was an obvious first step. The apparatuses of Professors Cassegrain and Falconetti kept the Dassaud (and other) workmen late at their benches.



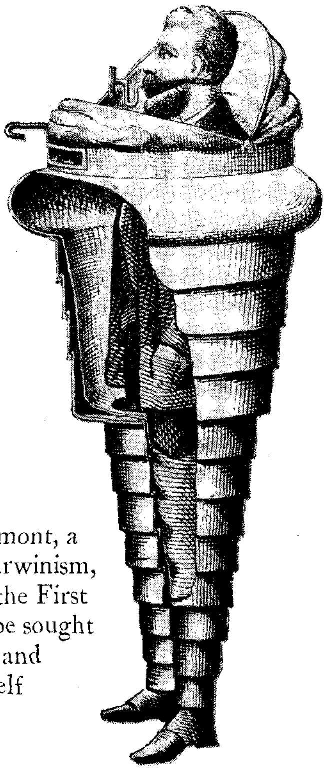
The Dassaud brothers: (l-r) Antoine, Pierre, and Hercule, sponsors of the Competition.



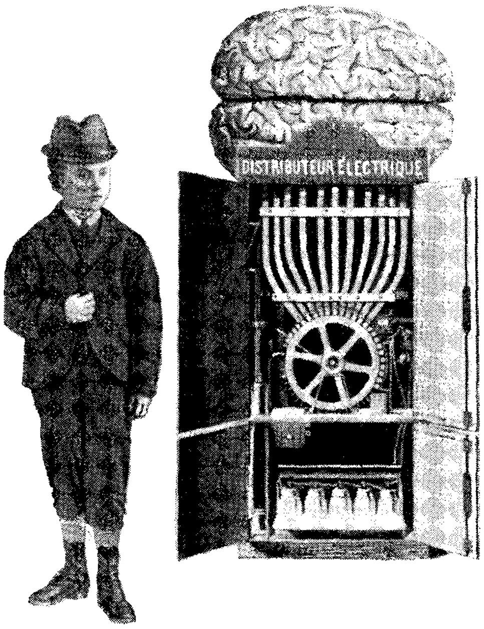
Many in the scientific community ignored the Prize and continued to occupy themselves with purely secular pursuits.



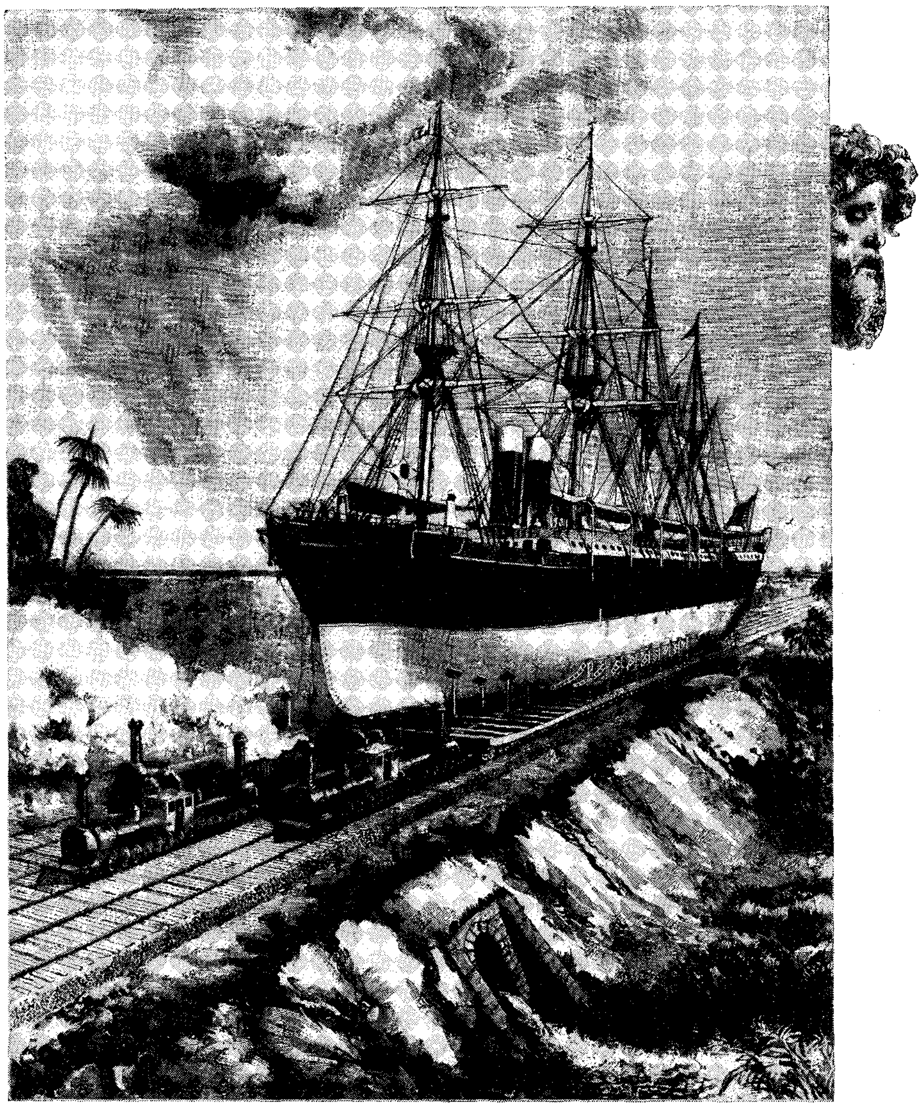
The Dassaud Prize became a premier topic of conversation at the city's most advanced dinner tables. Here, a meeting of the Cercle Métaphysique. (Note electric tramway for presenting meals without intrusion of servants.)



Henri de Piedmont, a flirter with Darwinism, reasoned that the First Cause was to be sought under the sea, and equipped himself appropriately.

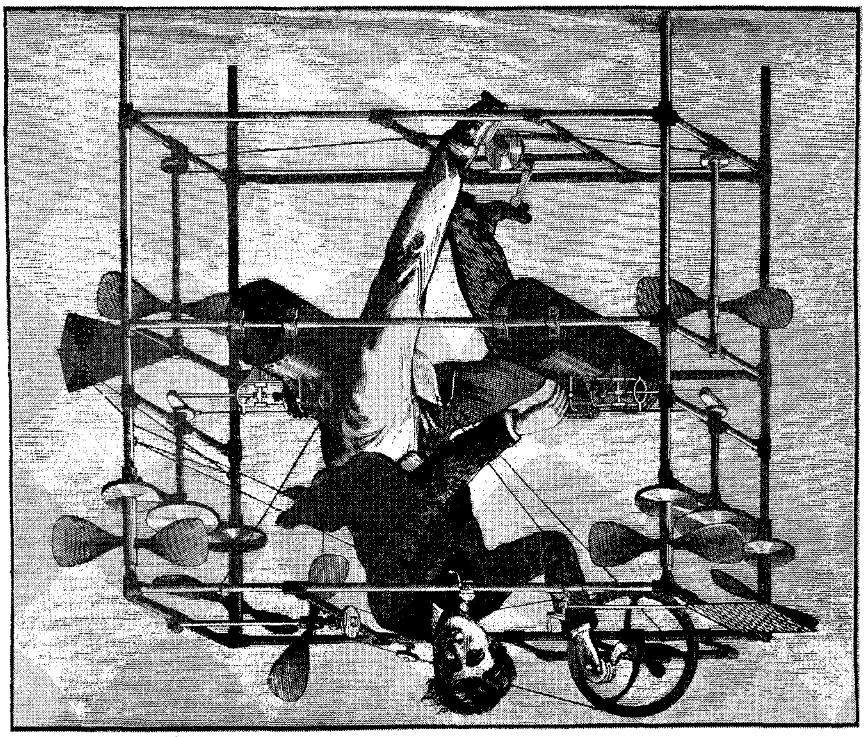


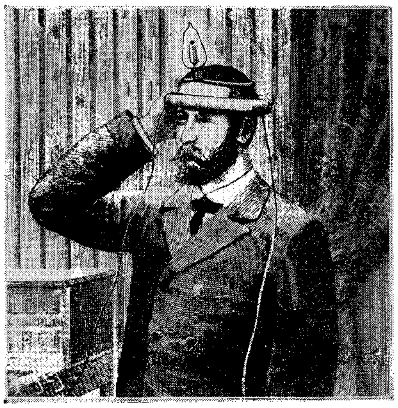
The boy inventor Adolph Tissue and his "machine for sensational emotions"—a promising entry. Tissue later became wanted by the police for Bluebeardism.

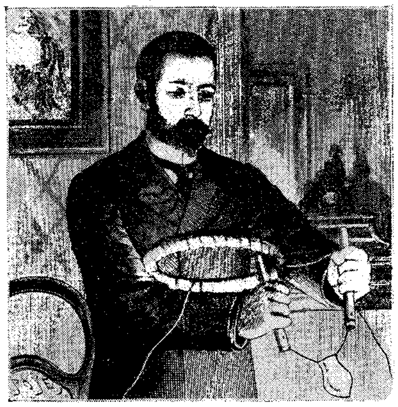


The commitment of the American "team" was typically wholehearted. But God was not found in these pestiferous regions.

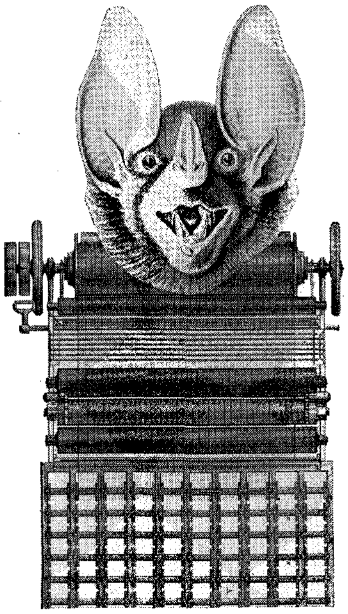
The efforts of the young Scotsman "Wrong Way" McKim were applauded, up to a point.



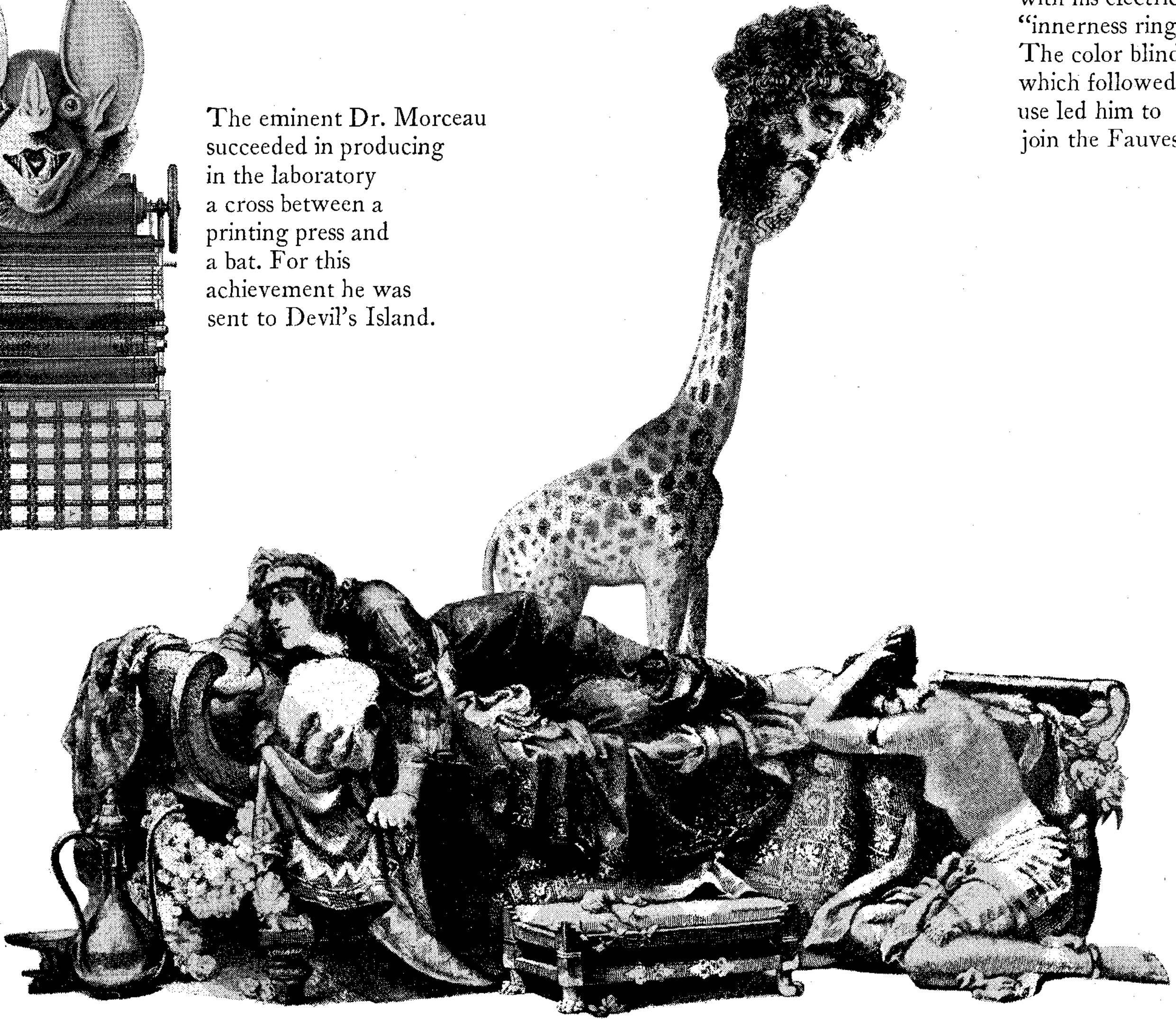




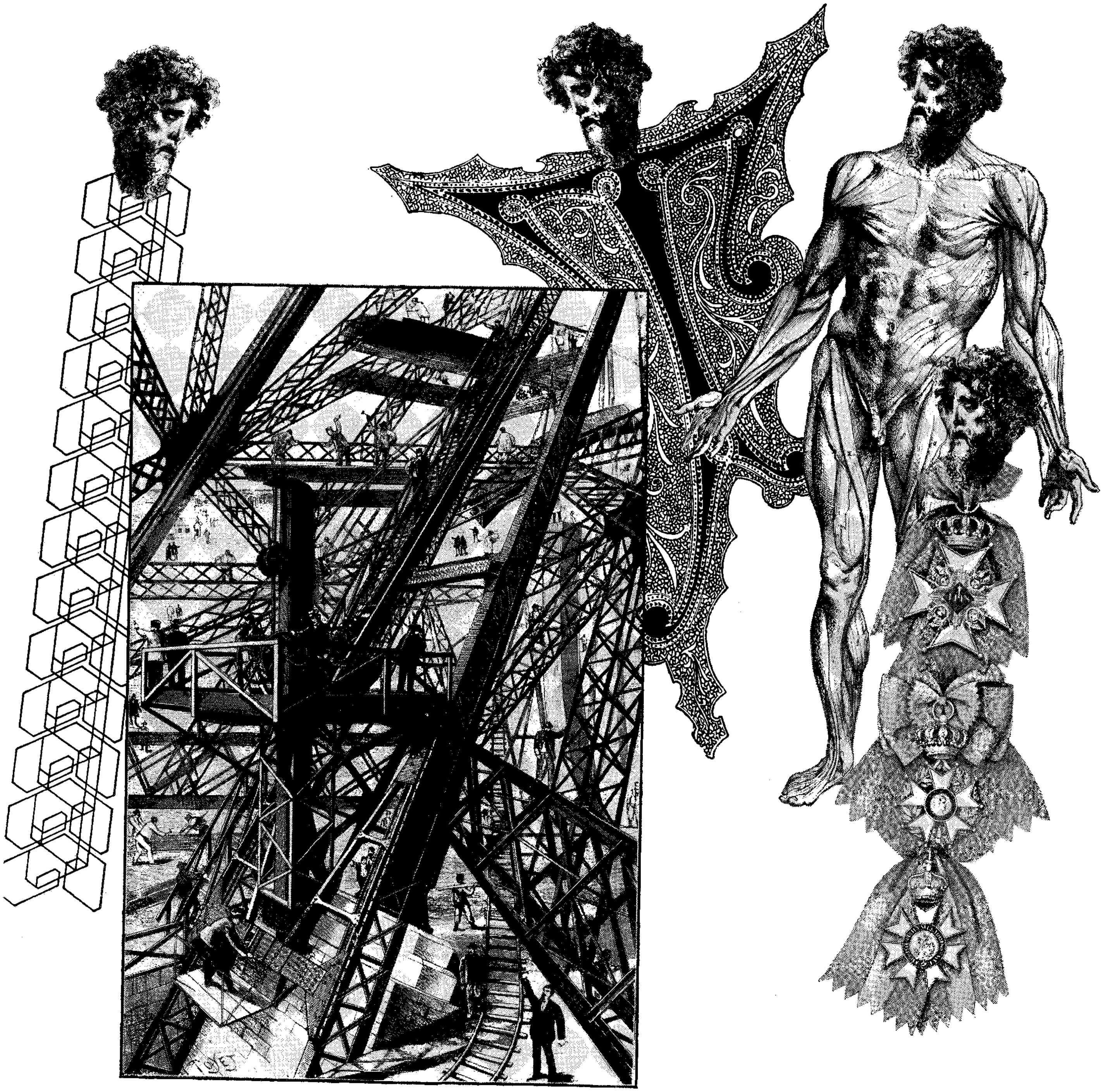
Achille Purefoy with his electrical "innerness ring." The color blindness which followed its use led him to join the Fauves.



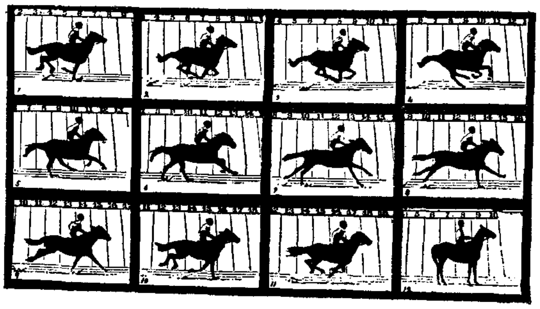
The eminent Dr. Morceau succeeded in producing in the laboratory a cross between a printing press and a bat. For this achievement he was sent to Devil's Island.

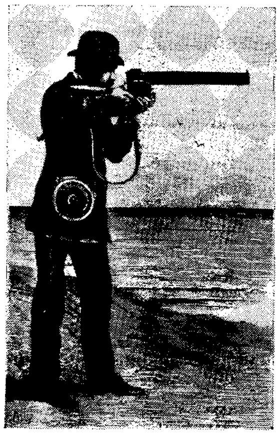


The vivid and eccentric Mlle. Cavaillon simply . . . thought.



Like that other Tower, with which it was frequently compared, the giant construction of M. Eiffel was both thinkable and unthinkable—what could this madman have in mind? It was known that he bought his slide rules at Dassaud's.





The Dassaud Prize, perhaps predictably, was never awarded. But can any initiative which produced such advances as the Photographic Rifle and Horse Stopper of M. Zieff be judged a failure? It is for the ages to decide.

—Donald Barthelme

THE CAPTAIN'S SON

THERE is an exchange between the two cities of Nashville and Memphis which has been going on forever—for two centuries almost. (That's forever in Tennessee.) It's like this: A young man of good family out at Memphis, for whom something has gone wrong, will often take up residence in Nashville. And of course it works the other way round. A young man in Nashville under similarly unhappy circumstances may pack up and move out to Memphis. This continuing exchange can explain a lot about the identical family names you find among prominent people in the two places, and about the mixup and reversal of names. Henderson Smith in one place, for instance, becomes Smith Henderson in the other. Or an habitual middle name in Nashville, say, may appear as a first or last name in Memphis. But whether I have made this entirely clear or not, it is an old story with us in Tennessee and was familiar before my sister Lila and her husband, Tolliver Bryant Campbell, were born even.

In nearly all versions of the old story the immigrant from Memphis arrives in Nashville (or the other way round) and falls in love at first sight with a distant connection whom he meets by chance at a party. They get married. They have children (giving them those mixtures of names). And the children grow up without ever having a very clear idea about what the original connection was or why their father chose to live in one city instead of the other.

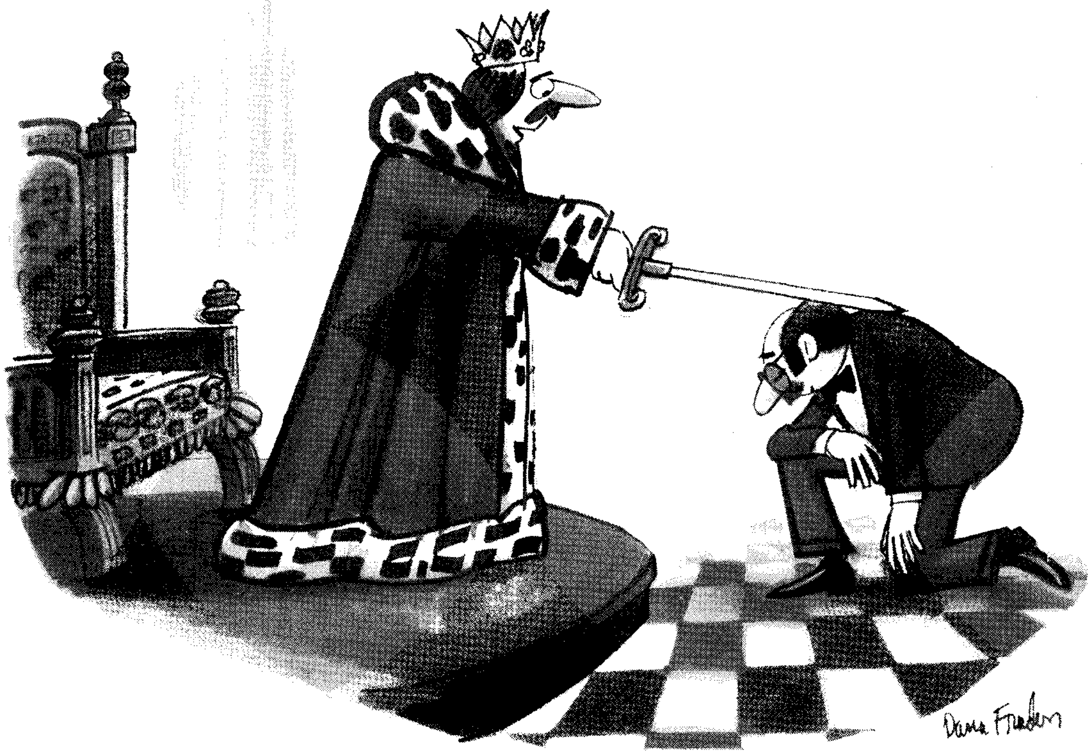
The comical thing, though, in the case of Tolliver Campbell and my sister Lila, was that their chief connection was a quarrel—a quarrel which our two families had once had and which Tolliver, being from Memphis, still took quite seriously. For that's the way people are out at Memphis. They tend to take themselves and everything relating to themselves and their families too seriously. If Tolliver's family and ours had had a different sort of connection, he would have been no less intense about it. He was what we in Nashville used to think of as the perfec Memphis type. Yet he was not really born in Memphis. He was raised and educated out there but he was born on a cotton plantation fifty miles below Memphis—in Mississippi, which as anybody in Nashville will tell you is actually worse.

To my sister Lila that old family quarrel seemed merely a joke. Even Tolliver Campbell's name was not a serious-sounding name. And his own father (not his grandfather) had fough at San Juan Hill! That alone could send Lila into a fit of laughter. Ou own grandfather was wartime governor of Tennessee—Spanish Wa (broad smiles), not Civil—and he had got Tolliver's father his captaincy. Later they quarrelled, the Governor and the Captain of San Juan Hil (laughter). At our house we tended to laugh at anything that was far in the past or far in the future. We were more or less taught to. And our mother and father would say they were glad neither of us children was a young person who took himself too seriously or set too great store by who his forebears had been. We knew who we were without talking about it or thinking about it even. Simply to be what we were in Nashville, circa 1935, seemed good enough.

Well, the long-ago Captain came back from Cuba a hero. But he didn't show his face in Nashville. And he didn't come to the Wartime Governor's support when the Governor made his subsequent race for the Senate. Such an ingrate! And what a silly old business! Even Mother would throw back her head and go into gales of laughter, though it had been her papa who was governor and who *didn't* get elected to the Senate. It was all so long ago that any reference to it could set us guffawing. It was like someone's mentioning "Remember the Maine" or "Break the News to Mother."

And so when Lila came home from a dinner party and told us she had met Tolliver Campbell, who had just moved in to Nashville (it was not clear why; and Lila would have been the last person to ask), we burst into laughter—Mother and Father and I. The two of them had been seated by each other at the dinner party just by chance. Or possibly some knowing old Nashvillian had arranged the place cards that way in jest. Anyhow, what a handsome pair they made, Tolliver Bryant Campbell in his white sharkskin suit, with his dark hair and eyes, his military bearing, and his politely

"Flora, a tremendously amusing thing happened to me on the way home."



“Arise, Sir Myron Besner, King of Porn.”

grave manner, there beside my pretty, vivacious, honey-haired sister Lila. Lila was twenty-one then and was reckoned a kind of second-year girl, though, since it was during the Depression, she hadn’t actually come out at all. And she looked like a girl of seventeen. Tolliver himself wasn’t yet thirty and so couldn’t properly be termed an old bachelor. Their ages were just right for a match. They made a striking pair. When they were introduced each of them knew at once who the other was or who—within reason, considering their names—the other must be.

Lila made their meeting sound very funny, especially Tolliver’s formality, especially his notion that he ought to call on Father before trying to make a real date with Lila, that he ought (“in view of past events”) to explain to Father his family’s version of the old quarrel, which *was* that by the time the Senate race came up Captain Campbell had married the daughter of the biggest landowner in Mississippi, a man who disapproved of his son-in-law’s taking part in politics. It was a question of loyalties, don’t you see? In the end, what else could the Captain do but abide by his father-in-law’s wishes? Lila repeated this argument to us, but even after she and Tolliver got married my parents would never permit Tolliver to defend his father to them. At the time of the wedding, they received old Captain Campbell and Mrs. Campbell as though nothing had ever happened. The ancient quarrel was water over the dam, Mother and Father insisted, and was best forgotten. Besides, it was all too absurd. Mother was fond of saying, “It’s just too absurd to be ridiculous.”

On the night of the party where Tolliver and Lila met, we sat up rather later than usual at our house, the four of us in the upstairs sitting room, listening to Lila’s account of her evening. In her stocking feet, but still wearing her evening dress and clutching her high-heeled slippers in one hand and her silver evening bag in the other, she went on and on about Tolliver. Then finally she announced to us—rather belatedly, we three thought—that Tolliver Campbell was, in fact, coming to pay a call on Father. What she said came as a considerable surprise—that is, after all her merriment about their meeting. Father directed a knowing grin at Mother and me and he accused Lila of having given “young Campbell” encouragement. Mother said, “Tell us the truth, Lila. You must have found the young man somewhat attractive.”

Lila rolled her eyes about the room for a moment. It was as though she were summoning Tolliver’s face to her mind’s eye. “Oh, he’s good enough looking, I guess,” she said. “Like all the Campbells are. And he’s rich as Croesus, everyone says.” Resting her head on the chair back, she added, “But I think he’s a little too Mississippi for our tastes. . . . Don’t you?”

It was barely six months later, though, that my sister Lila and Tolliver Bryant Campbell got married at the West End Methodist Church. They had a honeymoon in the Caribbean and then, at the insistence of my parents, they came to live with us at our house on Elliston Place. That they should move into the house with us was something nobody would have predicted when they first got engaged—least of all Tolliver, so it seemed. He certainly appeared to have had other plans. He had already bought a house out in the Belle Meade section, and when the decision was made about where they would live he sold the house at a shocking loss—sold it without asking my father’s advice, without even trying to get a good price for the place.

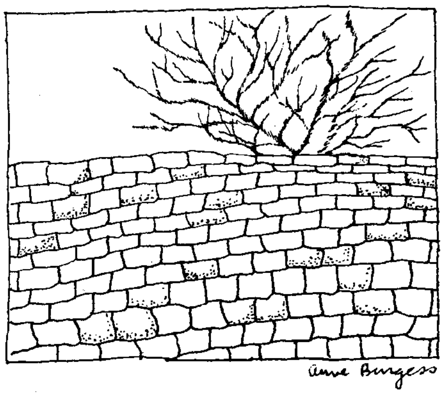
They were supposed to stay with us only temporarily but they remained for more than three years. Lila would often say, with a laugh, that she and Tolliver seemed to have been struck by a paralysis of some kind. But it was Father, actually, who never quite let them go. He would always come up with a reason for them to linger another month—or another year. In the beginning I think he was afraid Tolliver might turn out to be a high liver and big spender and so, during times when nearly everybody else was hard up, be a source of embarrassment to us all.

Yet once Lila and Tolliver had settled into the house with us, what worried Father, and worried us all, was the simple fact that Tolliver Campbell had no occupation—no calling or profession of any kind. He was content to stay home every day and attend to his financial affairs—his rents and royalties, as he referred to them—sitting either at the desk in the library or at a card table in the sun parlor. He employed a secretary to come to the house twice a week, to take dictation and to attend to the most tedious details of his banking and to the bookkeeping which he had to do in connection with his land holdings. As Father pointed out, all of this was hardest on Mother. She "just wasn't prepared" to have a man around the house all the time. That might be how you did things on a Mississippi plantation, but not in Nashville. In Nashville, any man was expected to have a career of some kind. Or at least to go to an office somewhere every week day that dawned.

I was four years younger than my sister and was just finishing high school when she married. I attended Hume-Fogg High School, the public school, because during those Depression years our family was doing whatever it decently could to cut corners. Naturally, at that time I knew precious little about any life at all outside Hume-Fogg or outside the neighborhood around Elliston Place. To have someone as different as Tolliver Campbell suddenly moving into our house, a young man so rich that he hadn't given thought to taking up some line of work—to have him living there under our roof seemed to me an extraordinary thing. He was so different from us in so many ways that we knew from the start we would have to do a lot just to make him feel comfortable with us. My mother said, in advance, that it would be only good manners to put ourselves out for him a great deal and make many allowances for him because of all that he was accustomed to having done for him at his parents' house in Memphis. She was right, of course. But as it turned out we also had to do a good many things and take a certain care just to preserve our *own* comfort, with Tolliver around. He had a way of taking you up on things you didn't quite mean for him to—such as polite offers to fetch something for him that he could very well fetch for himself. If you came into a room drinking a Coca-Cola and said politely, "Could I get you a Coke, Tolliver?" he was apt to reply, "Yes, if you would be so kind." And so you would find yourself going back to the kitchen and opening a bottle for him. Even in quite serious matters, you had to watch out for yourself.

The first time this became apparent to me was one night when Father was talking at the dinner table, over coffee. He was remarking on the high cost of everything and how the Depression had made it necessary for *everyone* to watch expenses. Tolliver was present. Though this was well before the wedding, it was after the engagement was announced and he was already coming to the house regularly. Father's remarks about economy included questions about the house Tolliver had bought and about the costs involved in its renovation. Tolliver held nothing back. For instance, he told Father exactly what the house painter's estimate "amounted to." And Father, after first carefully setting his coffee cup in its saucer, exploded in a fit of ironic laughter. "What it amounts to," he said, "is highway robbery!" And he said, still laughing, that rather than pay such bills Tolliver and Lila ought just to come and live in the house with us. How that did make us all laugh! But Tolliver's unexpected reply made us laugh even louder. "I'd just like to take you up on that, sir," he said. We thought surely he was clowning—or I did. I hadn't learned yet that Tolliver didn't ever clown.

I can see in retrospect, of course, that there was more involved that night than just Tolliver Campbell's characteristic directness. Father's own characteristic way of proceeding was involved. The fact is, he had been giving Tolliver rope. One of Father's favorite sayings was "Give a fool enough rope and he'll hang himself." He didn't consider Tolliver a fool exactly, but still he had been operating on that principle with him. He had agreed to the kind of wedding Tolliver insisted upon having. I believe he would have agreed even to their marrying at Christ Church Episcopal if Tolliver had insisted upon it, instead of at West End, which was our church. And Father had not openly protested the extravagant kind of honeymoon Tolliver and Lila were going on. When Tolliver wasn't present, of course, he had made his joke about wishing they wouldn't go so near to Cuba and maybe stir Tolliver's family memories. But he had said nothing like that to Tolliver. In retrospect it is perfectly clear to me that my father was fully prepared for that "unexpected" reply he got about their coming to live with us. As soon as we had all stopped our laughing, he said,



HER DREAM

She breathes, lying flat in the night, catches her breath
And holds it, starting, stopping, suddenly turning
To the wall, to the ceiling for their coldest comfort,
Lets out all breath as if done with it,
Then after a dead moment, after the hours
Of wrestling with her pain, she begins deep, steady breathing.

I lie beside her, listening
And staring at the clenched hands of the clock, counting
A prayer to the God of Numbers to lead her
Down out of harm, to healing within healing
Without me, even without herself to follow
Into darkness softer than her pillow.

She breathes more deeply. I catch myself
Napping, then snap awake. The clock is in gauze. Her breath
Comes quick and shallow
With the sudden abrupt pauses of a dreamer,
The muffled laughter and whimpers from the other room of her sleep,
From the lurching corridor, the sinking stairwell,

And I turn to her and follow her
And blunder into her dream where the cackling women
Claw with their broken nails, where the hooded, berserk warlocks
Slash at us both in vain, where the mad dwarves can't betray us,
Where we float through the wreckage of our shadows,
Breathing till morning.

—David Wagoner

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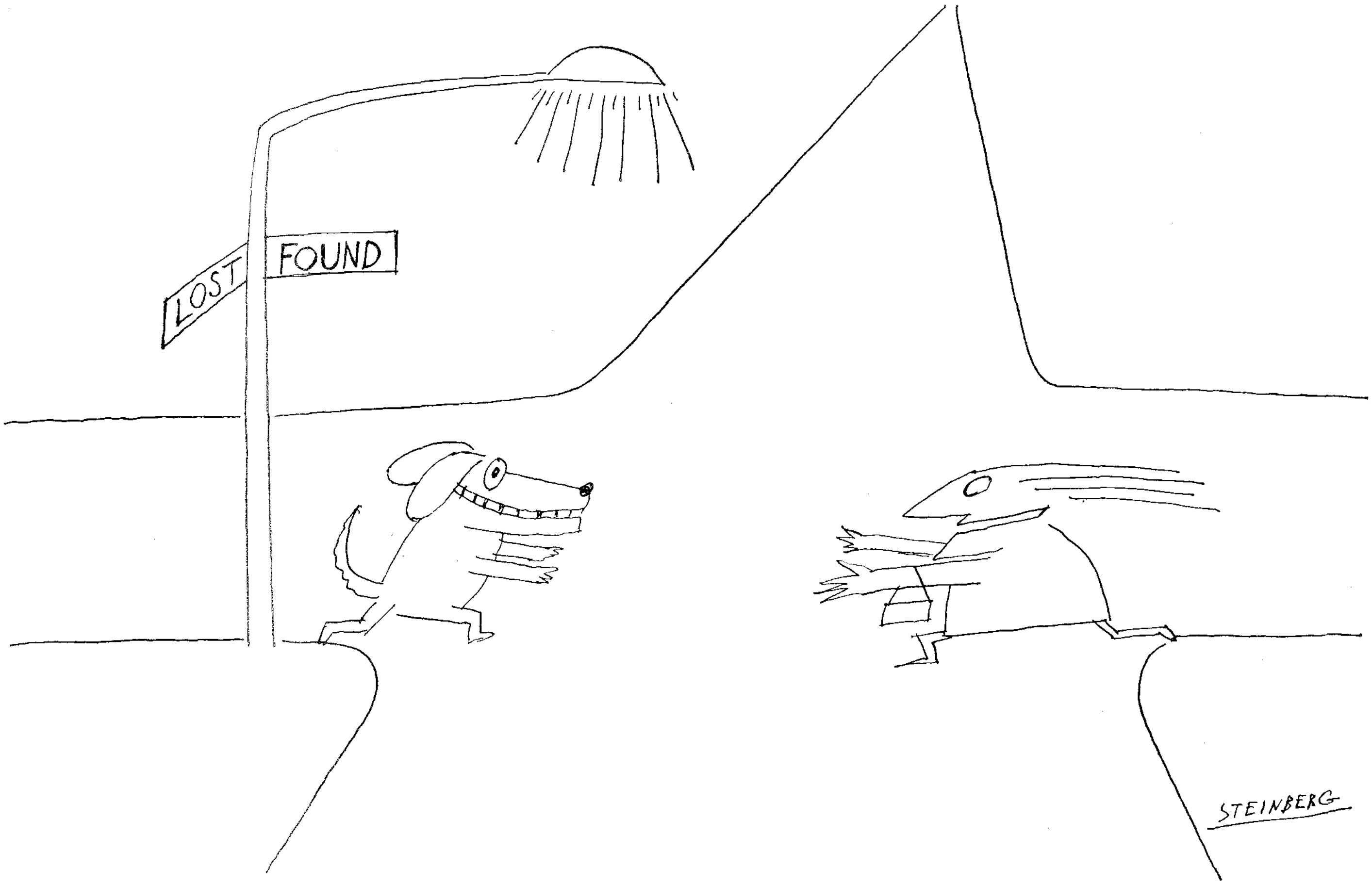


"Well, I don't know what could suit us better, Tolliver."

As I sat there stunned by this exchange, I found it somehow reassuring to observe the smile of genuine pleasure on Father's face. Presently he glanced at Mother and me as if for support. I smiled and nodded, because I knew that's what was expected of me. Mother said, "Don't you think that before making such a momentous commitment perhaps Tolliver ought to confer privately with his bride-to-be?" But even while she was pretending to protest Mother wore a look made of all sweet accord.

Without a moment's hesitation Tolliver answered, "I've already done that, ma'am."

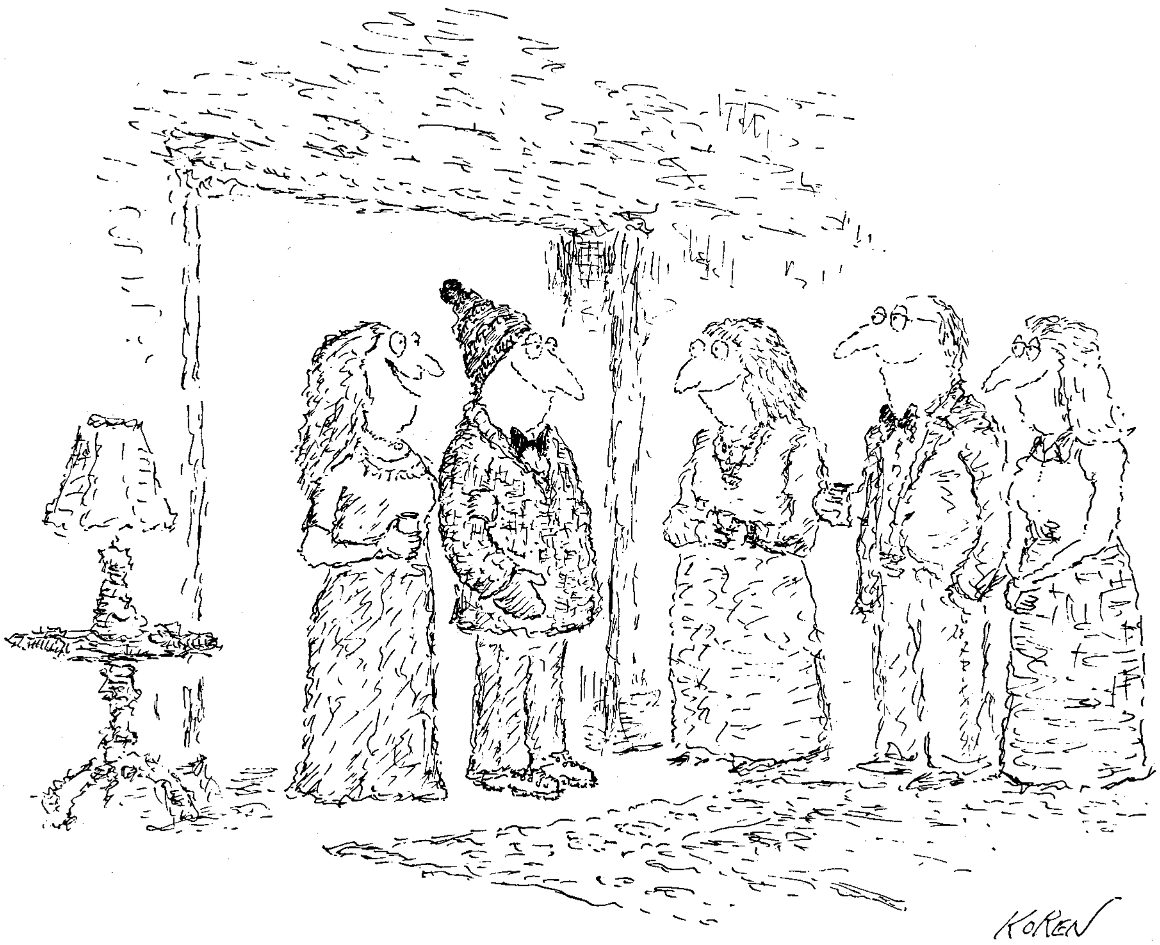
And as for Lila, she seemed even more delighted than Father by the prospect. "It's a grand idea," she said, "if Tolliver thinks he can stand having so many of us around him for a while." It was evident how thoroughly she and Tolliver had already gone into the subject.

Mother said, "We'll certainly try to make you comfortable here, Tolliver."

It seemed a victory for Tolliver at the time. It appeared he was still having his way, as he had been allowed to have it about the wedding plans (a large church wedding with all of Nashville and half of Memphis invited, with eight bridesmaids and groomsmen, and a reception at the Centennial Club afterward; Father said that when the Campbell clan came down the aisle he was himself going to step forward and sing "The Campbells are coming, I owe, I owe!") and as he had been allowed to have it about where they would go on their honeymoon. (Mother thought it would seem less ostentatious, in view of how hard the times were for most people, if they merely went for a week's stay at Flat Rock. But Tolliver insisted upon his romantic notion that it wouldn't seem like a real honeymoon if they didn't cross over a border somewhere.) But it only *seemed* that Tolliver was once again having his own way. Looking back, I cannot imagine he and Lila would have been permitted to set up in a house of their own, especially not in a house of the grand sort that Tolliver had bought in Belle Meade. If they had been allowed to, one can't know what might have happened or how happily it all might have turned out. They might be living right here in Nashville and might have a house full of children with a scramble of names from our two families.

But I think even Tolliver may have shared Father's uneasy feeling that the Campbell affluence might become a source of embarrassment to us. Tolliver Campbell seemed to want to have some sort of restraint put upon himself. I don't know how else to explain his behavior. I have never since seen a young man who so plainly felt the urgency to marry not just a certain girl but that girl's whole family. And I suppose it was merely a fatal coincidence that my parents felt a similar compulsion to take Tolliver Campbell completely under their wing—even if it meant having him there in the house.

The worst of it was, he was always there. He found our house infinitely comfortable. And clearly our way of living in it was just as much to his liking. There were the afternoons when he played tennis and the afternoons when he played bridge and the evening hours when he and Lila were usually out with their friends. But, except for those times, one was apt to come upon him at any hour almost anywhere in the house. I had never before fully realized what great opportunities for comfort our house afforded or how many cozy corners we had. It got so I could wander into a room and sit down without observing for some time that he was present. It was as if Tolliver Campbell had become more at home in our house than we were ourselves. When suddenly I did see him, he simply gazed over his newspaper or his book or his pipe or raised his eyes from his game of solitaire and smiled at me warmly. And then he went on with whatever he was doing. His smile seemed to say,



"I'd like you to meet Frank Russ. He's just arrived on foot."

• •

"Isn't this great, our life in this house?" Sometimes Lila would be there beside him and they would be playing double sol or reading from the same newspaper or just talking so quietly that you could not really hear them across the room. But Lila would still smile at you in her old way as if she were suppressing a giggle about the situation. This was surprising to me, because I somehow felt that it meant she wasn't taking her marriage seriously. But often as not I wouldn't really notice whether Lila was with him. I would just register his presence and his smile and think how extraordinary it was for a grown man to be at home so much and to behave so like somebody my age, like a teen-ager lounging around the house in the summertime.

Yet you couldn't help liking *his* liking his life with us so much. It inevitably made you speculate on how he must have hated his life in Memphis. If he had had more frankness in his nature, if he had been a more talkative person than he was, he would surely—or so I used to imagine—have said how much he preferred my parents to his own parents out at Memphis and preferred our kind of household to theirs.

The truth is, we knew quite well by this time that Tolliver's parents were the "something" in Memphis that had gone wrong in his life. Once he and Lila were safely married, once they had been pronounced man and wife, and when we were all finally leaving the Centennial Club reception and were about to take the bride and groom to their train, Tolliver called Father aside to thank him for everything and to tell him also—at what he considered the first appropriate moment—his reason for having left Memphis and come to Nashville to live. I don't know how long before that night Father had already known all about it, but I am sure he *had* known. Perhaps he knew the night when, over coffee, he committed Tolliver to coming to live with us. Perhaps Tolliver knew he knew even then. Perhaps everyone except me knew, and that only because I was thought too young to know. But even I knew from the first moment that the senior Campbells arrived in Nashville for the wedding. They stepped down from their Pullman car, early on the morning of the wedding, both of them reeking so of alcohol that I saw the colored porter who had received their tip turn away with a pained expression.

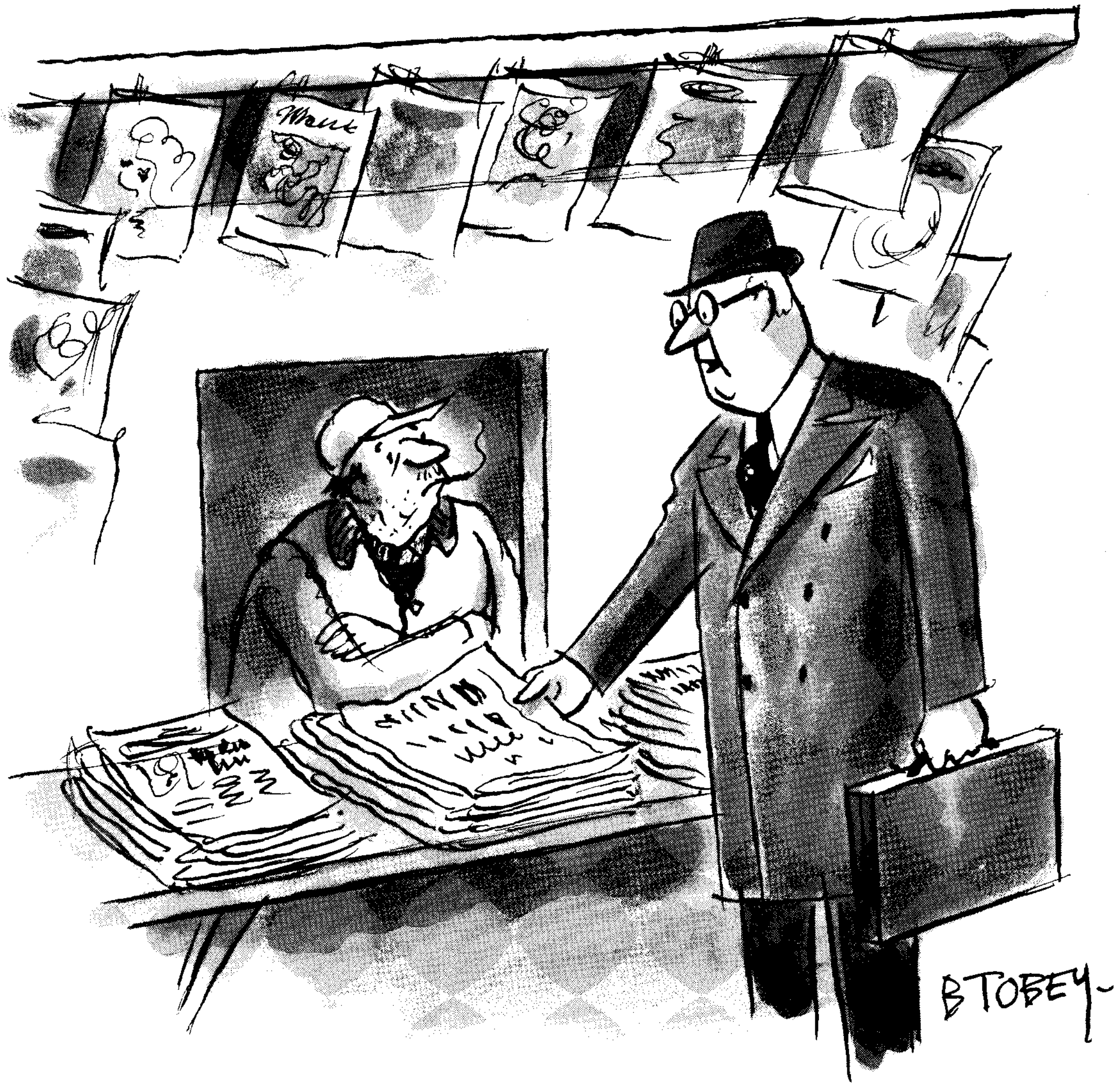
At the wedding itself they both clearly were so drunk that each had to be supported as they walked down the aisle on the arm of an usher. It was at the reception that I got my best look at them. I was at an age when I knew almost nothing about such matters, of course, but I did have the distinct impression that they were the best-dressed people present; that, despite a certain disarray in their clothes, they were of the highest style. And I was aware of how well nature had endowed them both, of what good-looking people they were, or had once been. And though they were among the oldest people present, it was hard for me to think of them as such. What was most difficult of all was to remember that he was none other than Captain Lester Campbell of the Spanish-American War and San Juan Hill.

There was only a fruit punch served at the reception, but the senior Campbells staggered about, unable to make any sensible conversation, now and then disappearing into the rest rooms and reappearing noticeably refreshed but wearing a stunned expression on their faces, as though they were not quite sure where they were or what company they were in. Finally they were taken away to their train to Memphis by a person obviously in the employ of Tolliver and described by him as a "hired chauffeur." It was then that Tolliver asked Father if he might have a few words with him in private. Looking Father directly in the eye, and with no apology in his manner, he told him that from his earliest recollection both his parents had been in and out of the famous Memphis sanitarium that treated alcoholics in those days, committed sometimes the one by the other, sometimes both of them by Tolliver himself after he came of age. He told Father that they were well known in Memphis (as Father no doubt already knew) for their public fights with each other and their brawling at the Country Club or at the Silver Slipper or on the Peabody Hotel Roof. Tolliver had finally bolted and come to Nashville, but only after years of degrading experiences at home and endless humiliation in public and only after he had realized at last that he could no longer be of help to them and could not make a satisfactory life of his own while continuing to live in the same city with them.

Father tried to reassure him. He said how sad it was that a person with Tolliver's fine qualities should have been born into such a situation and brought up in such a world. "Yes," said Tolliver, manifesting an impatient satisfaction, "yes." But the "yes" did not imply that he agreed with Father. It seemed to mean that this was just the line he had known Father would take. And that the real purpose of their exchange was for him to dispel any notion on Father's part that he was not happy and proud to be who and what he was. It was not till a number of years later that Father reported the incident to me. It was his impression then that Tolliver had taken this opportunity—that it had perhaps been the sole purpose of his ostensible revelation—to say that although he rejected his parents' alcoholism he did not reject the kind of Deep South Planter life that he and his kind were heir to, and did not accept the idea that a life of leisure, supported by the labor of others or maintained by an unearned income, was necessarily an immoral sort of existence. "I regret that my parents have been destroyed by their weakness for bourbon whiskey," he said. "But that doesn't mean I discount my good luck in having been born their son or having grown up in their house. I look forward to living in your house for a time, sir," he concluded, "but, still, remember that I come there as my father's son." Then he added that he had waited till after the wedding ceremony to speak of his parents' unhappy state because otherwise he would have been speaking of it to someone outside his family. That was all he said. After that night he never made reference to the subject again. And we never again set eyes on Captain and Mrs. Campbell.

I MUST say something now about the drinking habits—or, more precisely, the non-drinking habits—of my own parents during those years. From the day that the Eighteenth Amendment became law no liquor was served in our house. My father even gave up his toddy before dinner. The only liquor in the house was kept under lock and key in a cabinet in his bedroom. And then, fourteen years later, on the day when the Repeal became official, Father brought forth his bottle of bourbon and renewed his old habit of a single toddy before dinner and a neat jigger at bedtime. This observance of the law of the land was not so strait-laced or unusual on his part as it may sound. Other people like my parents, in Nashville, were as strict about observing the changeable laws of the land as they were about observing their own unchangeable codes of decent conduct. We had a cousin, a federal judge, who declined to serve alcoholic drinks throughout the period of national Prohibition. His younger friends assumed that he had never during his life served drinks and that it was out of personal conviction. They always fortified themselves well before going to dinner at the Judge's house. At his first party after the Repeal, the guests came as usual in a fortified state. When the Judge served cocktails that night, the young people all got shockingly drunk. Deciding Prohibition had been a good thing after all, the Judge never again served liquor.

My father, even in those days, even in a Southern place like Nashville, thought that, since it was the law of the land, Negro people ought to be allowed to vote. He would sometimes make special trips home from town to take our servants to register and to vote, just to make sure there was no interference with what was supposed to be. Only our old cook Betsy refused to go along with him. "Don't come bothering me about voting," said she. "That's something white



"Well, Sam, who's playing fast and loose with us today?"

folks know how to do, and what I say is, Let the white folks do any little old thing for themselves that they can do."

But my parents were not merely law-abiding. And they did not merely conform to social conventions. They believed that they acted always from the right instincts—right instincts which they shared with all the sensible and well-bred people they knew in Nashville. During the Depression they entertained very little, because they thought it would look bad to be dressing up and giving parties, as if to show that they had been sensible enough to stash something away when there were so many people of their own background who had not. To have done otherwise would have revealed a lack of the right instinct. And it was for the same reason, really, that Lila had been discouraged from making her début. Similar reasoning no doubt had something to do with their wish to bring Tolliver Campbell to live in our house. Wasn't *everybody's* son-in-law coming to live with them in those difficult days? And if your son-in-law was very rich and saw fit to come and live with you, weren't you and he the most sensible, most modest people of all?

As I have indicated, Tolliver never expressly praised our way of living. No more than he ever made direct references to the shortcomings of his parents or to what his parents had provided him or failed to provide him in the way of an upbringing. But sometimes when I came in from school he would look on as Mother and Lila and I seated ourselves around the dining-room table and reported to each other the events of our day. Usually old Betsy would come through the pantry and, standing with the swinging door half open, would ask me what I had done-eat for lunch. If I had had the very kind of cake she had baked that day, she would say, "Oh, pshaw!" But she would always manage to produce some other sweet that I liked, and bring it and a glass of milk and set them before me on the bare table.

"You are a lucky young fellow," Tolliver would say then. That was the nearest he came to saying anything direct about his upbringing. But once, when I was in the hammock out in the yard and somebody called to ask if I wanted a slice of cake or a piece of pie, he told me about some friend or other of his in Memphis, somebody that he, when he was my age, used to go home with sometimes after school, and how his friend's family seemed always to be just sitting around, laughing and talking with each other, telling each other everything there was to tell about themselves, and making no pretense about anything whatsoever, and expressing no dissatisfaction with the life they had.

When I reported to my father how Tolliver implied a comparison between us and those people in Memphis, Father sat smiling to himself. Then he broke into derisive laughter. Of *course* Tolliver knew people like us in Memphis! And was kin to them, too. Anyone would know that. And didn't Tolliver think we had just such relatives as the Campbells? Of *course* we did have. Even I didn't need to be told that. We had many rich cousins in New York and St. Louis and Chicago. And we had any number of them right in Nashville, for that matter! But from Father's tone of voice I knew the kind of relative that he was talking about: We had what he called our Old South cousins. Some of them lived around Nashville, out on the various pikes and lanes toward Brentwood. They kept horses and rode to hounds and lived in antebellum houses or in houses built to look antebellum. But most of our cousins and connections of that sort lived a little farther off, in such snooty old towns as Franklin and Gallatin and Shelbyville. They would talk to you as though Gallatin or Franklin, for instance, were places as big as Nashville or Memphis. It was as though they were all of them blind and couldn't see what a city Nashville had become and didn't know what a difference that made in the way you looked at things. They thought too much of themselves and their pasts to observe that some places and some people in Tennessee had changed and had kept up with the times. Moreover, Father always reminded us, too, that we had

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THE BRIGHT FIELD

My nerves steeled against the power of London,
I hurried home that evening with the sense
we all have of the crowd's hypocrisy,
to feel my rage, turned on in self-defense,
bear mercy for the anonymity
of every self humbled by massive places,
and I, who moved against a bitter sea,
was moved by the light on Underground-bound faces.

Their sun that would not set was going down
on their flushed faces, brickwork like a kiln,
on pillar-box-bright buses between trees,
with the compassion of calendar art—
like walking sheaves of harvest, the quick crowd
from factories and office doors conveyed
to one end by the loud belt of the street.
And that end brings its sadness, going in
by Underground, by cab, by bullock-cart,
and lances us with punctual, maudlin
pity down lanes or cane-fields, till the heart,
seeing, like dark canes, the river-spires sharpen,
feels an involuntary bell begin
to toll for everything, even in London,
heart of our history, original sin.

The vision that brought Samuel Palmer peace,
that stoked Blake's fury at her furnaces,
flashes from doormen's buttons and the rocks
around Balandra. These slow belfry-strokes—
cast in the pool of London, from which swallows
rise in wide rings, and, from their bright field, rooks—
mark the same beat by which a pelican goes
across Salybia as the tide lowers.

—Derek Walcott

• •

"From the top—'Watermelon Man.' Let's sock it out and give Mrs. Ritterhouse a chance to really cook!"

• •

country kin who were poor as church mice and would never be anything but dirt farmers. He said he didn't like one sort any better than he did the other. He said he thought everybody ought to manage to be merely representative, and ought to be modest about who they were and what they had. "The Campbells have plenty of poor, up-country kin, too," he said. "But the Campbells are people who have always managed to marry *up*—in one sense or another. I hope that may never be said of us."

WHEN Tolliver and Lila had been married about two years my parents suddenly began to entertain. At first Lila made humorous references to this entertaining, though without being really critical of it. She said, "Don't you see you're upsetting Tolliver's routine?" She meant there was always a flurry of housecleaning on the day people were coming to dinner and that Tolliver had to keep shifting from room to room to get out of old Betsy's way. But, more important, she meant that Tolliver had to dress for dinner, had to put on his tuxedo and participate in the party. Because it was soon apparent, even to me, that it was for Tolliver that the parties were given. The dinner guests were for the most part (as Mother would have said, and no doubt did say to Father in private) sensible, representative people like themselves—representative, one supposes, of the old social values in Nashville, people who maintained standards that only they could understand and that even their children never pretended to understand entirely, people who did nothing to excess, especially who did not fail or succeed in life to excess. But sprinkled among these, from the first, would be a cousin or two, from Gallatin or Shelbyville, say, who had great tone. And then, always, there would be an example of what Father would previously have spoken of laughingly as Nashville's business tycoons, a shoe manufacturer or an insurance executive, who was happy—or whose wife was happy—to meet those horsy, high-living, Middle Tennessee, non-Nashville relatives of ours. Those dinner parties were actually rather swell affairs, with Mother producing from her store of possessions silver and plate and crystal and table linen that Lila and I hardly knew existed. Even at the time of the wedding there had been no such display. At each party, one of the out-of-town Old South kin would be the guest of honor—guests of honor, I should say, because they always came in couples, of course—and naturally it was they who would be seated at Mother's and Father's right. And however else the seating might be arranged, Tolliver would invariably be seated directly across from the business tycoon. And inevitably Tolliver would, a few days afterward, receive an invitation to lunch with the man. It became as clear as Mother's best crystal that Father was determined now to find Tolliver a career, an occupation which would finally get him out of the house during daylight hours.

The offers of jobs that came to Tolliver—even offers of partnerships, offers to let him buy into something good—were discussed openly in the family. During this period Father emerged from a state of gloom that had been of many months' duration, a state of which I, and possibly the rest of the family, had not taken sufficient notice. To resort to those entertainments that he and Mother gave, for him to actually initiate such a program, undoubtedly constituted an act of desperation. But he and Mother had obviously realized that there *had* to be a change. Tolliver's comfort in our house had become my father's utter discomfort. Although I frequently failed to observe Tolliver's presence in a room, Father could step inside the front door and sense in precisely what spot in the house his son-in-law was "lolling." "Lolling" was of course not the correct word, though it was the word Father used. Tolliver never lolled in his life. He always sat fairly erect in a chair, and his attention was always occupied by a game or by some matter of his income or by his thorough perusal of the daily newspaper and the various weekly magazines that came to us. Father never failed to ask him what he was reading—especially if, as sometimes, he had a book instead of the newspaper or a magazine in his hand—and then Father's only comment would be a snort of laughter. Tolliver always rose when Father addressed him. He gave Father the title of the book or the subject of the article, but he never said more than that. Father's snort of laughter was Tolliver's signal to sit down again and return to his reading. And after pretending to suppress further signs of amusement Father would go off into another room and close the door.

The discussions of Tolliver's job offers were not discussions of how worthwhile they might be for him but of the nature of each particular line of business or segment of industry. Tolliver would reveal that he had considerable information on the subject at hand and could reel off impressive statistics. He was willing to discuss with us types of business organization, methods of production, distribution, et cetera. But he always ended it there, making it clear that he understood what it was that was being offered him but also that it was something that he could not by any stretch of the imagination interest himself in.

At last it was the Governor of Tennessee himself that my parents had to dinner. The Governor's wife was my mother's second cousin—not that that had anything to do with their being invited or with their acceptance of the invitation, either. Before the Depression, we had always made a practice of having each new governor and his lady to dinner. My father was not directly influential in politics, but it goes without saying, I suppose, that we were the kind of people whose invitation to dinner a governor recently arrived in Nashville was not likely to refuse. The long and the short of it was, Tolliver was asked up to the Capitol the very next week and was offered a place on the Governor's staff. When the subject of his offer came up at home, over coffee that night—it was Mother's rule that subjects which might possibly be controversial should not be introduced until the meal was substantially over—Tolliver tried to dismiss it with a shake of his head and with the application of a new match to his pipe. There was no discussion of the job itself or of how the state government functioned. That, of course, would have been superfluous in our company. Father gazed up at the ceiling for a long time. The room was silent except for Tolliver's raspy drawing on his pipe. Finally Father dropped his eyes to his hands, which he had clasped before him. Then he looked up at Tolliver, a self-deprecating smile on his face, and said, "As your father-in-law I ask you to accept the Governor's appointment."

The silence in the room seemed to deepen. Tolliver didn't even take another draw on his pipe. Mother's suggestion that we all "go into the other room" to finish our coffee was very

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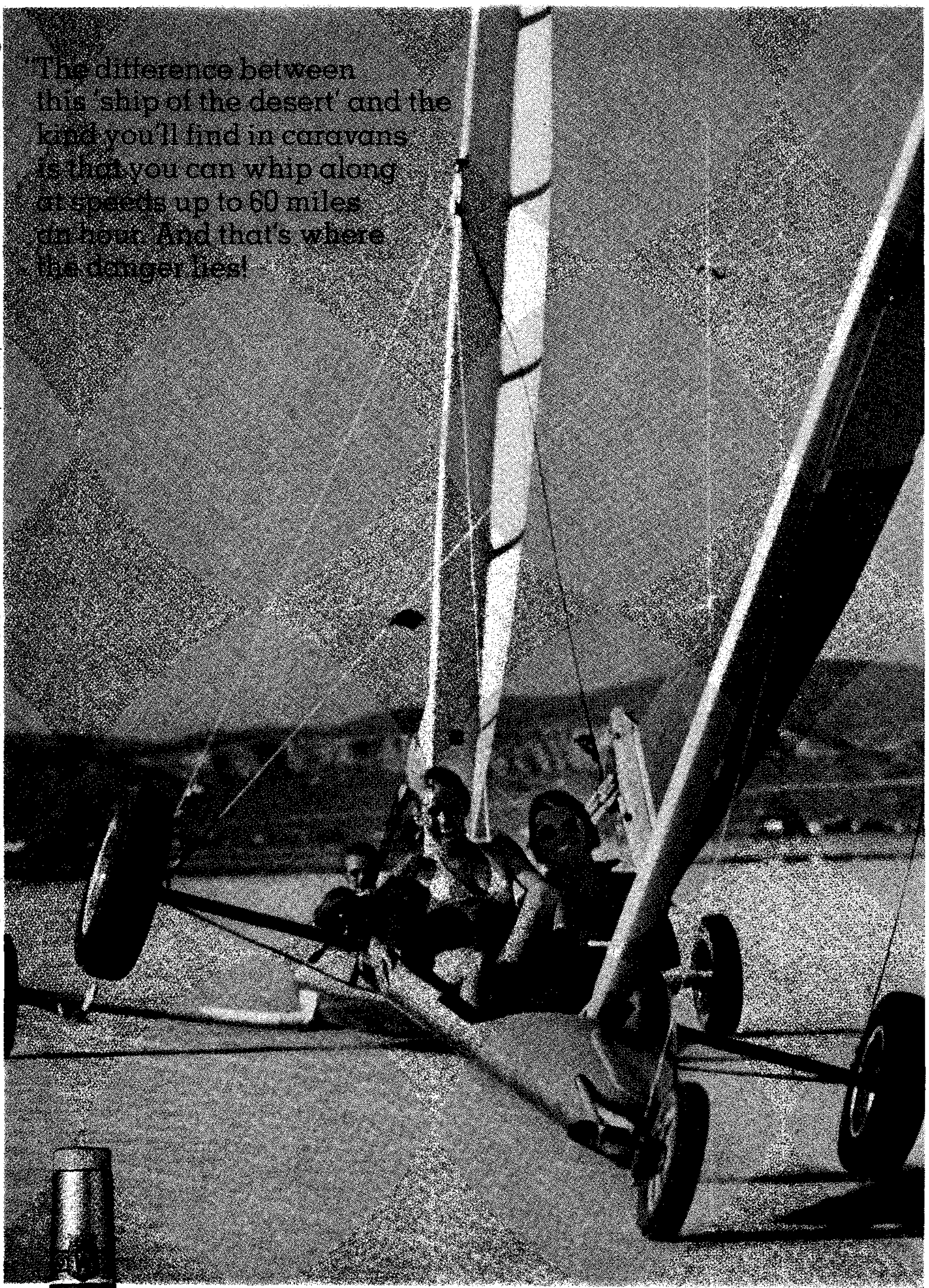

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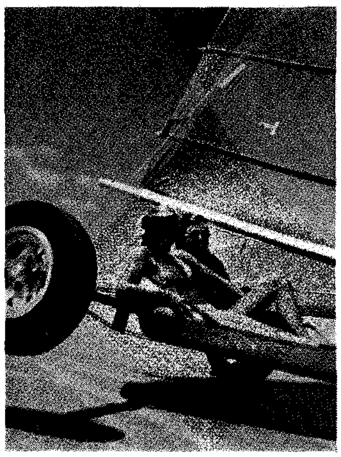

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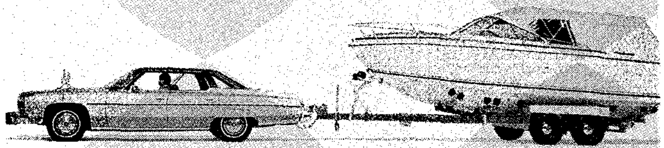
'76 Caprice interior with available 50/50 split front seat.



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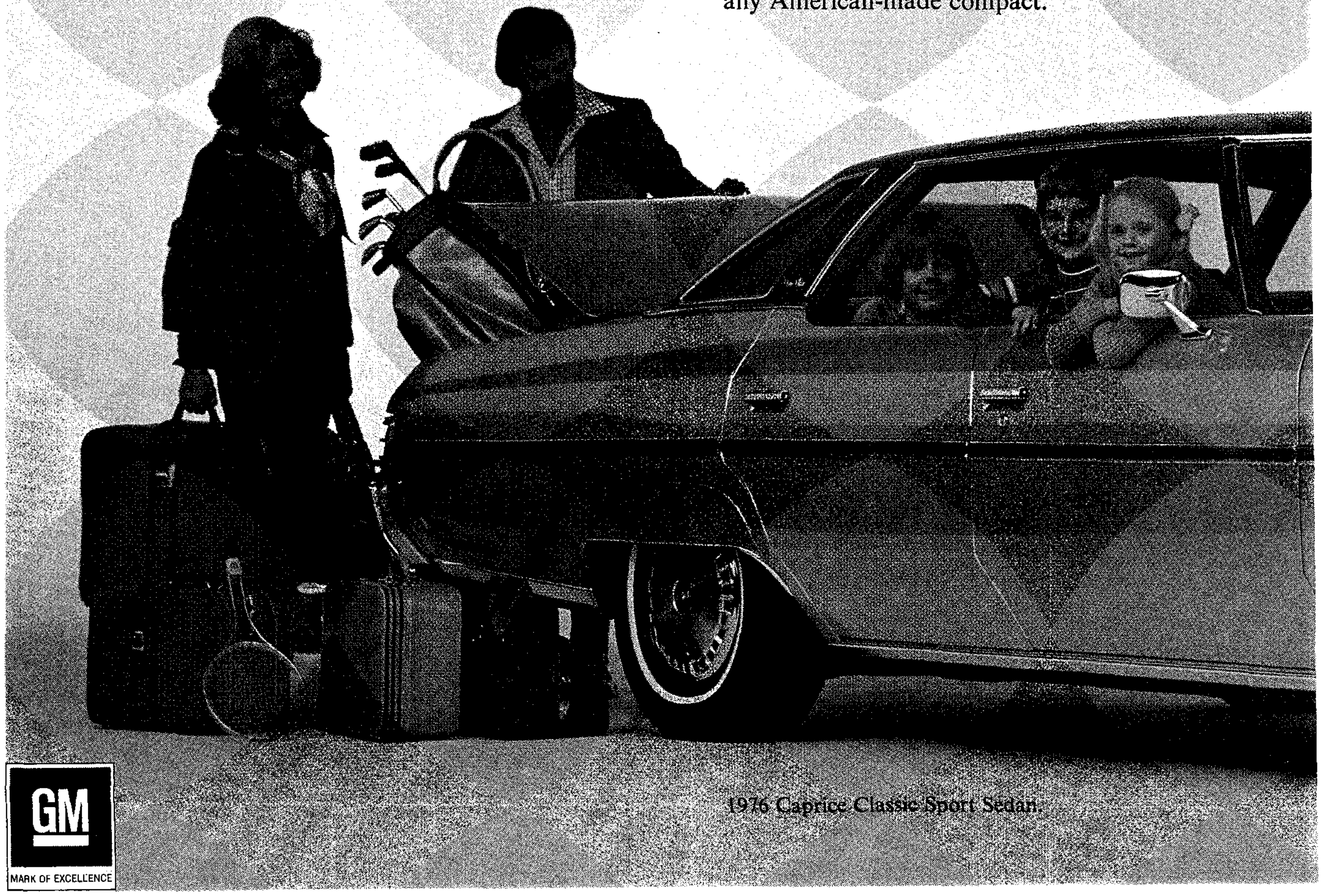

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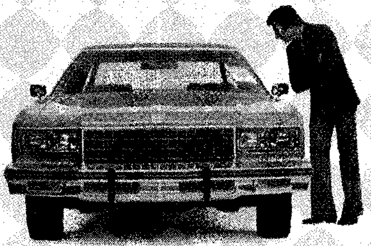
In 50,000 miles of driving, if you follow the Owner's Manual for recommended service, a full-size 1976 Chevrolet with a standard 350 V8 engine using unleaded fuel could save you over $530 in maintenance costs, compared to the '74 model using leaded fuel.

While parts and labor costs will vary throughout the country, we've used current list prices for parts and lubricants, and a figure of $12 an hour for labor.



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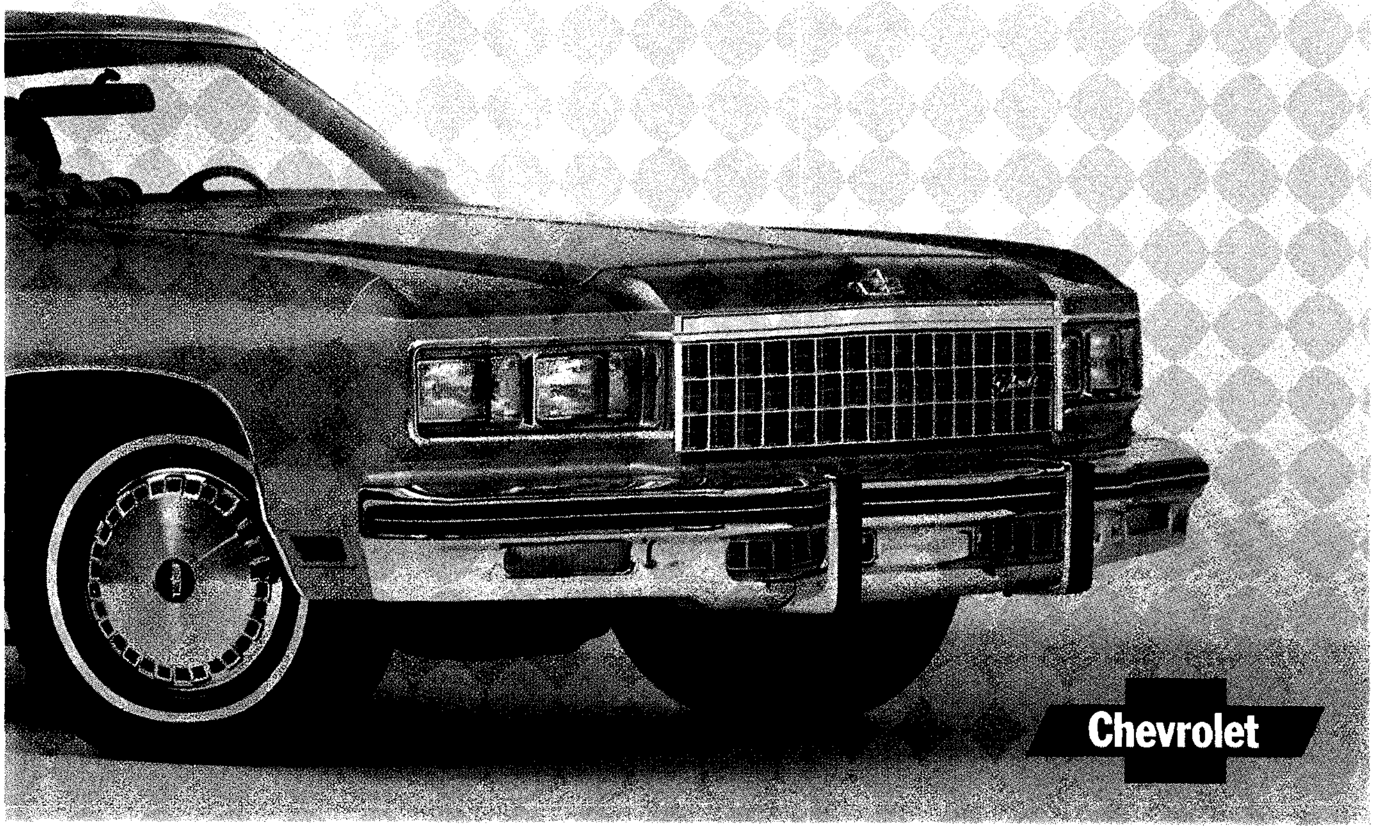

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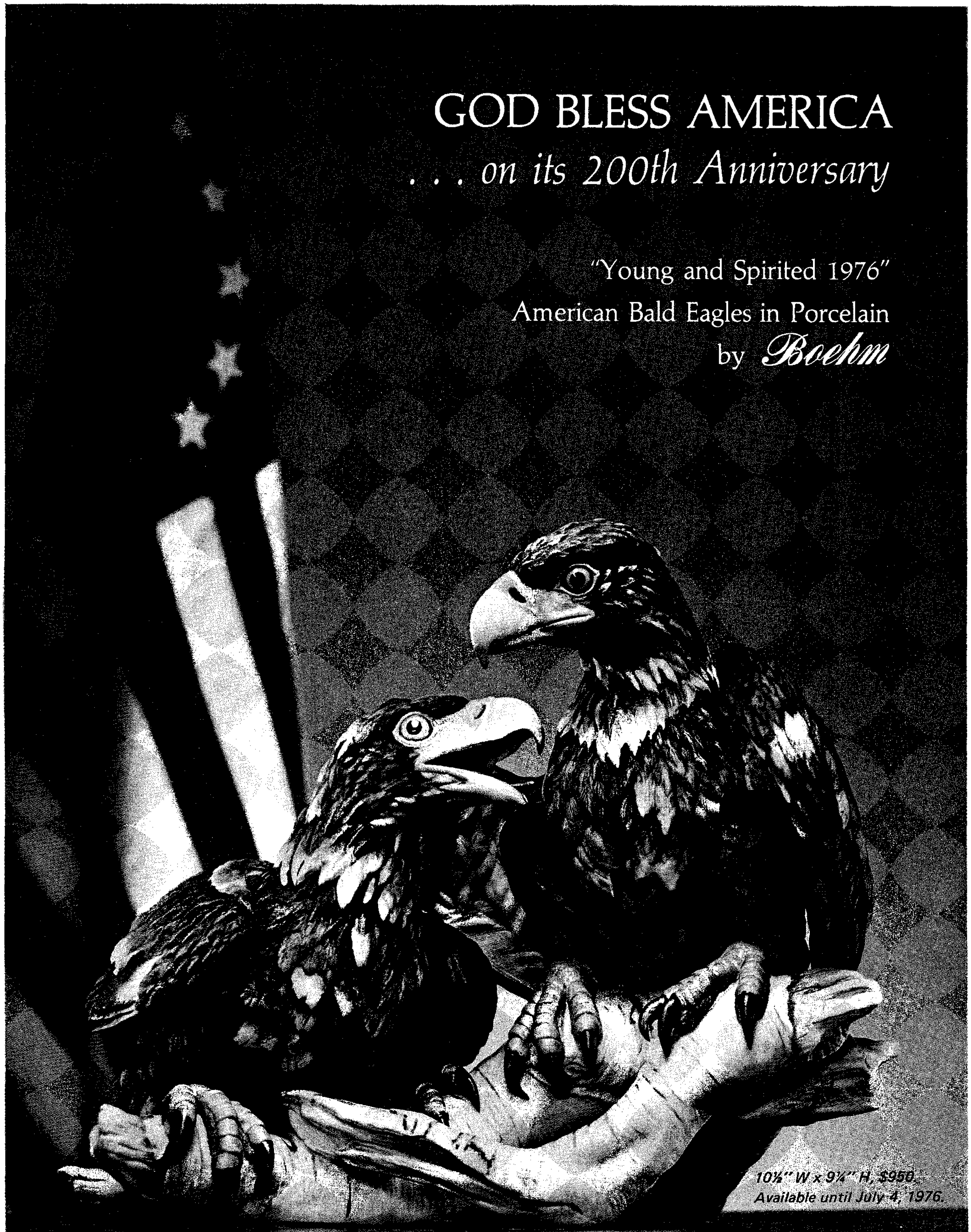

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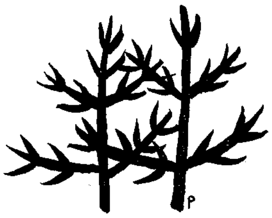
welcome. And two days later Tolliver reported to the Governor's office on the main floor of the Capitol building.

BY this time I was in my second year out at the University—at Vanderbilt, that is—but I still lived at home because of the money it saved us. And though I spent a lot of time at my faternity house I always came home for dinner at night and frequently I came in during the early afternoon. I remember two or three times having the feeling that something was missing in the house. It was Tolliver, of course. He wasn't over there in the leather chair in the library, with his book or his newspaper, and wasn't on the wicker settee in the sun parlor, with a game of old sol going on the cushion beside him. This happened only two or three times, though. Because it was just a matter of weeks after he went to work for the Governor that I came home one afternoon and found him again in the upstairs sitting room. It was just as it had been before. I didn't notice he was in the room at first. I wandered into the room, eating a bowl of dry cereal with sugar and cream and a sliced banana on it. My thoughts must have been on something over at the University. When I saw him I was so startled that I almost dropped the china cereal bowl. I was startled beyond all reason, much more than I had been even the first time I ever came into a room without realizing he was present. It seems to me now at least that I sensed at once that his being over there would never be *quite* the same as his being there before had been. I asked him if he had "a holiday or something." He said no, he was home to stay. He just wasn't cut out, he said, for the kind of work required of somebody on a governor's staff. He said not an hour of the day passed without your having to tell a big lie or do something else that went against the grain. "You know what I mean, don't you, Brother?" he said. ("Brother" was what Lila and my parents always called me. This was the first time Tolliver had taken it up, and I was never to hear him use it again.) I said I did understand, of course—though I didn't at all know what he meant. After a second, he said, "I thought *you* might." Clearly he saw now that I didn't. And I felt terribly guilty. I felt that, if I had let him, he would have talked to me about things long before this. And that he would never try again. I felt vaguely responsible somehow for whatever was going to happen now, though I could not have said why. I got out of the room as fast as I could. When I went back downstairs I found Mother and Lila in the front part of the house, in the living room. They had been talking and they went on talking. I ambled into the big front room and sat down, still taking a spoonful of cereal now and then. They saw me, naturally, yet they seemed really unaware that I had sat down there in the room with them.



They had already been over Tolliver's resignation a number of times. They had covered that ground and now they were preparing themselves for Father's coming home from town. They would tell him all about it at once, they agreed. There was no use postponing it. "The inevitable result must be—" said Mother, standing before Lila, who was seated on the couch. "The end result will be—though it will not be to my liking, Lila—that you and Tolliver must find a house of your own now. You must console yourself with that. No matter what bitter words Father may utter and how difficult the moment may be, you must bear in mind that it all means that you will finally have a place of your own. I am sure that is something you must have wished for many times, dear."

Lila, in her characteristic way, dropped her head on the back of the couch and let her eyes roll about the room. "Well, no," she said at last. "It can't be that, Mother. That *can't* be the outcome."

"I am afraid, in the end, it will have to be that," Mother insisted.

"No it *can't* be that, Mother," Lila repeated, with new firmness in her tone. "Not yet."

I could tell from Mother's expression, and Lila obviously could tell too, that Mother thought that something had happened to Tolliver Campbell's fortune, that his money was gone.

Lila gave way to giggles. Then, pulling herself up, she said, "It's worse than you think, Mother darling. We can't, we *must not* go to a house of our own. I couldn't quite face that now. It's too late. Or maybe it's only too soon. You see, Tolliver and I are not really married."

"Lila, do be serious for once in your life."

"I have never been more serious, Mother. You might as well know now that what we call our marriage is a marriage that has never been consummated."

Mother was plainly unable to speak for half a minute or so. Lila sat looking at her. Finally Lila said, "You mustn't ask me what it is he and I have been waiting on—or what *he* has been waiting on—for I can't tell you." Then the two of them looked at each other for a longer time without speaking.

At last Mother sat down on the fire bench and said, "Lila, my dear unhappy child, why haven't you spoken before? But it is not too late. Don't you see this may be a godsend? It may be that it's the privacy of his own house he has been waiting on?"

"Except that he didn't ever really want a house," Lila said. "That house he bought was just to make him seem serious about things. And he didn't really want a wife. He's a little boy still. He never *was* what he seemed. He wasn't the mysterious young man I imagined him to be, whose immoral life had made his leaving Memphis a necessity. He's only a little boy. What he wanted of us here was a mama and a papa and a little sister and maybe a little brother." Suddenly she looked over at me and snickered.

Now Mother was saying, "That may be how it *was*, Lila, and how it *has* been. But it is up to you from this moment forward, daughter. You must change matters. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," said Lila, "even Brother over there knows what you mean, Mother." My mother looked at me and blushed. She had completely forgotten my presence. Perhaps it would be true to say that for the moment she had forgotten my existence even. I think it must have been among the worst moments in her life. I rose to leave, and Lila said—more to me than to Mother, it seemed—"It's not up to me. It never will be up to me. It's still up to Tolliver. It's his problem, and he must solve it in his own way, whatever that may turn out to be." I could hear Mother crying now as I went out through the dining room toward the pantry.

MY mother never kept anything from my father. And so there was no doubt that before the next morning he knew all that she knew about the state of affairs. At dinner nothing was said of Tolliver's failure at the State House and nothing, of course, of his failure upstairs. After dinner, Tolliver and Lila went out for a while, and I noticed that Tolliver had his briefcase with him. But they didn't dress up as they usually did when they were going out for the evening. And they were back within less than an hour, with Tolliver still lugging his briefcase. They went directly up to their room and they did not reappear until lunchtime the following day. It was something that had never happened before. But during the two following spring months it was never any other way than that. They would disappear upstairs immediately after dinner at night, and we wouldn't see them again until noon the next day. Our house was one of those big houses built in Nashville around the turn of the century, and the walls were fairly soundproof. But sometimes in the night, during this period, I would hear Lila's and Tolliver's voices coming from their room. Sometimes they would seem to be laughing almost hysterically, and sometimes I was sure both voices were raised in anger. And no one was allowed in their room at any time during those months. Even old Betsy wasn't let in to change the linen. On a few occasions, at the beginning, they went out with some of their friends to dinner. And I would hear Lila locking the bedroom door as they left. Soon they altogether gave up seeing their friends in the evening. Lila seldom left the house. Often she returned to their room after lunch. Tolliver had now begun leaving the house to play either bridge or tennis every afternoon—even on the weekend. During all this, my parents struck me as being in a kind of daze. Most of the time they didn't even make conversation with each other.

Then one morning early in June, Tolliver appeared at the breakfast table, though without sitting down to join us. He announced that he had rented a small office a few blocks away from the house. He planned to go there every morning and attend to all of his business matters. Father looked up at him and smiled uncertainly. It seemed to me it was the first time he had smiled at all for two months past. I thought I read hope in the smile as it began to spread across his face. Then as the smile became more fully formed and expressive I saw that what it clearly expressed was regret. I understood Father's feeling at once: Why couldn't Tolliver have made such a gesture six months earlier? It would have mattered then. It didn't matter now to any of us. It was too late—though I could sense that even Father didn't know exactly why it was too late. He and Mother were sitting across the table from me. Tolliver was standing at the place just beside me. It was apparent he was not going to have breakfast with us. He just stood there behind the chair, with his two hands on the chair back. I could barely keep from fixing my eyes on his gold wedding band, but I managed to look up at his face, and I heard Mother saying, "You will be better able to concentrate on your work in an office, won't you?" As she spoke, and as I watched Tolliver's face, I thought that in his brown eyes there was none of the respect and admiration for my parents that formerly one always read there. Afterward, it seemed to me I had read in his eyes that morning a certain vengeful gleam. But I can never be certain of that. At any rate, while I looked at him I became aware of something considerably more powerful than anything that his eyes expressed. He smelled the way some of the older boys in my fraternity did on the morning after a big drunk. And I had smelled it once before, on the platform at the Union Depot. It was the odor, at once sour and musky, of a person whose system has been saturated with bourbon whiskey. I could imagine almost that he was standing close to me on purpose, so that I would be sure to smell him. Once I had recognized the odor, the vaguely bloodshot eyes and the tired expression about the mouth were unmistakable signs. He was like a hung-over fraternity boy with an eight-o'clock class to make.

BANK
TIME
4:32
TODAY'S WEATHER
SHOES
ZIEGLER

I said nothing until he had gone. But when he had lumbered out through the front hall with his briefcase and pulled the front door behind him, I said at once, "Boy! Has *he* been boozing!"

Almost before the words were out of my mouth Father said, "Nonsense! What idiocy has come over you? You don't know what you are talking about."

And Mother said, "I often wonder, Brother, what it is you *are* learning over at Vanderbilt University!"

With my two parents' eyes on me I began eating my breakfast again. Though I could recognize the outrage in their faces and knew that nothing I

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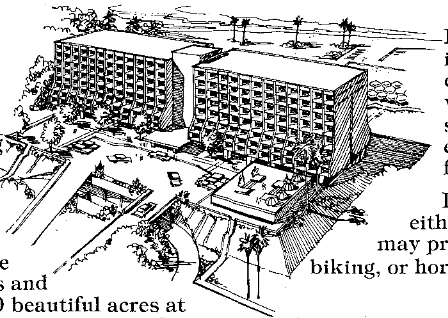

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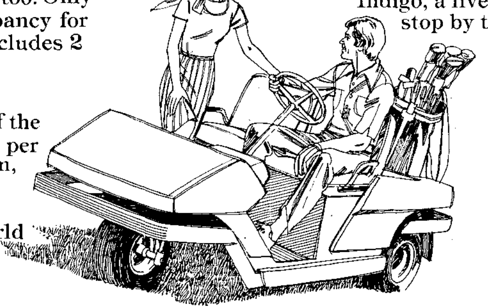

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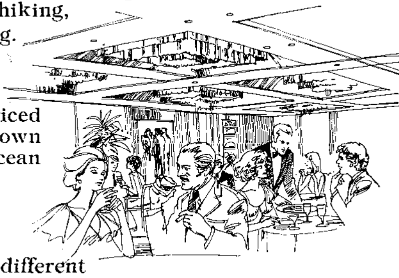

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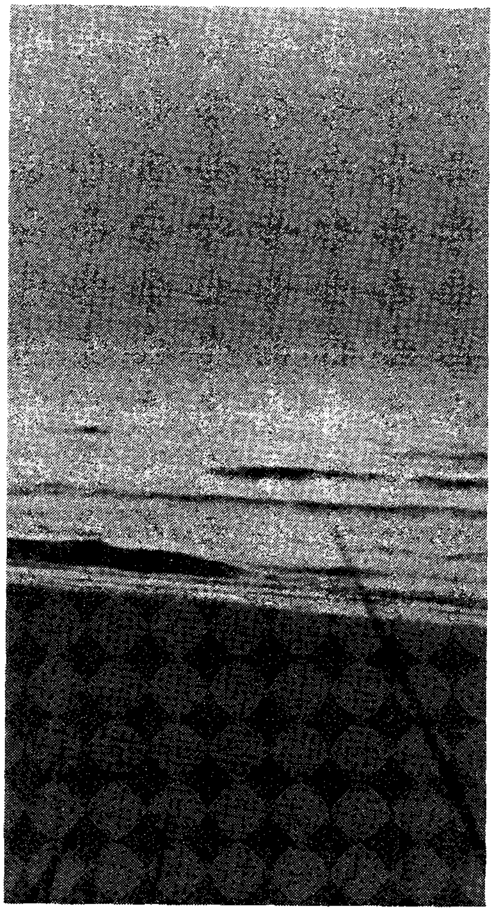

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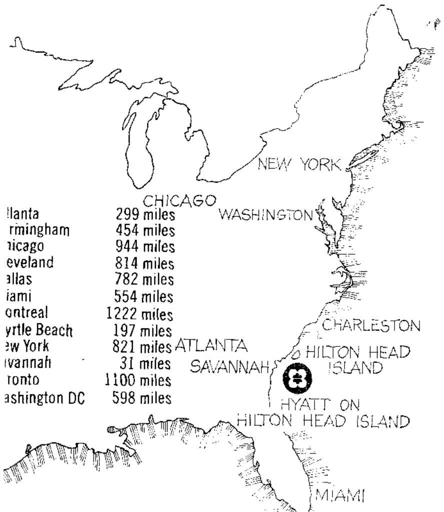

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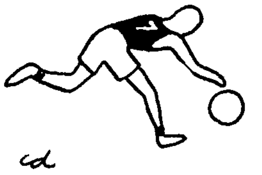
might add would convince them if they did not already believe me, I did say, with my mouth full of food, "I'm just telling you. He's been boozing. And I don't mean he's just had a 'social' drink or two." I felt as though this were almost the first observation about a member of my family that I had ever made for myself, and I knew I had to insist upon it.

"Well," Father said, "*I'm* telling you to keep such mistaken observations to yourself."

Still I did not give in. He got up from the table and kissed Mother goodbye. But before he had got halfway across the front hall, there was a noise from upstairs, a loud thump, as though a piece of furniture had fallen over or someone had dropped a heavy object. Father turned and moved quickly toward the foot of the stairs. Mother sprang up from the table and overtook him. "Let me go to her, dear," she said.



At the top of the stairway she knocked on Lila's door. And she called her name. "May I come in, Lila?" she asked.

Lila's voice rang out: "No, you may not. You may not come in here. It's *my* room, and Tolliver's!"

"What's happened, darling?"

"You just may not come in. Do you hear me. You just may *not*."

Mother glanced down the steps at Father. He nodded. "Go in," he whispered. Mother tried the door to see if it was locked. It wasn't. She cracked the door, leaning forward. She seemed frozen in that position for several seconds. Presently she made a gesture, indicating that Father and I should stay downstairs. I think Father would have gone on up except that he knew I would follow, sheeplike, and he was afraid there was something up there that I shouldn't see.

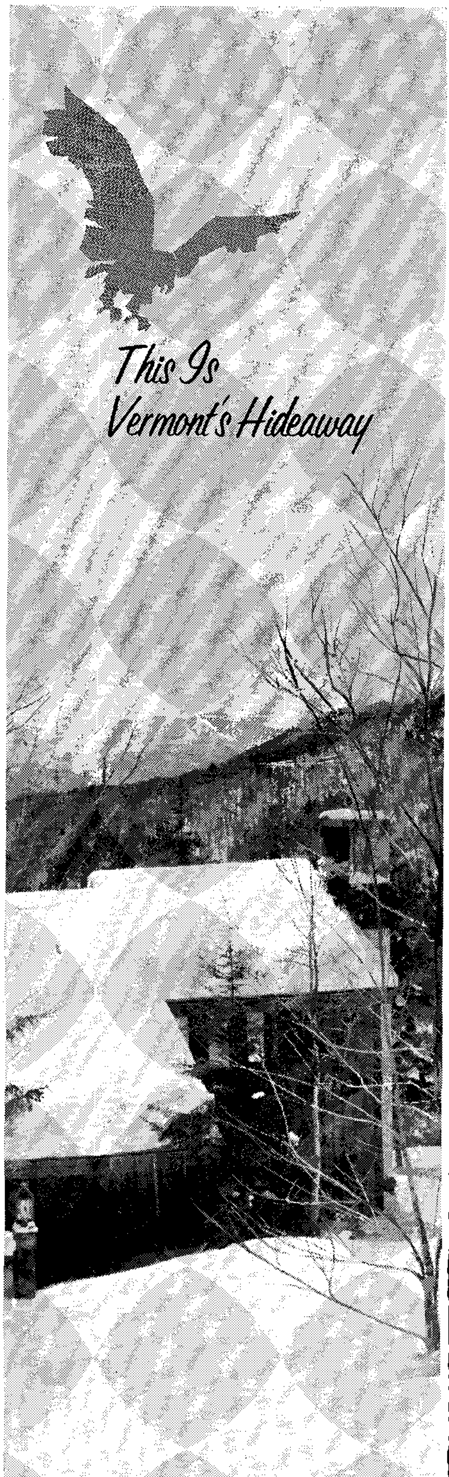
He and I might as well have gone up, because when Mother came down, half an hour later, she concealed nothing, not even from me. She described what she had seen so graphically that I have ever afterward imagined that I actually did look into the room with her. As she opened the door she beheld Lila stark naked except for her hat and shoes and just picking herself up—herself and her handbag—from where she had fallen, in the center of the large room. She had plainly been preparing to come downstairs and then go out on the streets of Nashville just as she was. She seemed unaware that the only clothing she had put on was her narrow-brimmed straw hat and her spectator pumps. Mother said to us, "In the old days, before Prohibition, I saw any number of drunk persons in all kinds of public places in Nashville. But Lila is the most thoroughly inebriated person I have ever set eyes on." Upstairs she had struggled with Lila to get her into her nightgown and then back into bed. She was able to do so, she told us, only after making a solemn promise to Lila. "And," she asserted, more to herself now than to us, "I intend to keep my promise to her."

While she seemed to be wandering off in her own reflections, Father declared, "The first thing is to get a doctor here." That recalled Mother from her revery.

"No," she asserted, "there will be no doctor here. Our concern from here out is to protect Lila. And only that. She is married to an unholy fiend. Since he is her lawful husband, we may not be able to protect her from him, but we can protect her from the eyes of the world. Within a few months he has managed to reduce her to a complete dependence upon liquor. He has done it right here in our house. You should see the room. The mantel shelf and the tops of the bureaus are lined with empty bottles."

I could not make out from what she said whether she thought Tolliver, as he had turned to drinking himself, had done this thing unconsciously or had purposely corrupted Lila. The question would occupy my mind for a long time and of course no one—possibly not even Tolliver—could ever give an assured answer to it. And now Mother was saying to Father, "I want you to go to your liquor cabinet and bring me a bottle of bourbon whiskey. That's what she's come to like. If I give her one drink now, she says she will sleep till noon. That's become her practice."

During the hours before lunchtime I wondered if Tolliver would come back for lunch or even if he would ever come back at all. I doubted that the office he spoke of existed. It seemed possible that, with full knowledge of her present condition and probably what was her fixed habit, he had left her in the house without any liquor and without the means of obtaining any unless she came downstairs to beg some of her father or went out in the town somewhere to purchase it. In either case she was bound to expose her wretched condition to her parents. On the other hand, in his own present hung-over state it seemed possible—even quite likely—that Tolliver was incapable of such purposeful action. The



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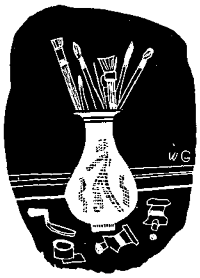
worst possibility—and one which I could not even entertain—was that Tolliver was so base as to have consciously planned an act of vengeance months before and was now mindlessly carrying it out.

WE were all somewhat reassured when Tolliver did return for lunch. Father had been persuaded by Mother to go on downtown as usual. It is hard to believe he was able to concentrate on his work there. I was supposed to be studying for my examinations, and so I stayed at home all morning, but only pretending to study, actually waiting to see if there was any word from Tolliver. He came in at noon, with the predictable briefcase, and went directly up to his and Lila's room. At half past twelve he and Lila and Mother and I sat down to lunch in the dining room. Since Father never came home to lunch, he was not there. But Mother had gone to the telephone and called him to report Tolliver's return the moment it occurred. My first thought when Tolliver opened the front door was how I dreaded the four of us sitting down at the table together. But, though I doubted my own senses almost, it was no different from other lunches in past months. And I knew then that dinner that night would be no different from other dinners. It was not like old times before Tolliver resigned his place on the Governor's staff, but it was like all the times since his resignation. There was no laughing or giggling on our part and no warm smiles on the part of Tolliver. And at dinner that night Father did not, of course, tease or attempt any of his old jokes. But still there was merely a subdued or modulated tone to our talk and to our behavior in general. The fact is, that noon and that night I observed changes which had clearly taken place but which had escaped me before or which I had been unwilling to take cognizance of. Lila was no longer my pretty second-year-girl sister, careless of what she said in the bosom of the family and making her giggly comments on everything. I felt that even the way she asked for a second cup of coffee nowadays was different. She considered how it would sound. Would she seem to be *needing* too much coffee? But what was more noticeable even was that before answering any question at all—of the least consequence—she would glance at Tolliver. I noticed, too, that the same, more or less, was true of Tolliver. Whenever a remark was addressed to him, he would glance at Lila before responding. They had become exclusively dependent upon each other—in a way that was altogether unpleasant to the rest of us. We seemed no longer a real part of their existence. It is hard for me to believe that my parents had not noticed such changes or had not detected at some time or other—even though *I* had failed to—the smell of alcohol on their breath or the odor of alcohol in the vicinity of their bedroom. But I must confess that from that day forward it became harder for me to understand the behavior of my parents than that of my alcoholic sister and brother-in-law.



The incident of that morning wasn't again mentioned within my hearing. There was never any mention made, either, of the drinking that had gone on upstairs in the past months and that continued to go on up there. Sometimes in the night one would still hear voices—drunken voices, as I thought of them now—but that of course was never commented upon. The only oblique reference, even, made to what had happened came on the Sunday afternoon following the incident.

It was just after our big midday Sunday meal. I was still studying for my exams. I drifted into the library, intending to look up something in the encyclopedia. Suddenly I became aware that Tolliver and Lila were talking quietly in a corner of the room. Mother and Father observed my quick withdrawal from the library and were able to surmise what it meant. Father began talking to me at once about how happy he and Mother had been from the very start to have Lila and Tolliver live with us. Presently Mother commenced repeating her old bit about our wanting to make Toliver comfortable. Only this time it was Tolliver's *and* Lila's comfort she referred to. She and Father both insisted that their feelings about this had not changed at all. Mother, who only those few months before had spoken plainly to Lila about the desirability of their finding another place to live, now said that Lila and Tolliver must not be tempted by anything any of us said or did to leave our house and go into a house of their own.

"We are thinking only of their own good," Father said. "It would be a costly, a very dangerous move for them."

From then on there could be no doubt that my parents had only one concern: Tolliver and Lila must not be subjected to the public gaze of Nashville. Lila was hardly ever allowed to leave the house without Mother at her side. It was even suggested that the upstairs sitting room be converted into an office for Tolliver. Above all, life in the house must go on just as it had before, so long as Tolliver and Lila could be kept at home. The only obvious change was that Tolliver, instead of accepting the offer of the sitting room, continued to rise early every morning—though not so early as on that first day—and set out for his office, always without breakfast, always with his briefcase in hand. Meanwhile, Lila continued to sleep every morning until almost noon.

My two parents did seem to regain some of their old spirit and composure. Or at least they feigned it. Sometimes at the dinner table Father would actually make a sort of imitation of his old jokes. And Lila would make a feeble effort to respond with something like a girlish giggle. It went on like that all summer. Since I had failed two of my examinations, I went to summer school and was away from the house even more than in the winter. I even spent a good many nights at the fraternity house. It was mostly empty, and so I didn't have to pay to stay there. I did my first real drinking that summer, and from time to time all of us who were putting up there brought girls to the house, which was on Twenty-third Avenue and only a few blocks from Elliston Place. I don't know that that has any relevance except that I embraced almost any opportunity that summer that might help me interpret for myself what was going on at home.

Then, toward the end of August, at Sunday dinner, Tolliver announced that he was going to make a trip to Memphis that week—to attend to some business there. He had barely taken his seat at the table when he made the announcement. Father had just begun to carve the hen and he continued with his carving. Still not looking at Tolliver, he said, "I wasn't listening carefully just now. But did I understand you to say, Tolliver, that you were *moving* to Memphis—you and Lila?" He looked up then with a smile on his face which would allow Tolliver to take what he said as a joke if he so wished. I may have imagined it but I thought I saw a blush rising in Tolliver's cheek. He didn't speak until he had accepted a plate and passed

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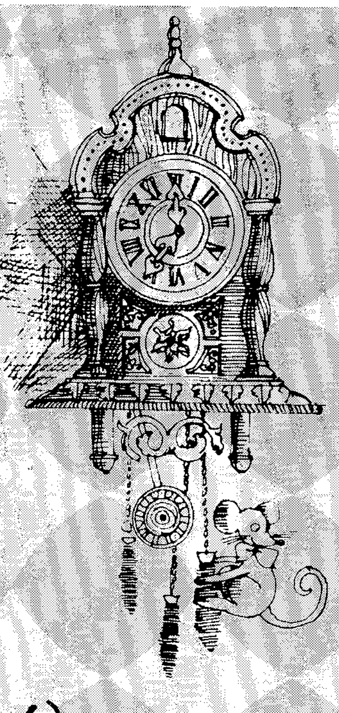

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it on to Mother. When he did speak, he enunciated with great care, as if to make certain there was no misunderstanding: "Yes, sir. The fact is, Lila and I have decided to buy a house in Memphis, and I am going out there this week to look around." Lila's face told me nothing. There was no telling whether or not she and Tolliver had really discussed such a plan before. She was in perfect control. But when I glanced at my mother I saw at once that she and Father had already gone into this possibility very thoroughly.

I went back to the fraternity house that afternoon and spent the night there. I didn't have a girl in or do any drinking. I sat on the upstairs porch with my feet on the bannister railing half the night, thinking about what had happened and then trying for a while, now and then, not to think about it.

WITHIN two weeks Lila and Tolliver had bought a house in Memphis. Within less than a month, before the fall session began at Vanderbilt, they took their leave of Elliston Place. Only on the morning of their departure did Lila manage to get up in time for breakfast. They had done all their packing during the previous day or two. (I don't know what ever became of all the bottles. They were not in the room when I went up to help with their luggage. Perhaps they went out as they came in, two at a time in Tolliver's briefcase.) Lila drank her coffee but ate almost no breakfast. There was again no mistaking the odor of liquor about her or Tolliver. As they sat down at the table, I suddenly remembered the ugly face the porter had made when the senior Campbells got off the train on the morning of the wedding. But Father and Mother didn't bat an eye, much less turn up a nose. You would have thought we had never had a bad moment in the house and that Lila and Tolliver were off on a lark to Memphis or were facing some bright new prospect out there. We said our goodbyes at the curb, and Father said that he would have the wedding presents, which were all stored in our attic, sent on to them within a week. Mother said she could hardly wait to come out and see their house.

But she and Father never made such a trip to visit them in Memphis. Sometimes Lila would come home for a one-night stay. No more than that, though. From then on, Lila and Tolliver lived always in Memphis. They had one child, a son. He was not named for Father or for our family at all but for his Campbell grandfather, who died just before the baby was born.

Both my mother and my father are dead now and have been dead for several years. After Lila and Tolliver left Nashville—that fall—I decided to try living in the fraternity house, despite all Father had to say about the expense of it. And though I have never married, I never lived at home again. After Vanderbilt, I took an apartment in one of the suburban developments off Hillsboro Road. There was no pressure at all put on me to move back to Elliston Place. Mother and Father continued to live there alone during the rest of their lives, dying there within a few months of each other.

Nowadays, two or three times a year I get a letter from Lila. One letter will be full of her old fun or full of reminiscences about our childhood. But the next may make no sense at all. Or there will be one that is almost entirely illegible and that I don't work very hard at deciphering, because I can see at a glance it consists mostly of complaints about troubles they are having with their son. It is easy to imagine the kind of life she and Tolliver have had out there. (And what a life the boy must have had, growing up with them!) It sometimes seems a wonder to me that they have managed to stick together at all. Yet I know couples just like them right here in Nashville. Something happened to them that nobody but the very two of them could ever understand. And so they can't separate. They are too dependent on each other and on the good bourbon whiskey they drink together. Theirs is a sort of joint boozing that sustains them in a way that solitary boozing or casual boozing with a stranger or even with some old friend can't do. They go on drinking together year after year. If their livers stand up under it, they may actually survive to a very old age. In fact, one imagines sometimes, waking in the middle of the night and thinking about them, that Tolliver and Lila just might have the bad luck to live forever—the two of them, together in that expensive house they bought, perched among other houses just like it, out there on some godforsaken street in the flat and sunbaked and endlessly sprawling purlieus of Memphis.

—PETER TAYLOR

•

SHARPEST EARS OF THE WEEK

[*From "Life Signs," by Johanna Davis*]

Manos didn't believe it of course; she had heard his eyebrows lift at the news.

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Photo: Carl Samrock

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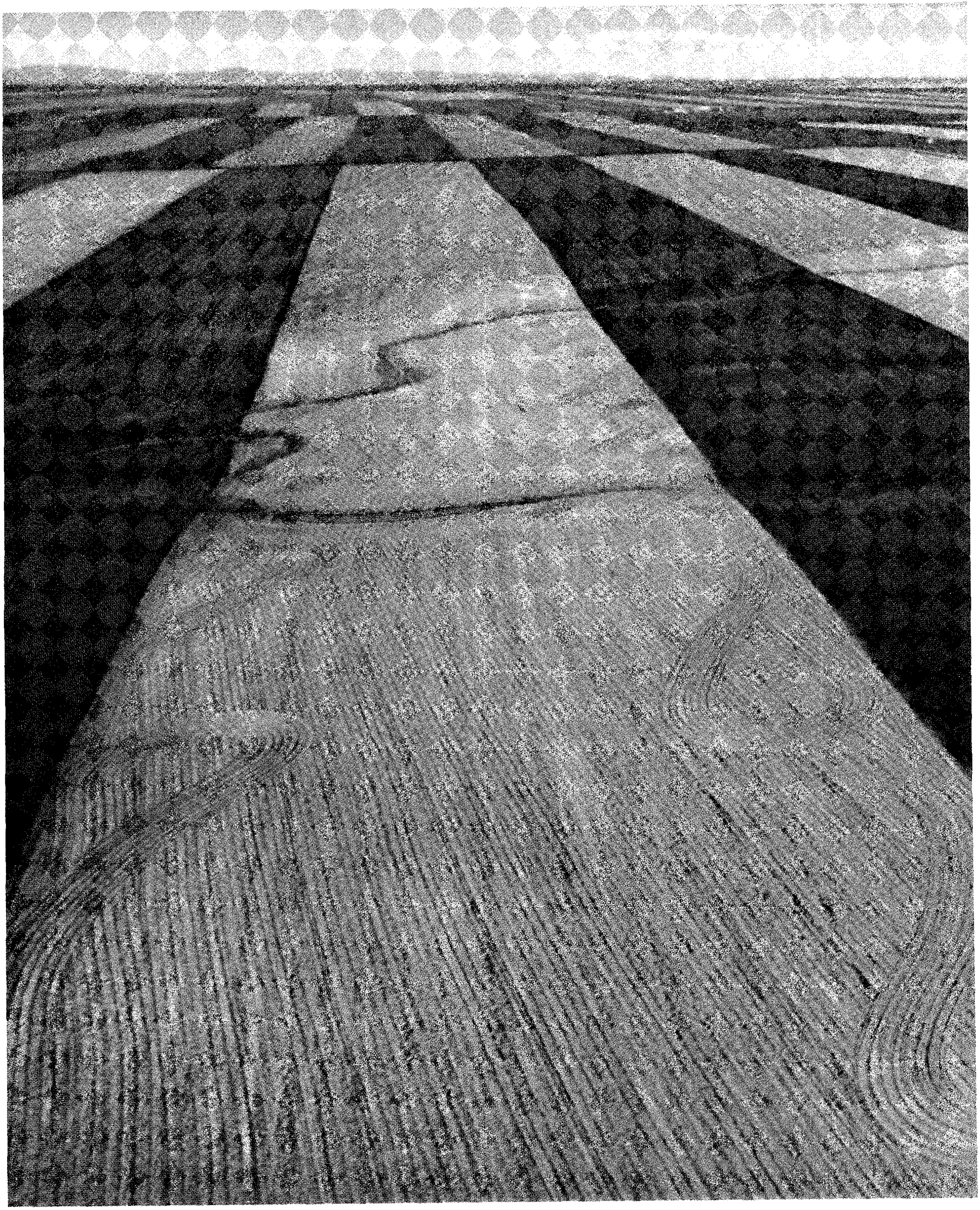

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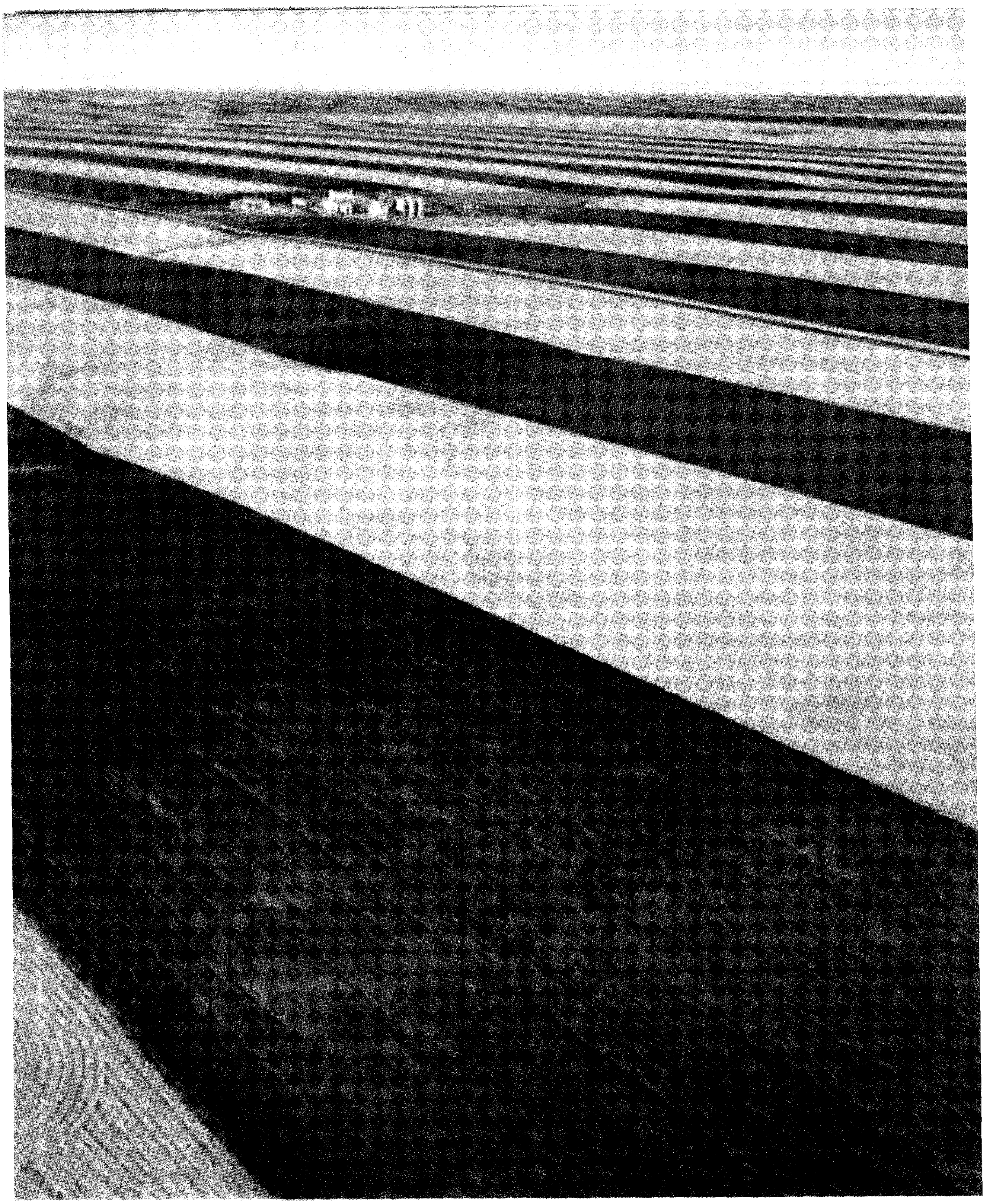

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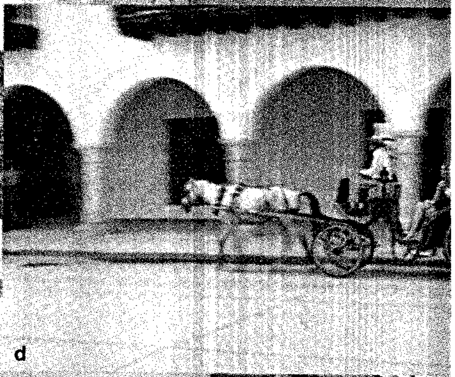

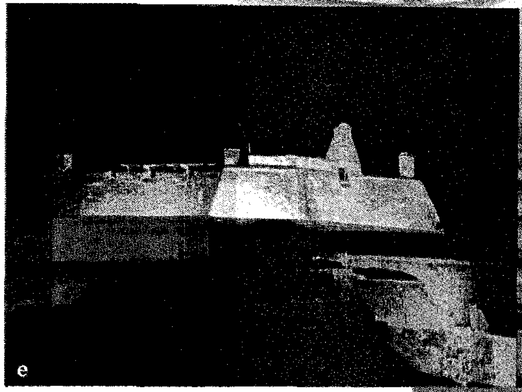

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THE THEATRE

GOOD TASTE IN ITHACA

"I FEAR Greeks," says the snobbish Vergil, "even when they're bringing gifts," and I confess that something like the same thought crossed my mind at the opening of "Home Sweet Homer," at the Palace. It's a musical that, despite its odious punning name, tries hard to do dramatic justice to the nearly three-thousand-year-old story of the wily Odysseus and his long absence from Ithaca, but something has plainly gone wrong in the course of the many months that the production has spent on the road—the gifts it brings us have lost their lustre, and whatever life the show may have possessed at the start has been solemnly squeezed out of it. The authors of the book, Roland Kibbee and Albert Marre; the authors of the lyrics, Charles Burr and Forman Brown; and the composer, Mitch Leigh, have carried out their labors as if their hero were Cotton Mather and their theme Damnation. One longs for "Home Sweet Homer" to be joyous, barbaric, and, above all, playful; instead, it is sedulously tasteful. Even its poor little humdrum jokes are tasteful. As for some hint of the robust licentiousness of ancient times, that is sternly withheld from us: there is no dancing—imagine a Greek musical without dances!—and the only pagan nakedness offered us, grudgingly enough, is the muscular shanks of Penelope's innumerable lovers.

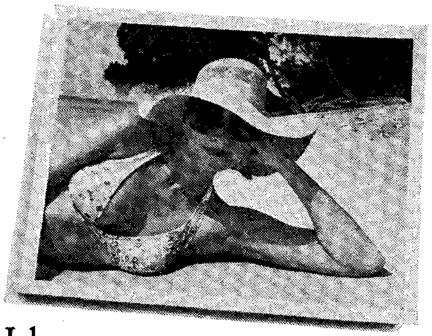
Odysseus is played—much of the time in a frowzy white wig and voluminous rags—by Yul Brynner, whose exceptional presence as a performer has some difficulty making itself felt; Penelope is played by Joan Diener, who sings with authority her conventionally pretty songs, and who models gowns in which she might well attend an audience with the Pope. Russ Thacker is suitably dutiful as Telemachus, and Diana Davila is amusing in a small part as a nitwitted Nausikaa. The rich, primordial-looking scenery and the lighting are by Howard Bay, who also, with Ray Diffen, designed the costumes. The director of "Home Sweet Homer" is Mr. Marre. Like many an experienced professional before him, he has taken such pains to purge the production, scene by scene, of its mistakes that what remains present onstage amounts to a vast, reverberating absence.

"MURDER AMONG FRIENDS," at the Biltmore, is a not very thrilling thriller about three totally immoral people engaged in planning a particularly cold-blooded murder. Or, rather, two murders, for while the conspirators' intention is that there should be but a single victim—and that victim one of their own small number—disparate opinions are entertained by them concerning his/her identity. The confusion is caused by the fact that one of the conspirators is a dastardly double agent, seemingly eager to assist either of the two others in the dispatch of the third; to complicate matters still further, the double agent is the lover of both the other parties, who are of opposite sexes. A murder does indeed take place, bloodily bringing down the first-act curtain, but—bless my soul!—the murderee is neither Candidate One nor Candidate Two. This unexpected development leads in the second act to a couple of other attempted murders, but I believe I am right in stating that no more dead bodies have hit the stage by the time the final curtain goes down. My ambiguity in respect to the homicidal details, far from being obedient to the tradition that reviewers give their readers an accurate account of a thriller without revealing anything important about its plot, is based on sheer bewilderment: the overexcited playwright, Bob Barry, has filled the climax of his play with so many false leads—guns that turn out to contain blank cartridges, pretend blood that the actors and audience are supposed to believe is real, and then pretend blood that only the actors are supposed to believe is real—that I could make little sense of the dénouement. Let me simply say that I was glad to observe, when the actors took their bows, that they had all survived the evening unplugged; the murderee, having had the entire second act off, looked in especially radiant health.

Mr. Barry being the sort of playwright who falls back shamelessly upon "in" jokes when action flags, the characters being drawn from show biz (where one had better be "in" or else), and the setting (a duplex apartment by Santo Loquasto) being by calculation a show-biz dream of vulgar luxury come true, there wasn't much in the play that I could find to admire except Jack Cassidy's performance in the role of a tough and waspish matinée idol whose life has plainly been divided between reading his notices and verbally lacerating anyone within hearing. Mr. Cassidy is a delightful actor, and he lends charm—I hope at a very high rate of interest—to a part that is wholly without it. Also in the cast are Janet Leigh, Lewis Arlt, Michael Durrell, Jane Hoffman, and Richard Woods. They have been directed by Val May.

BROADWAY is abubble with revivals. Two of the most pleasing—"The Royal Family" and "Sweet Bird of Youth"—were favorably reported on in this department last month when they opened Off Broadway, on the premises of the Brooklyn Academy of Music; having safely crossed the icy East River, "The Royal Family" has settled down at the Helen Hayes and "Sweet Bird of Youth" at the Harkness, a theatre that seems ideally suited to Williams. (Perhaps it could become a sort of Williams Bayreuth, in which a substantial "Ring" of the Master's works would be performed throughout the year.) The Goodspeed Opera House company, of East Haddam, Connecticut, is putting on, at the Booth, a revival of "Very Good Eddie," a musical that dates back to 1915. The book is by Guy Bolton, who recently entered his ninety-second year, and the music is by Jerome Kern, with lyrics by, among others, P. G. Wodehouse and Schuyler Greene. The show is a pretty little thing, acted with the juvenile high spirits that such chancy dips into our now innocent-seeming past are thought to require, but one act proved enough for me; I felt as if I were sinking in a quicksand of Dr Pepper. Nevertheless, students of Kern will wish to hear these early tunes of his, and Wodehouse's lyrics for the song "Bungalow in Quogue" are enchanting—who would have guessed that there were so many rhymes for Quogue? The toylike scenery and the lighting are by Fred Voelpel, and the lollipop costumes are by David Toser. The production has been directed by Bill Gile.

At the Lyceum is a revival of "Angel Street," a thriller that opened here in December, 1941, and has been playing somewhere in the world ever since. (It is also immortal in the form of a movie called "Gaslight.") The play was written by Patrick Hamilton, whose works include "Rope" and



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"Hangover Square," and who knew a thing or two about making people's flesh creep. "Angel Street" is adroitly written, with some of the comely, if implausible, literary flourishes that used to be permitted in thrillers in pre-TV days, but the play has aged badly; every turn of its plot telegraphs itself well in advance, with the result that the audience comes to feel an irritated impatience with the obtuseness of the characters. Dina Merrill plays the over-submissive, not to say downright dim-witted, Mrs. Manningham, and Michael Allinson plays the blackguardly husband bent upon driving her mad. Inspector Rough, of Scotland Yard, is impersonated by Robert E. Thompson, who all too clearly knows from the beginning how the play is to end; Bette Henritze and Christine Andreas are the two housemaids. The time of the play is 1880, and the place is the Pimlico district in London, and Douglas W. Schmidt has designed an interior that is exemplary in the dark, rich smotheringness of its wood, carpet, and window hangings. The play has been staged by Shepard Traube, who performed the same office thirty-four years ago.

THE New York Shakespeare Festival has brought to the Vivian Beaumont, under the direction of Michael Rudman, a production of "Hamlet" that I make bold to say is the best I've ever seen. It is a very long version of the play—three and a half hours—and I assure you that you will find every second of it precious. Sam Waterston hurls himself into the role of the Prince with a reckless ardor that I hadn't supposed him capable of; he takes many chances, and they all succeed. Larry Gates is admirable as Polonius and as the First Gravedigger, but Jane Alexander is curiously muted and sexless as Gertrude; Charles Cioffi, as Claudius, is so craven and ill at ease that one wonders where he ever found the courage to murder his brother and usurp his throne; and Mandy Patinkin is notably out of touch with his role as Fortinbras. No matter—there are bound to be flaws in a production as ambitious as this one. The grand and simple setting is by Santo Loquasto, and the gorgeous costumes are by Hal George. We have been talking about thrillers. Well, here is the greatest thriller of them all, which holds us on the edge of our seat from its first lines to its last, and from which we draw nourishment every day of our lives as naturally as we do from air and water.

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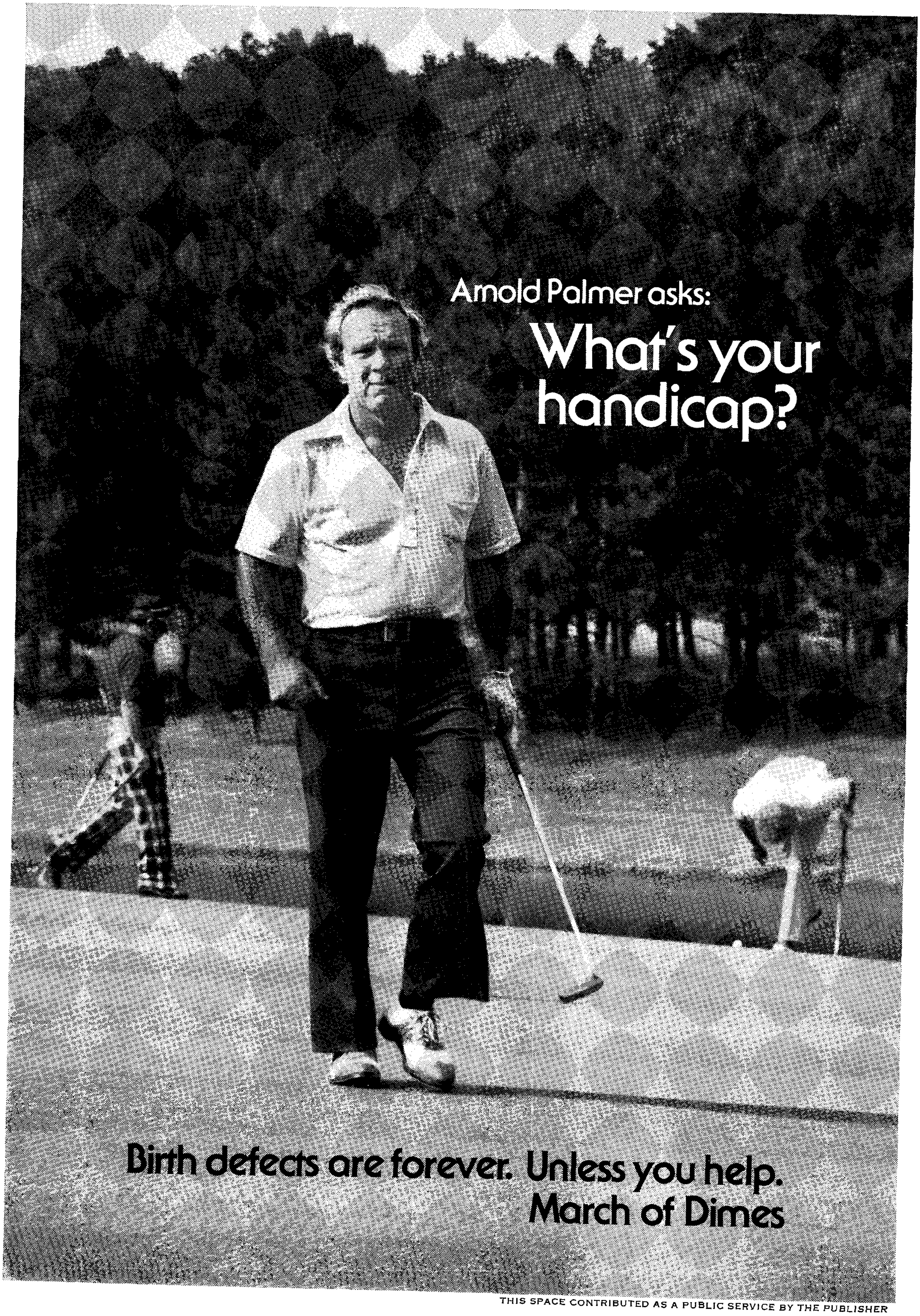
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THE SEARCH FOR BETULA UBER

Public Law 93-205, which is better known as the Endangered Species Act of 1973, and was passed by Congress on December 28th of that year, directed the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D.C., to prepare, by the end of 1974, a report on United States plants that had recently become extinct or were deemed to be in danger of becoming so before long. The report, a monumental job of research, surveying the status of some twenty thousand plants in the forty-nine continental states (Hawaii was dealt with separately) and making recommendations for safeguarding those in jeopardy, was turned out, in the short designated time, under the supervision of Dr. Edward S. Ayensu, the chairman of the Smithsonian's Botany Department. Of the flora listed, some ten per cent, or two thousand ninety-nine species, were found to be either in real danger or to have lately departed. Seven hundred and sixty-one plants were designated as "endangered," meaning their survival was in serious doubt, twelve hundred and thirty-eight were listed as "threatened," and an even one hundred were declared extinct—at least in the wild.

Of those plants labelled extinct, only two were among the largest—the trees. One of these, the "lost" Franklinia (*Franklinia alatamaha*), is a rather famous species in the world of botany. It was discovered during Colonial days: John Bartram, King's Botanist, and his son William found it in the year 1765 growing beside the Altamaha River, on the low coastal plain of southeast Georgia, in what is now McIntosh County, about thirty miles from the sea. Its finders described it as a shrub or small tree reaching a maximum height of thirty-odd feet, and they correctly placed it in the tea family. It had glossy green leaves somewhat resembling those of the magnolia. The large creamy-white flowers, renewing themselves in warm weather for weeks and even months, had the fragrance of orange blossoms. The original population is believed to have occupied a locale no larger at best than five acres, a tract of acid land composed of sandhill bog. The tree, the only species in its genus, was named in honor of Benjamin Franklin, in 1785, five years before he died. In 1803, a botanist reported only six or eight mature Franklinias left at the original site, though many cultivated examples were by then flourishing elsewhere. By 1806, no more were to be seen in the wild. Why the species vanished from its native habitat is uncertain. One theory is that the alkaline Altamaha River flooded the area, doing the plant in. A more likely cause, however, botanists think, is overcollecting. Soon after the discovery of Franklinia, the Bartrams, recognizing the tree's decorative qualities, began digging up specimens and dispatching them to Philadelphia and elsewhere. This practice was continued for decades by others. It produced at least one benefit. Now the tree, although it is gone from nature, exists quite widely in arboretums, public grounds, and gardens in both the Old World and the New. In fact, three rather scraggly examples stand before the National Museum of Natural History, in Washington—the Smithsonian building where the report on endangered flora was put together. A much more impressive representative, about twenty-five feet high, rises on the Senate side of the Capitol grounds.

"As far as I can see, Wendell, being an intellectual is bringing you nothing but unhappiness."

The other tree on the extinct list was not a famous one. Nor did it have the early good fortune to be preserved by being planted in gardens. Indeed, in recent years botanists had begun to question seriously whether such a tree had ever existed. It was a birch, sometimes known as Ashe's birch. It was discovered in 1914 by William Willard Ashe, an experienced forester employed by the United States Forest Service, on the banks of a modest stream draining a part of Smyth County, in the rural, mountainous region of southwest Virginia—a section of the Appalachians that Ashe knew well. Some time later, Ashe, following scientific custom, sent materials from the tree—twigs, leaves, and female catkins (which bear the seeds)—to the United States National Herbarium, at the Smithsonian; to the New York Botanical Garden; and to two botanical adjuncts of Harvard University—the Arnold Arboretum, in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, and the Gray Herbarium, in Cambridge. Accompanying the specimens were labels in Ashe's handwriting stating that the tree, from twenty to twenty-five feet high, was found in the month of June, 1914, on the banks of Dickey Creek, in Smyth County, at an altitude of two thousand eight hundred feet, south of the Sugar Grove Station. This building, now vanished, was a depot of the Marion & Rye Valley Railroad, erected at a time when rail lines penetrated even to sections that were very sparsely populated, as Dickey Creek then was and still is. The tree, Ashe thought, resembled the black, or sweet, birch, also found in the area, both having a black, aromatic bark with a wintergreen fragrance and flavor. The leaves of the two trees, however, were different. Black-birch leaves are pointed, like an arrowhead; those of Ashe's birch were rounded at the tip. In a paper published four years after his find—in the April, 1918, issue of *Rhodora*, the journal of the New England Botanical Club—Ashe formally named the tree *Betula lenta uber* n. var. (meaning "new variety," thus indicating that he believed it to be a new variety of the very common black birch). *Betula lenta* is the name of the black birch and "*uber*" is the Latin word for "fruitful" (rather a strange epithet, as it turned out, to tie to this tree); a variety is a biological form whose differences within the species are too slight to entitle it to true specific rank. Among the facts about the tree in the *Rhodora* article were the length and breadth of the leaf, the number of primary veins, and other leaf characteristics; the length of the leaf stalk; and peculiarities of the female catkins, fruit scales, and seeds. The tree was one of more than a hundred new species and varieties that Ashe botanically described and named in some forty years as a state and federal forester—a career that started in 1893 in North Carolina, where he was born. He placed the birch in a group (series Costate) that includes the black birch and the yellow birch (*Betula alleghaniensis*), both widely found in the Dickey Creek area.

It stayed in that niche for less than thirty years. In 1945, Dr. Merritt Lyndon Fernald, Fisher Professor of Natural History at Harvard, director of its Gray Herbarium, and one of the most eminent American botanists of

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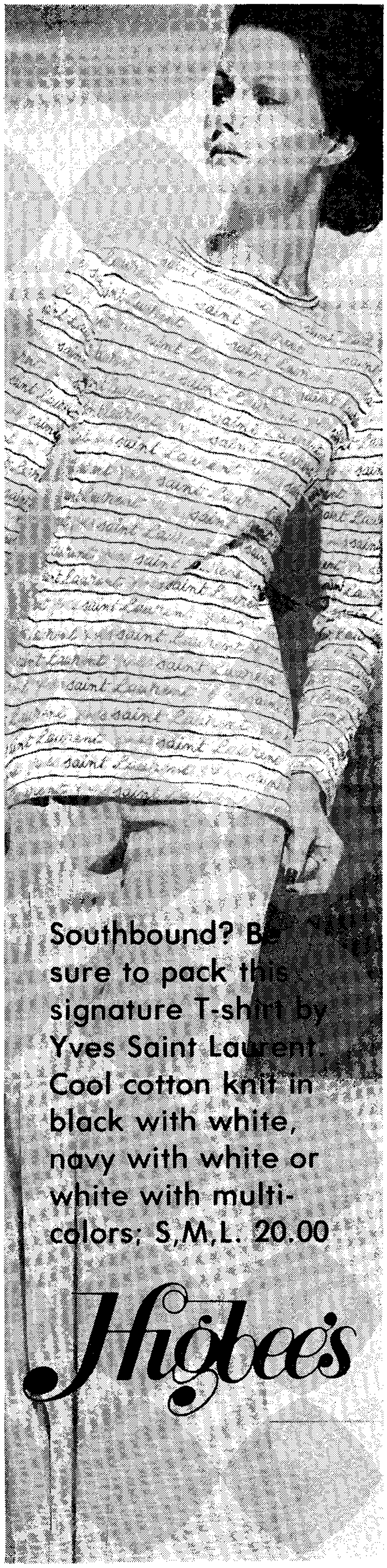
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this century, took a new look at the birches of eastern North America, and in the process his eye fell on *Betula lenta uber*. After seeing Ashe's specimens from both Harvard sources, Fernald, writing in the October, 1945, issue of *Rhodora*, raised the tree to full specific rank, calling it simply *Betula uber*. In his opinion, the plant, except for its aromatic bark, had little in common with the black birch. Because of the structure of its leaves and female catkins, it more nearly resembled, he thought, the birches in series Humiles—a group that includes the low, or swamp, birch (*B. pumila*), a plant of the northeastern United States and Canada, which, in its more northerly habitat, is sometimes a dwarf only a foot or two high. Since Fernald's pronouncement, Ashe's birch has remained a full species in series Humiles, although it appears to be widely separated in structure and habitat from the other members of the series and is the only one not found readily in nature.

Within a few years, a research fellow at Harvard decided to investigate this scarcity; Albert G. Johnson, a horticulturist, who is now with the University of Minnesota, was one of a number of botanists to search, over the years, for a specimen of Ashe's birch. In the winter of 1953, Johnson, supported by funds from the Maria Moors Cabot Foundation for Botanical Research at Harvard University, travelled to Dickey Creek—a watercourse that flows north through the little community of Sugar Grove into the South Fork of the Holston River, which, as a tributary of the Tennessee River, is part of the Mississippi River drainage system. Although the leaves were off the trees at the time of Johnson's visit, he wrote, in the June, 1954, issue of *Rhodora*, that he felt he would have no difficulty recognizing *Betula uber* if it had been present in any quantity in the area. Johnson walked south from Sugar Grove along the banks of the creek. Near town, he reported, these were mainly clear but occasionally bore an irregular fringe of shrubs and some trees. He pursued his search over a stretch of four miles, going well into the hilly region of the 617,533-acre Jefferson National Forest, through which the southern portion of Dickey Creek runs. He mounted considerably higher than the two thousand eight hundred feet at which Ashe said he had found the tree. But Johnson saw only black and yellow birch—the common ones thereabouts. Nor could the district ranger in the national forest, whom Johnson had queried and who had looked for the tree himself, give Johnson any leads.

Accordingly, in the last paragraph of his article Johnson wrote that the birch "probably no longer exists as an individual and very likely never did so in the form of a population. Ashe's birch has probably died or been destroyed in the process of urbanization of the community in which he found it forty years ago. It is probable that this birch variety was founded solely on an aberrant individual and certainly does not appear to deserve further consideration as a species." End of article. By that time, many botanists were of the opinion that, for some unaccountable reason, the tree might have been a freak.

HERE the matter rested, in limbo, until the beginning of this decade. In the early nineteen-sixties, Peter Mazzeo, a research assistant at the United States National Arboretum, a unit of the Department of Agriculture, who was working on a proposed flora of Virginia, came upon the written spoor of *Betula uber* and found himself fascinated by reports of the discovery and subsequent apparent evaporation into thin air of Ashe's birch. In 1970, he decided to examine all the material from the tree that he could get his hands on, and to study everything available on it in print. Besides the material that Ashe had sent to the four herbaria, four other sets of botanical specimens had turned up in Ashe's effects following his death, in 1932. These went to his alma mater, the University of North Carolina, which is presumed to have sent one to the Carnegie Museum of Natural History, in Pittsburgh, and one to the herbarium at the National Arboretum.

Altogether, Mazzeo was able to look at seven of Ashe's specimens—the four from the institutions that had received them after Ashe's death, plus three of the original four sent out by Ashe in 1914. The latter were those at the Gray Herbarium, the Arnold Arboretum, and the New York Botanical Garden. The material sent to the Smithsonian had been lost, and lost rather early. In a letter written in 1922, Ashe complained that he had been unable to find the material he had shipped there. The specimen sent there was designated the primary type (or holotype, meaning the single specimen designated by an author as the type of a species at the time of establishing the group) for *Betula uber*. Thus when Fernald wrote his paper, he had to base his observations on a duplicate (or isotype), selecting the one at the Gray Herbarium, which Mazzeo has since designated as the replacement for the lost holotype.

During his research, however, Mazzeo was able to find an eighth set of specimens, which had gone all but unnoticed for years. Searching the files of the Arnold Arboretum herbarium, he found a set of material on Ashe's birch with a label, in handwriting different from Ashe's, that said that the specimen had been collected by H. B. Ayres on Cressy Creek. This stream is not far to the east of Dickey Creek and, like it, feeds into the South Fork of the Holston River. Also on the label were the words "*Betula uber*" in Fernald's unmistakable script. According to Fernald's custom, his notation was undated. The assumption is that before writing his paper he had requested all birch materials from the Arnold to be sent to him at the Gray, had seen the Ayres specimen, had annotated the label, and had forgotten about it by the time he wrote his paper.

Ayres, an older man than Ashe by sixteen years, was a forester usually employed by private industry. He worked largely for railroads, appraising the timber on their lands; that is, he was what was known in the trade as a "timber cruiser." He was also an occasional collaborator of Ashe's. Among their joint works was a 1905 report for the United States Geological Survey entitled "The Southern Appalachian Forests." In it they evaluated the timber possibilities of the Dickey and Cressy Creek districts, among other areas. The report made no reference to *Betula uber*.

In 1973, in an article dealing with the dozen-odd species of the birch family present in Virginia, Mazzeo made brief mention of the mysteries of *Betula uber*. He mentioned the name Cressy Creek in print for the first time, albeit almost peripherally (and the paper misspelled it "Creesy"). The item was published in a quarterly called *Jeffersonia: A Newsletter of Virginia Botany*. A year and a half later, however, in the September, 1974, number of the botanical quarterly *Castanea*, edited at the University of West Virginia, Mazzeo devoted an entire paper, with photographic illustrations of *Betula uber* material, to what he had been able to learn in his several years' study of the birch. The paper noted that, after sixty years and many

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searches, no trace of living specimens of this shadowy plant had been found.

Mazzeo himself, meanwhile, tried to rectify this lack. He had made a special trip to the region solely to search for Ashe's birch. This turned out to be just another unsuccessful effort. But in February, 1975, the *Christian Science Monitor* carried a feature on Mazzeo's search for Ashe's birch, which I happened to see. As a result, I telephoned Mazzeo and said that if he planned another hunt I would like to go along. In my layman's ignorance, I said that if the tree had been found once, I thought it certainly could be found again. Mazzeo said that, as a matter of fact, he was planning another trip in the fall and would be glad to have me accompany him.

IN the meantime, a reading of Mazzeo's 1973 paper had interested a twenty-six-year-old Virginia native named Douglas Ogle. He was a biology instructor at Virginia Highlands Community College, in nearby Abingdon, and was also in the Ph.D. program in botany at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, in Blacksburg. When Mazzeo's piece on the birch came out in *Castanea*, Ogle decided to map out a careful campaign of search for the tree, and to follow it in his 1975 summer vacation. His plan was a sensible one. Both Ashe and Ayres had reported their finds along the two creeks. Ogle decided that the tree, as a biological entity, might be restricted to such locales. Therefore, he thought there were a couple of likely ways in which the birch could have been discovered. Since there were only two access routes to the area, it could have been by someone walking along the railroad tracks, whose right-of-way cut back and forth across the streams; or by someone moving along the local wagon roads, which did the same thing. Ogle proceeded to trace out and follow the old rail beds, now devoid of their tracks, and the serpentine wagon roads, now also out of use in most cases, in the areas adjacent to the creeks.

Last August 22nd, Ogle found, growing among ordinary black birches along the west bank of Cressy Creek, on the property of Garland Ross, a retired schoolteacher and part-time farmer, a number of birches with odd-looking leaves. With Ross's permission, he collected some leafy twigs from the unusual plants. That same day, Ogle took his materials to the herbarium at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, where Leonard Uttal, the herbarium's

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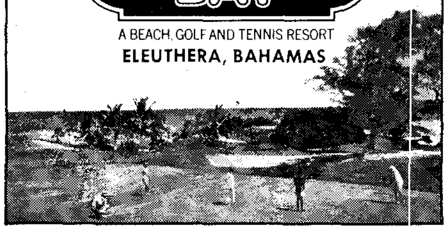

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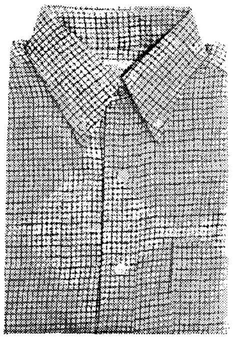

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assistant curator, studied the find using Fernald's 1945 article and Mazzeo's article, with its photographs, detailed descriptions, and measurements. On August 28th, Uttal got Mazzeo on the telephone in Washington. "I think *Betula uber* has been found," Uttal said.

PLANS were immediately begun for an expedition to determine whether this was so and also to seek other specimens—some of them, preferably, small enough to use for nursery purposes. Mazzeo notified his superior, Dr. F. G. Meyer, supervisory research botanist at the National Arboretum, who, not surprisingly, wanted to come along. I was alerted and happily agreed to appear. So, with the same result, were Ogle and Dr. W. H. Wagner, Jr., who became the group leader by virtue of his early interest in the plant and his professional eminence. He is chairman of the Department of Botany of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, a professor in its School of Natural Resources (of which the forestry division is a part), a well-known specialist in the field of ferns, and a highly respected general botanist. For some months previously, he had been talking with Mazzeo about going with him in a search for *Betula uber*. The trip was set for mid-September.

On the appointed day, our contingent gathered, late in the afternoon, at the airport at Roanoke, Virginia. Wagner proved to be an acute, animated scholar in his middle fifties, with an easy social manner; Meyer, tall and spare, is about the same age; and Mazzeo, bearded and soft-spoken, is in his thirties. These two had motored down that day from Washington in a panel van bearing the logo of the Department of Agriculture. In the back of the van were various pieces of equipment, such as plant presses with felt blotters; newsprint, in which to press the specimens; cardboard ventilators, to hold them; and a pruner about twenty feet long, for reaching remote twigs on a tree. Because only federal employees are allowed to ride in a government vehicle, I rented a car at the airport, and Wagner and I followed the others, in their van, over a stretch of about a hundred miles to Marion, which is the seat of Smyth County. (The town is named after the Revolutionary general Francis Marion, known as the Swamp Fox.) There we were to spend the next couple of nights in a motel. Ogle was to meet us the following day.

At dinner that evening, to my con-

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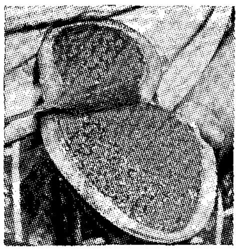

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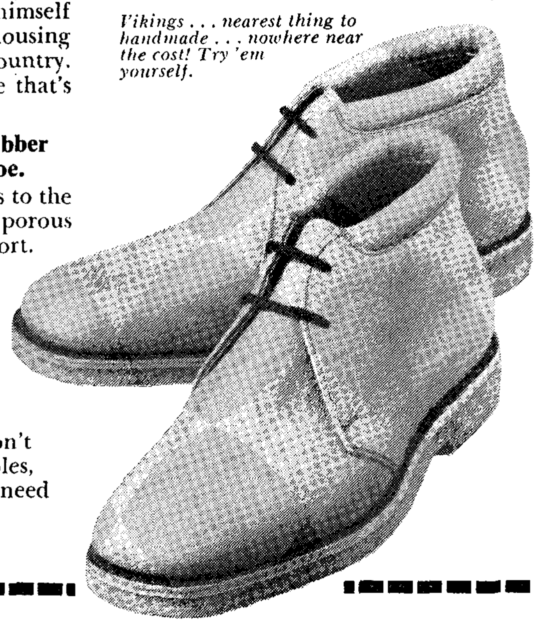

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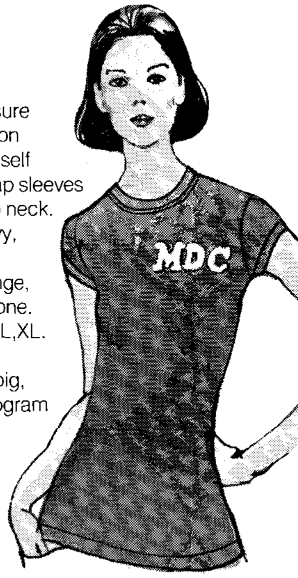

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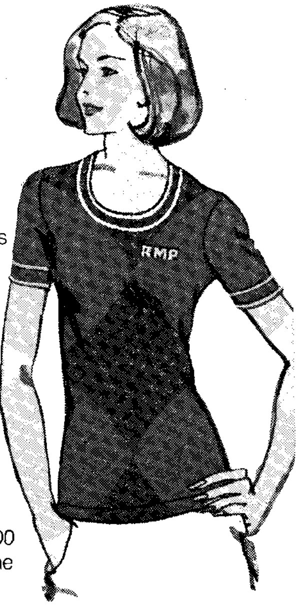

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siderable surprise, Wagner gave what was almost a lecture downgrading the chances of our project. He argued—quite convincingly, it seemed to me—that the tree we were about to see might well not be what we thought it was. Playing the part of devil's advocate, he brought up numerous reasons to suppose that it was a botanical aberration, not worthy of species rank—if, indeed, it was Ashe's birch at all. Perhaps, however, his stand was to have been expected. At the University of Michigan, I had learned, the botanists and the foresters had long questioned the existence of *Betula uber*. For one thing, in the summer of 1952 Walter F. Kleinschmidt, of the University of Michigan's Botanical Gardens, had carefully searched the area in Smyth County where Ashe had reported his birch, and had been unable to find any trace of it. At the end of Wagner's talk, the two other botanists disagreed with his objections. "We think the tree is as advertised," Mazzeo said. "I predict that tomorrow four new pairs of eyes will see *Betula uber*."

One thing the three botanists agreed upon completely was that if the object of our trip were generally known other botanists by the dozen would be camping around us in no time. As a matter of fact, our party, to my surprise, *was* substantially increased next morning. Following an early breakfast, we left the motel in the two cars under an iron-gray sky a little before eight for a rendezvous with Ogle at a point about halfway along the road that runs between Marion and Sugar Grove, a community in the hill country, about a dozen miles to the southeast of the county seat. At the appointed place, we met Ogle, a tall, heavyset, quiet man, who was alone in his car. Almost immediately, another automobile, with Leonard Uttal and Dr. Duncan Porter, a systemic botanist at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, joined us, and then came a third car, carrying two members of the Biology Department of Virginia Highlands Community College, where Ogle taught. A few minutes later, our caravan of five vehicles, led by Ogle, set off for the site on Cressy Creek where he had found the birch.

Along the way, it started to rain a little. After a drive of about ten minutes, we stopped south of Sugar Grove and parked along the shoulder of a blacktop road. The road ran along Cressy Creek, which bore on each bank a thin fringe of trees. As I glanced around me, I could see that we were at the bottom of a deep, overgrown valley. Empty, tree-covered hills rose on either side of us. The farmhouse of Garland Ross lay ahead to our right, that of Ray Haulsee behind to our left; both farms were adjacent to the boundaries of the Jefferson National Forest. The sounds of pigs and chickens and, from time to time, the lowing of cows could be heard. The rain, borne on flurries of wind, was heavier now.

The nine of us left our cars and, with Ogle in the lead, made our way through the roadside screen of trees to Cressy Creek. "Most of what we're looking for is on the other side," Ogle said. The stream was about fifteen feet wide and nine to twelve inches deep, and was strewn with rocks. We crossed by wading or leaping cautiously from rock to rock. When all of us had reached the west bank and were among the trees, Ogle suggested we look up. "Can you see leaves that are dissimilar to those of the black birch?" he asked. The leaves of the black birch were numerous all around us, but when I looked up, it was hard, with the rain pelting into my face, to see anything. Then Wagner, standing beside a nearby tree, cried elatedly, "Yes, yes, I see what you mean. The rounded leaf! The rounded leaf!" And, following his gaze, I saw what he saw—leaves formed like old-fashioned palm-leaf fans ranged in serried ranks above his head. That was the shape of the leaf that had been depicted in Mazzeo's article. After more than sixty years of botanical mystery, of doubts, of denials and fears of extinction, the living flora grew at mere arm's length before us. That gusty morning, not four but eight new pairs of eyes glimpsed for the first time the long-sought, elusive *Betula uber*.

VIRGINIAN
100

Some days earlier, when my poetical daughter heard that I was venturing into the Southern mountains to search for a possibly extinct tree, she said, "I have visions of it deep in a great forest, draped in a golden net, with manifold birds singing on its boughs, and national foresters posted around it, holding guard dogs." However, the plant we were all gazing at was lean, birdless, and rangy—from three to five yards taller than the maximum height of twenty-five feet given by Ashe. It was crowded by similarly spindly black birches and other trees.

Obviously, all of them were engaged in a struggle for sunlight.

Now, looking down the creek to the north, I saw several trees with orange plastic bands tied around their trunks. These proved to be more Ashe's birch, marked by Ogle. Altogether, we counted eleven mature examples of the tree. To a casual observer, they looked much like their black-birch neighbors except for the leaves. They were comparable in height and in trunk size, and the boles of both species bore mottled gray-and-black bark, spotted in places with lichen. With a penknife, I cut off bits of the bark of each species. Each, I found, had a wintergreen fragrance and taste, but Ogle felt that those of Ashe's birch were somewhat the weaker. "Like teaberry gum," he said. The largest *uber* in the grove had a circumference at breast height of about eighteen inches. I estimated it to be some forty-five years old, and Wagner said he thought that that was probably close. "Birch grows slowly," he said.

ONCE we had identified the trees, Wagner set forth our next, equally important goal: "Have these trees been reproducing themselves? We must find that out now. We must look for seedlings." Soon our party had scattered over a wide area west of the creek. I roamed in the rain for fully half a mile, wandering over a meadow that sloped upward to the west, and stopping only when I reached the border of a thick wood where seedlings would not thrive. The job was not easy for any of us. We were on Ray Haulsee's farm, with cows foraging across it. Their range included the space under the trees along the creek's west bank, and they obviously found young birch trees of any variety to their taste, for we discovered many stumps of seedlings bearing merely a leaf or two. The rain continued intermittently in hard showers and slack-offs. The cows, whose numbers seemed to increase, regarded us in a bemused fashion, their heads raised from the ground and their large eyes reflecting curiosity about the unwonted band of strangers in their midst. For our part, we regarded them with outright animosity. Everywhere, we came upon evidence of their destruction of young birches.

Around noon, we drove back to Sugar Grove and ate at a lunchroom *cum* filling station *cum* general store, which served us some well-cured Virginia ham. Afterward, we drove back past the site on Cressy Creek and

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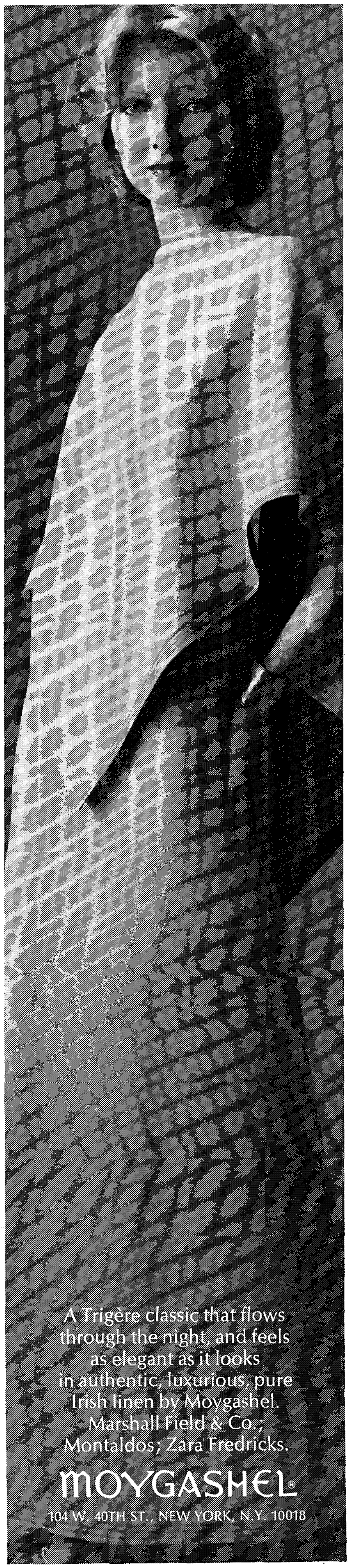

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down the highway to the south. We branched off to the left, taking a dirt road that went up the side of a mountain. Part way up, we parked and got out to poke along its shoulders and into the woods in a survey for additional examples of Ashe's birch. Wagner was of the opinion that others might be found in the neighborhood. Ogle was not so sure. He said he had been up twenty adjacent valleys since late August without seeing any. In mid-afternoon, our search of the hillside having proved futile, we returned to Cressy Creek. The four botanists—Ogle, Mazzeo, Meyer, and Wagner—wanted to check the branches of the trees we had found for possible male and female catkins. Both normally occur on the same birch, and establishing their presence was necessary in order to determine whether they were fertile. Birch catkins combine to produce seed when windblown pollen from a male catkin falls on the ovary of a female catkin. The catkins start forming in late summer for the next season, the female more slowly than the male. In the spring, when both are mature, the wind does its job and fruits are formed which contain the seeds. These seeds are inside nutlets with narrow wings, forming fruits called samaras. (The best-known samara is the maple key, which is much larger than the fruit of the birch.)

The long pruner was taken from the van, and Ogle offered to climb a tree on a catkin reconnaissance. He seemed remarkably agile for a man of his size—he weighs more than two hundred pounds—and quickly began making his way aloft. After several minutes of activity in the branches, he said, "I think I see something. Hand me the pruner." It was passed up to him, and Ogle, carrying the awkward instrument easily, moved still higher and out onto a branch. We heard snipping, and down fluttered cuttings. Wagner pounced on them. For some moments, he examined what he had. Then he gave an elated cry. "It's fertile! It's fertile!" Mazzeo cried, "Oh, that's marvellous! You have the male catkin, too. It's never been seen before!" Their jubilation was caused mainly by a seed or two in a decaying female catkin and some immature pollen grains in a male.

Emboldened by the knowledge that the trees could have progeny, the rest of us, under Wagner's direction, began a spirited new search for more seedlings. This time, we went to a fenced-in meadow of about an acre directly across the road to the east. It

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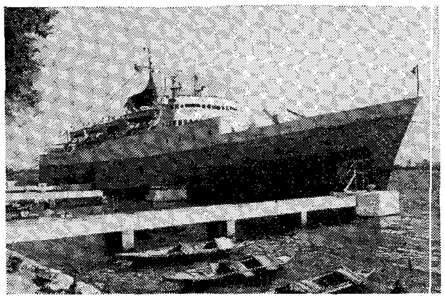

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was also on Ray Haulsee's land. And there we found seedlings, from six inches to three feet high, of both the black birch and Ashe's birch. Actually, it was a logical place for them to be. The prevailing wind was from the west and would have blown seed there. As the botanists made a count of the seedlings of both species, I, at Wagner's request, stood by with paper and pencil and set down the score according to what was shouted at me by the botanists. The total was eighty-nine seedlings of *Betula lenta* and sixteen of *uber*. "That's about the same ratio found among the mature trees on the creek," Wagner declared.

It was then about five o'clock. The rain had stopped for the moment, and the sun had broken through the clouds. Ogle took us to the Ross house to meet the owner, whom he knew. The house was reached by a wide, railless plank bridge across Cressy Creek. After introductions, we were given permission to gather on the bridge for sorting and drying what seemed to me the enormous assortment of material we had collected. Ray Haulsee came over, and he, too, was introduced to us by Ogle. Both landowners were friendly men, quite interested in what we were doing. Ross took us a little way north of his house but some way south of where Ogle had found his *Betula uber*. There, close to a great pig that had earlier grunted his puzzlement at us, Ross pointed out two other examples of the birch—one mature, one a sapling—both also on the west side of the creek. This brought our total of adult specimens to twelve. When we told Haulsee about the seedlings we had found in his meadow and the damage that cows had done to those on the west side of Cressy Creek, he obligingly said, "I don't have to use that field for pasture."

Our dinner that night at the motel was late. Afterward, the jungle of collected material was unloaded from the van and piled onto the covered walkway in front of the adjoining rooms of Mazzeo, Meyer, and Wagner, who, along with Ogle, diligently sorted, pressed, mounted, and labelled what seemed to me an infinitude of specimens. They worked until midnight. Next morning, I asked Ogle, who had returned to help with the uncompleted labelling, his opinion of why no *uber* had been found along Dickey Creek, where Ashe had first reported it. "That's a question we'd all like to answer," he said. "I have a theory, which I'm trying to prove, that Ayres, not Ashe, found *uber*, and told his col-

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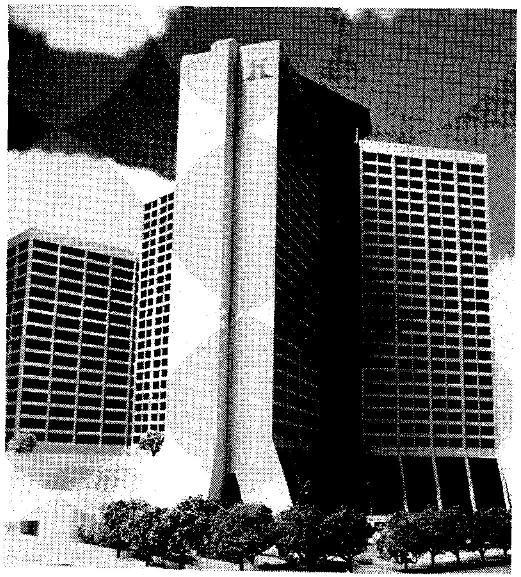
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laborator about it. Furthermore, it could be that the original trees were, in reality, found along Cressy Creek, not Dickey Creek. Ashe had a reputation in some quarters as a careless botanist, and certainly some of the data on his *uber* labels are incorrect. For example, one or two of them state that the tree was found at thirty-eight hundred, not twenty-eight hundred, feet. This at least lends some color to the possibility that he was wrong on other scores. However, assuming that the tree *was* collected by Ashe on Dickey Creek, there are several possible explanations for its disappearance from there during the last sixty years. Among these are the chance that only one or two trees existed there, and that these were competed out of existence, with no seedling survivors. I know that trees along the creek were felled for farmland. Or it is even possible that people distrusted the unfamiliar tree. Before Ray Haulsee was aware of *uber's* botanical value, he took down, on his property, what may have been the largest member of the Cressy Creek population, because, from the shape of the leaves, he thought the tree was diseased."

Ogle said that he and Mazzeo planned to collaborate on a scientific paper on the rediscovery of *Betula uber* on Cressy Creek, to be published in 1976. In it he expects to suggest that *uber* receive the common name of "Round-leaf birch." He also hopes, by some means, to get a high fence erected around the small population of trees.

Before Wagner left that afternoon, I asked him what he thought of *uber* now. "You were a doubting Thomas day before yesterday," I reminded him.

Wagner replied, "A serious botanist has to ask the questions I did. Here you have a tree that was invisible for decades following its discovery. Nobody could find it. Obviously, it was rare. Perhaps it was only a single tree. It might have been a variety created by nature—a distinctive part of a species but with different minor characteristics, such as the northern variety of the red oak, *var. borealis*, found in the colder parts of the United States. It might have been a solitary cultivar—a variety created through breeding by man but never existing in nature except as an escapee. It might have been a sterile hybrid, like a mule—a mongrel between two species of plants. Or it might have been an individual variant, a freak resulting from some genetic upset of the kind that produces

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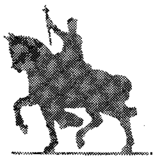

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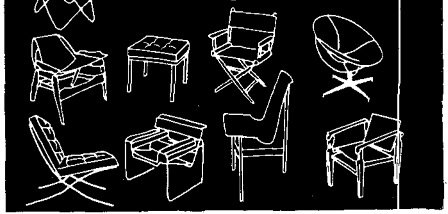

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the human examples seen in circus sideshows. A true species, however, has its own characteristic range on earth, its own habitat and associates. In terms of form, it has its own distinctive features, differing from those of all other species. Its individuals are more like its own race than any others. And, genetically, it is capable of creating similar offspring by fertile seeds. Although I properly came as a doubter, I now believe that *uber* has the qualifications of a true species."

Wagner said that something he planned to do at once in Michigan was to check the comparative fertility of the pollen grains from *uber* and those from *lenta*, several of whose male catkins he was also taking along. (Subsequently, he reported that *uber* seemed to be somewhat less fertile.) Mazzeo and Meyer, for their part, went back to the Sugar Grove area that afternoon to look for more *uber* and to gather more data, take more photographs, pick up more samples, and to gather a few seedlings for the National Arboretum.

A FEW days later, in Washington, I went out to the Arboretum to see whether any new developments had occurred. Mazzeo told me that while no new mature specimens had been found, Ogle had discovered five additional seedlings in Haulsee's meadow, bringing the total of these to twenty-one. Mazzeo said that considerable *uber* material had been sent to Wagner, and that one of the four seedlings brought back would also eventually go to him. The seedlings, then under the care of a competent gardener at the Arboretum, were doing well, I was told. Over the coming year, it was the Arboretum's plan to grow more *uber* from seed and cuttings and, in due course, supply healthy plants to its numerous arboretum correspondents around the world. Thus, even if *uber* in the wild state should ultimately die out, the plant would be preserved, as Franklinia had been. Today, it is the rarest birch in the country. It may be the rarest on earth.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

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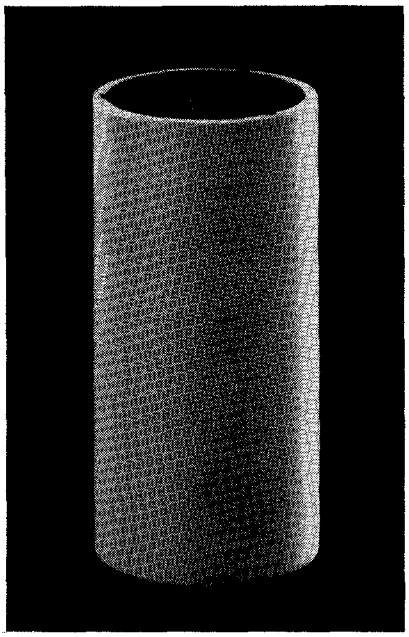

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Notes on the Nihilist Poetry of Sam Peckinpah

SAM PECKINPAH is a great "personal" filmmaker; he's an artist who can work as an artist only on his own terms. When he does a job for hire, he must transform the script and make it his own or it turns into convictionless self-parody (like "The Getaway"). Peckinpah likes to say that he's a good whore who goes where he's kicked. The truth is he's a very bad whore: he can't turn out a routine piece of craftsmanship—he can't use his skills to improve somebody else's conception. That's why he has always had trouble. And trouble, plus that most difficult to define of all gifts—a film sense—is the basis of his legend.

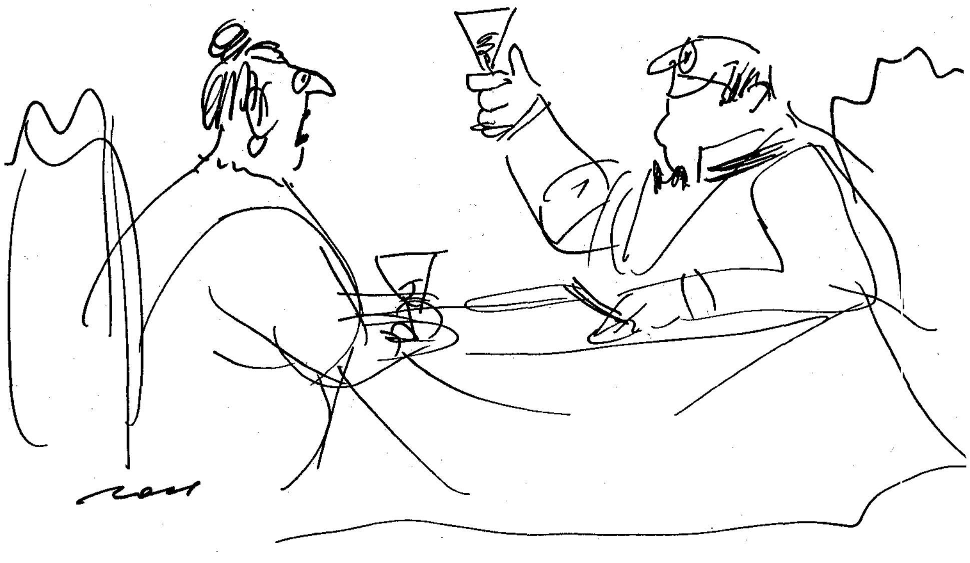
MOST movie directors have short wings; few of them are driven to realize their own vision. But Peckinpah's vision has become so scabrous, theatrical, and obsessive that it is now controlling him. His new film, "The Killer Elite," is set so far inside his fantasy-morality world that it goes beyond personal filmmaking into private filmmaking. The story, which is about killers employed by a company with C.I.A. connections, is used as a mere framework for a compressed, almost abstract fantasy on the subject of selling yourself yet trying to hang on to a piece of yourself. Peckinpah turned fifty while he was preparing this picture, and, what with booze, illnesses, and a mean, self-destructive streak, in recent years he has looked as if his body were giving out. This picture is about survival.

THERE are so many elisions in "The Killer Elite" that it hardly exists on a narrative level, but its poetic vision is all of a piece. Unlike Peckinpah's earlier, spacious movies, with Lucien Ballard's light-blue, open-air vistas, this film is intensely, claustrophobically exciting, with combat scenes of martial-arts teams photographed in slow motion and then edited in such brief cuts that the fighting is nightmarishly concentrated—almost subliminal. Shot by Phil Lathrop in cold, five-o'clock-shadow green-blue tones, the film is airless—an involuted, corkscrew vision of a tight, modern world. In its obsessiveness, with the links between sequences a matter of irrational, poetic connections, "The Killer Elite" is closer to "The Blood of a Poet" than it is to a conventional thriller made on the C.I.A.-assassins subject, such as "Three Days of the Condor." And, despite the script by Marc Norman and Stirling Silliphant that United Artists paid for, the film isn't about C.I.A.-sponsored assassinations—it's about the blood of a poet.

WITH his long history of butchered films and films released without publicity, of being fired and blacklisted for insubordination, of getting ornerier and ornerier, Peckinpah has lost a lot of blood. Even "The Wild Bunch," a great imagist epic in which Peckinpah, by a supreme burst of filmmaking energy, was able to convert chaotic romanticism into exaltation—a film comparable in scale and sheer poetic force to Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai"—was cut in its American release, and has not yet been restored. And Peckinpah was forced to trim "The Killer Elite" to change its R rating to a PG. Why would anybody want a PG-rated Peckinpah film? The answer is that United Artists, having no confidence in the picture, grabbed the chance to place it in four hundred and thirty-five theatres for the Christmas trade; many of those theatres wouldn't have taken it if it had an R and the kids couldn't go by themselves. The film was flung into those neighborhood houses for a quick profit, without benefit of advance press screenings or the ad campaign that goes with a first-run showing. Peckinpah's career is becoming a dirty, bitter game of I-dump-on-you-because-you-dump-on-me. Increasingly, his films have reflected his war with the producers and distributors, and in "The Killer Elite" this war takes its most single-minded form.

PECKINPAH'S roots are in the theatre as much as they're in the West; he loves the theatricality of Tennessee Williams (early on, he directed three different stage productions of "The Glass Menagerie"), and, personally, he has the soft-spoken grandness of a Southerner in a string tie—when he talks of the way California used to be, it is in the reverent tone that Southerners use for the Old South. The hokum runs thick in him, and his years of television work—writing dozens of "Gunsmoke" episodes, "creating" the two series "The Rifleman" and "The Westerner"—pushed his thinking into good-guys-vs.-bad-guys formats. The tenderness he felt for Tennessee Williams' emotional poetry he could also feel for a line of dialogue that defined a Westerner's plain principles. He loves actors, and he enjoyed the TV-Western make-believe, but that moment when the routine Western script gave way to a memorably "honest" emotion became for him what it was all about. When Peckinpah reminisces about "a great Western," it sometimes comes down to one flourish that for him "said everything." And Peckinpah lives by and for heroic flourishes; they're his idea of the real thing, and in his movies he has invested them with such nostalgic passion that a viewer can be torn between emotional assent and utter confusion as to what, exactly, he's assenting to.

AS the losing battles with the moneymen have gone on, year after year, Peckinpah has—only partly sardonically, I think—begun to see the



"*Aside* from the fact that I'm a registered Republican, what do you like about me?"

world in terms of the bad guys (the studio executives who have betrayed him or chickened out on him) and the people he likes (generally actors), who are the ones smart enough to see what the process is all about, the ones who haven't betrayed him yet. Hatred of the bad guys—the total mercenaries—has become practically the only sustaining emotion in his work, and his movies have become fables about striking back.

MANY of the things that Peckinpah says in conversation began to seep into his last film, "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia" (1974), turning it into a time-machine foul-up, with modern, airborne killers functioning in the romanticized Mexico of an earlier movie era. Essentially the same assassins dominate the stylized, darkened San Francisco of "The Killer Elite." In a *Playboy* interview with William Murray in 1972, Peckinpah was referring to movie producers when he said, "The woods are full of killers, all sizes, all colors. . . . A director has to deal with a whole world absolutely teeming with mediocrities, jackals, hangers-on, and just plain killers. The attrition is terrific. It can kill you. The saying is that they can kill you but not eat you. That's nonsense. I've had them eating on me while I was still walking around." Sam Peckinpah looks and behaves as if he were never free of their gnawing. He carries it with him, fantasizes it, provokes it, makes it true again and again. He romanticizes himself as one of the walking wounded, which is no doubt among the reasons he wanted to direct "Play It As It Lays." (He was rejected by the businessmen as being strictly an action director.) In that Murray interview, he was referring to the making of movies when he said, "When you're dealing in millions, you're dealing with people at their meanest. Christ, a showdown in the old West is nothing compared with the infighting that goes on over money."

PECKINPAH swallowed Robert Ardrey whole; it suited his emotional needs—he *wants* to believe that all men are whores and killers. He was talking to Murray about what the bosses had done to him and to his films when he said, "There are people all over the place, dozens of them, I'd like to kill, quite literally kill." He's dramatizing, but I've known Sam Peckinpah for over ten years (and, for all his ceremonial exhibitionism, his power plays, and his baloney, or maybe because of them, there is a total, physical elation

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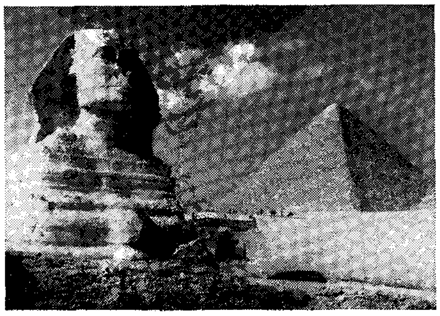

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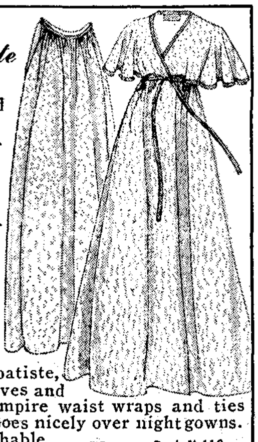

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in his work and in his own relation to it that makes me feel closer to him than I do to any other director except Jean Renoir) and I'm convinced that he actually feels that demonic hatred. I think Sam Peckinpah feels everything that he dramatizes—he allows himself to. He's a ham: he doesn't feel what he doesn't dramatize.

PECKINPAH has been simplifying and falsifying his own terrors as an artist by putting them into melodramatic formulas. He's a major artist who has worked so long in penny-dreadful forms that when he is finally in a position where he's famous enough to fight for his freedom—and maybe win—he can't free himself from the fear of working outside those forms, or from the festering desire for revenge. He is the killer-élite hero played by James Caan in this hallucinatory thriller, in which the hirelings turn against their employers. James Caan's Mike, a No. 1 professional, is mutilated by his closest friend, George Hansen (Robert Duvall), at the order of Cap Collis (Arthur Hill), a defector within the company—Communications Integrity Associates—that they all work for. Mike rehabilitates himself, however, by a long, painful struggle, regaining the use of his body so that he can revenge himself. He comes back more determined than ever, and his enemies—Hansen and Cap Collis—are both shot. But when the wearily cynical top man in the company (Gig Young) offers Mike a regional directorship—Cap Collis's newly vacated position—he rejects it. Instead, he sails—literally—into unknown seas with his loyal friend the gunman-mechanic Mac (Burt Young).

THERE'S no way to make sense of what has been going on in Peckinpah's recent films if one looks only at their surface stories. Whether consciously or, as I think, part unconsciously, he's been destroying the surface content. In this new film, there aren't any of the ordinary kinds of introductions to the characters, and the events aren't prepared for. The political purposes of the double-crosses are shrouded in a dark fog, and the company itself makes no economic sense. There are remnants of a plot involving a political leader from Taiwan (he sounds off about democratic principles in the manner of Paul Henreid's Victor Laszlo in "Casablanca"), but that fog covers all the specific plot points. Peckinpah can explain this disintegration to himself in terms of how contemptible the material actually is—

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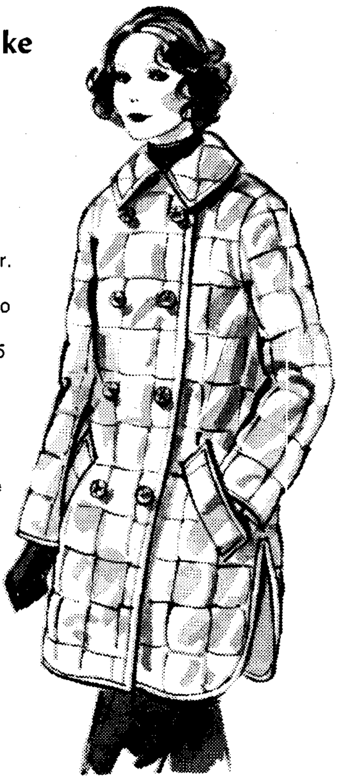

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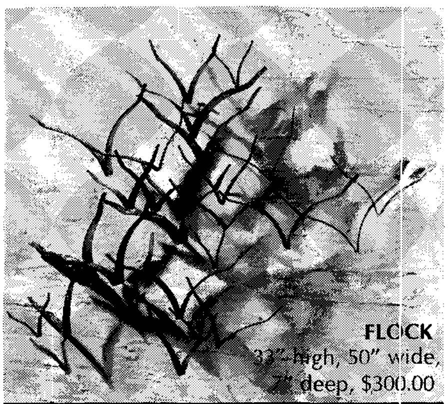

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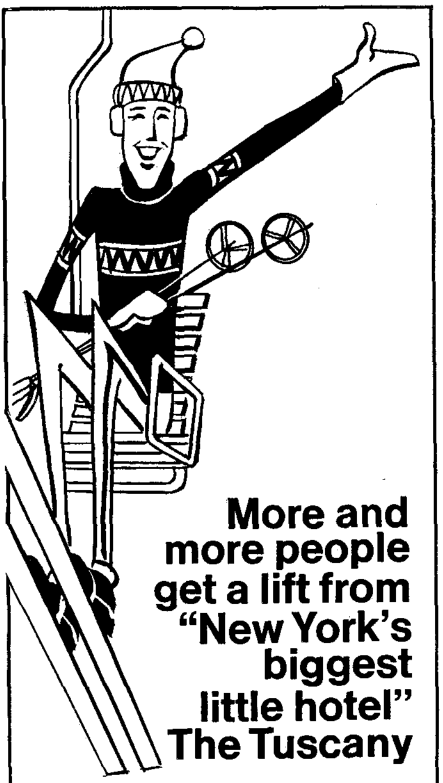
the fragmented story indicates how he feels about what the bosses buy and what they degrade him with. He agrees to do these properties to be "a good whore," and then he can't help turning them into revenge fantasies. His whole way of making movies has become a revenge fantasy: he screws the bosses, he screws the picture, he screws himself.

THE physical rehabilitation of the hero in "The Killer Elite" (his refusal to accept the company's decision that he's finished) is an almost childishly transparent disguise for Peckinpah's own determination to show Hollywood that he's not dead yet—that, despite the tabloid views of him, frail and falling-down drunk, he's got the will to make great movies. He's trying to pick up the pieces of his career. Amazingly, Peckinpah does rehabilitate himself; his technique here is dazzling. In the moments just before violence explodes, Peckinpah's work is at its most subtly theatrical: he savors the feeling of power as he ticks off the seconds before the suppressed rage will take form. When it does, it's often voluptuously horrifying (and that is what has given Peckinpah a dubious reputation—what has made him Bloody Sam), but this time it isn't gory and yet it's more daring than ever. He has never before made the violence itself so surreally, fluidly abstract; several sequences are edited with a magical speed—a new refinement. In "Alfredo Garcia," the director seemed to have run out of energy after a virtuoso opening, and there was a scene, when the two leads (Warren Oates and Isela Vega) were sitting by the side of a road, that was so scrappily patched together, with closeups that didn't match, that Peckinpah appeared to have run out of zest for filmmaking. Maybe it was just that in "Alfredo Garcia" his old obsessions had lost their urgency and his new one—his metaphoric view of modern corporate business, represented by the dapper, errand-boy killers (Gig Young and Robert Webber as mirror-image lovers)—had thrown him off balance. He didn't seem to know why he was making the movie, and Warren Oates, who has fine shadings in character roles, was colorless in the central role (as he was also in the title role of John Milius's "Dillinger"). Oates is a man who's used to not being noticed, and his body shows it. When he tried to be a star by taking over Peckinpah's glasses and mustache and manner, he was imitating the outside of a dangerous person—the inside was still meek. And, of course, Peckinpah, with his feelers (he's a man who gives the impression of never missing anything going on in a room), knew the truth: that the actor in "Alfredo Garcia" who was like him, without trying at all, was Gig Young, with his weary pale eyes. In "The Killer Elite," James Caan is the hero who acts out Peckinpah's dream of salvation, but it's Gig Young's face that haunts the film. Gig Young represents Peckinpah's idea of what he will become if he doesn't screw them all and sail away.

PECKINPAH is surely one of the most histrionic men who have ever lived: his movies (and his life, by now) are all gesture. He thinks like an actor, in terms of the effect, and the special bits he responds to in Westerns are actors' gestures—corniness transcended by the hint of nobility in the actors themselves. Like Gig Young, he has the face of a ravaged juvenile, a face that magnetizes because of the suggestion that the person understands more than he wants to. It's a fake, this look, but Peckinpah cultivates the whore-of-whores pose. He plays with the idea of being the best of men and, when inevitably betrayed, the worst of men. (He's got to be both the best and the worst.) Gig Young has the same air of gentleness that Peckinpah has, and the dissolute quality of an actor whose talents have been wasted. Gig Young's face seems large for his body now, in a way that suggests that it has carried a lot of makeup in its time; he looks rubbery-faced, like an old song-and-dance man. Joel McCrea, with his humane strength, may have been Peckinpah's idealized hero in "Ride the High Country," and William Holden may have represented a real man to him in "The Wild Bunch," but Gig Young, who represents what taking orders from the bosses—being used—does to *a man of feeling*, is the one Peckinpah shows the most affection for now. Gig Young can play the top whore in "The Killer Elite" because his sad eyes suggest that he has no expectations and no illusions left about anything. And Peckinpah can identify with this character because of the element of pain in Gig Young, who seems to be the most naked of actors—an actor with nowhere to hide. (Peckinpah's own eyes are saintly-sly, and he's actually the most devious of men.) Peckinpah could never for an instant identify with the faceless corporate killer played by Arthur Hill. When you see Arthur Hill as Cap Collis, the sellout, you know that it didn't cost Collis anything to sell out. He's a gutless wonder, something that crawled out of the wood-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work. Arthur Hill's unremarkable, company-man face and lean, tall body are already abstractions; he's a corporate entity in himself. In Peckinpah's iconography, he's a walking cipher, a man who wasn't born of woman but was cast in a mold—a man whose existence is a defeat for men of feeling.

JAMES CAAN goes through the athletic motions of heroism and acts intelligently, but he doesn't bring the right presence to the role. His stoicism lacks homicidal undercurrents, and he doesn't have the raw-nerved awareness that seems needed. The face that suggests some of what Peckinpah is trying to express—the residual humanity in killers—is that of Burt Young, as the devoted Mac. The swarthy, solid, yet sensitive face of Burt Young (he played the man looking at pictures of his faithless wife at the beginning of "Chinatown") shows the weight of feelings. Mac's warm, gravelly croak and his almost grotesque simpleness link him to the members of the Wild Bunch. His is a face with substance, capable of dread on a friend's account. In "The Killer Elite," his is the face that shows the feelings that have been burnt out of Gig Young's.

PECKINPAH has become wryly sentimental about his own cynicism. When the Taiwanese leader's young daughter pompously tells the hero that she's a virgin, and he does a variation on Rhett Butler, saying, "To tell you the truth, I really don't give a shit," the director's contempt for innocence is too self-conscious, and it sticks out. Peckinpah wants to be honored for the punishment he's taken, as if it were battle scars. The doctor who patches up the hero says, "The scar looks beautiful"—which, in context, is a sleek joke. But when the hero's braced leg fails him and he falls helplessly on his face on a restaurant floor, Sam Peckinpah may be pushing for sympathy for his own travail. From the outside, it's clear that even his battle scars aren't all honorable—that a lot of the time he wasn't fighting to protect his vision, he was fighting for tortuous reasons. He doesn't start a picture with a vision; he starts a picture as a job and then perversely—in spite of his deal to sell out—he turns into an artist.

MUCH of what Peckinpah is trying to express in "The Killer Elite" is probably inaccessible to audiences, his moral judgments being based less on what his characters do than on what they wouldn't stoop to do. (In

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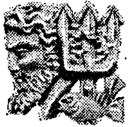

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Hollywood, people take more pride in what they've said no to than in what they've done.) Yet by going so far into his own hostile, edgily funny myth—in being the maimed victim who rises to smite his enemies—he found a ferocious unity, an Old Testament righteousness that connects with the audience in ways his last few pictures didn't. At the beginning of "The Killer Elite," the lack of sunlight is repellent; the lividness looks cheap and pulpy—were those four hundred and thirty-five prints processed in a sewer? But by the end a viewer stares fixedly, not quite believing he's seeing what he's seeing: a nightmare ballet. In the free-form murderous finale, with guns, Samurai swords, and lethal skills one has never heard of before, there are troops of Oriental assassins scurrying over the phantom fleet of Second World War ships maintained in Suisun Bay, north of San Francisco. Wrapped up in their cult garb so we can't tell one from another, the darting killers, seen in those slow-motion fast cuts, are exactly like Peckinpah's descriptions of the teeming mediocrities, jackals, hangers-on, and just plain killers that Hollywood is full of.

THE film is so cleanly made that Peckinpah may have wrapped up this obsession. When James Caan and Burt Young sail away at the end, it's Sam Peckinpah turning his back on Hollywood. He has gone to Europe, with commitments that will keep him there for at least two years. It would be too simple to say that he has been driven out of the American movie industry, but it's more than half true. No one is Peckinpah's master as a director of individual sequences; no one else gets such beauty out of movement and hard grain and silence. He doesn't do the expected, and so, scene by scene, he creates his own actor-director's suspense. The images in "The Killer Elite" are charged, and you have the feeling that not one is wasted. What they all add up to is something else—but one could say the same of "The Pisan Cantos." Peckinpah has become so nihilistic that filmmaking itself seems to be the only thing he believes in. He's crowing in "The Killer Elite," saying, "No matter what you do to me, look at the way I can make a movie." The bedevilled bastard's got a right to crow. —PAULINE KAEL

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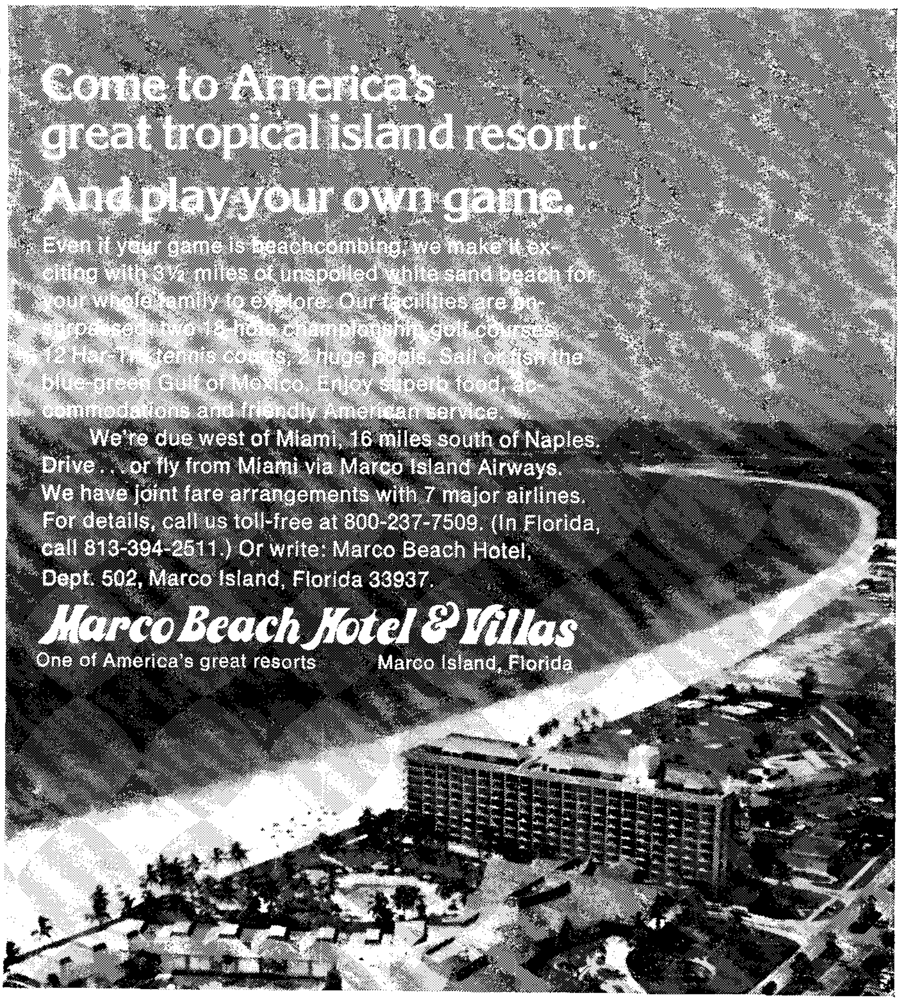
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THE recent efforts of a minority Communist Party to take over Portugal have provoked a crisis in the relations of all West European Communists with other parties of the Left, and even people much further to the Right are finding some of their most familiar assumptions threatened. For many, it becomes disconcertingly clear that a structure of deliberate fictions has sustained certain basic changes in Western European politics. In France and Italy, these changes have allowed Communists to be readmitted to a political process from which, for many years, they were excluded—or resolutely excluded themselves. The same could happen before long in Spain. The fact is that Europe has been compelled to turn to its Communist Parties in default of a more modern and relevant political opposition. Today's West European economies are neither capitalist nor Socialist but mixed, run by people trained in Keynesian as well as Marxist theory. Yet the Left in Europe continues to speak of Socialism struggling with capitalism and the monopolies, of Fascist threats, and even of the coming dictatorship of the proletariat. Europe's political vocabulary, in short, continues to use Marxist language to describe post-Marxist reality. This vocabulary derives from something real in the European past, and memories of the reality remain potent although the facts have changed. It has been possible for politicians of many parties to make the old language serve, and even to exploit it for the emotions it evokes. Events in Portugal, however, have jeopardized the unspoken assumptions upon which this political game is played.

As to Portugal itself, the simple question of whether it would come under Communist rule has, to date, had a simple answer: No. Portugal, after all, is a predominantly rural, Catholic society, which for the better part of this century was ruled by a dictator, António de Oliveira Salazar, who was also a pious university professor anxious to spare his people the corruptions of modern times. Until he suffered a stroke in 1968, he largely succeeded. The idea that a group of military idealists or a Communist Party supported by only twelve and a half per cent of the electorate—or the two of them in combination—could very easily stand this society on its head and then remain in control has always been doubtful.

But events in Portugal have raised larger and more complex questions for the rest of Western Europe. French and Italian politicians and voters have been compelled to confront the question of whether their own Communist Parties are acting in good faith. This is an inconvenient question, since it disturbs the political peace, and it is an unanswerable one, since nobody can know the answer unless French or Italian Communists actually come to power. In the past half-dozen years, it has suited the needs of nearly everyone to admit the Communist Parties of France and Italy to what may be described as political legitimacy. The Italian Communists' argument for a "historical compromise" giving them a position in government commensurate with their popular vote has been less and less disputed. The French Socialists' decision to ally themselves with the Communists in a common election front, the Union of the Left, brought them within a shadow of electing François Mitterrand to the Presidency of the French Republic in 1974.

Then, striding out of the Stalinist past came the austere and intransigent Portuguese Communist Álvaro Cunhal. In a series of alliances with factions of the Army, he brought to the struggle for power in Lisbon all the tactical ruthlessness and cold maneuverings that distinguished Communism in the days of the seizures of power in Eastern Europe after the Second World War. Cunhal understood very well that his time was limited, since his party was marginal in Portugal. It has had only fractional popular support; its sole chance for power has always been as the ally of military revolutionaries. Cunhal thus worked furiously to destroy his rivals while making himself indispensable to whatever officers currently ruled the country and seemed most likely to continue to rule. He understood another essential fact about his position, which is that there are no Red Army tanks in Portugal. The Communists who installed themselves in power in Eastern Europe in the years after the Second World War did so with the help of Soviet troops, were supported by the Russian intelligence services, and had Russian tanks to call upon if it came to that—and eventually it did come to that in East Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. There is only a Portuguese army in Portugal, and while the present élites of that army include radicalized or romantic or equivocal men, the army itself is a conscript force drawn from the same politically complex and socially conservative Portuguese population that gave moderate parties a huge majority in last April's election.

"'Hold,' young lady, is for other people."

THE Italian and Spanish Communist leaders, for their part, understood what Cunhal's tactics implied for their own fortunes, and during the summer and fall they took steps to dissociate themselves from him. They met at Livorno in July to declare themselves in favor of coöperation in good faith with Socialists—at precisely the time when the Socialists were being forced out of the Cabinet and Communist activists were being given the keys to the Socialist newspaper in Lisbon. The French Communists, on the other hand, faithfully supported Cunhal so long as he seemed to have a chance for success, while sharply—even provocatively—attacking the French Socialists, who have made themselves the most prominent foreign supporters of Mário Soares and the Portuguese Socialist Party. When the editorial director of *Le Nouvel Observateur*, the most important weekly of the French non-Communist Left, gave a frank description of the Communists' strategy for taking power in Lisbon ("Have they ever made a mystery of it?" he asked), the Paris Communist daily, *L'Humanité*, accused him of justifying "in advance" a massacre of Communists like the one that took place in Indonesia a decade ago. The editor then sued *L'Humanité* for defamation. The debate was not lightened when *Pravda* intervened in August with criticism of all Communists who compromise with Socialists and remarked ominously that a majority, after all, "is not an arithmetical but a political concept." At least on the subject of Portugal, unity of the French Left has ceased to exist. The Socialist leader, François Mitterrand, has declared to the French Communists, "You cannot have one truth in Paris and another in Lisbon. You cannot be in favor of political pluralism at home and contest it in Portugal." The outcome of all this was that Socialist popularity in France went up and the Communists continued to lose favor. Since then, the Communists have made several gestures of unaccustomed independence, most recently by challenging a Soviet refusal to discuss a labor camp in Baltic Russia of which secret photographs had been shown on French television. In November, the French Communists joined the Italian Communists in a statement pledging political pluralism, the rights of oppositions, and "the free formation of majorities and the possibility of their alternating democratically." But there was no avoiding the fact that events in Portugal had dramatized what *Le Monde* called the French Communists' crisis of identity. Portugal emphasized their inheritance of authoritarianism and intolerance. Their alliance with France's Socialists had not increased the Communist vote; it had merely made the Socialists once again a major force in France. Thus the Communists have been asking, rather querulously, if Mitterrand is not, in a certain manner, offering himself to President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's center coalition. A Maoist journal has remarked: "What remains of the Union of the Left? Nothing but the formula."

There is a sense, of course, in which all of this controversy is fake. No one seriously involved in the politics of recent decades can have been astonished

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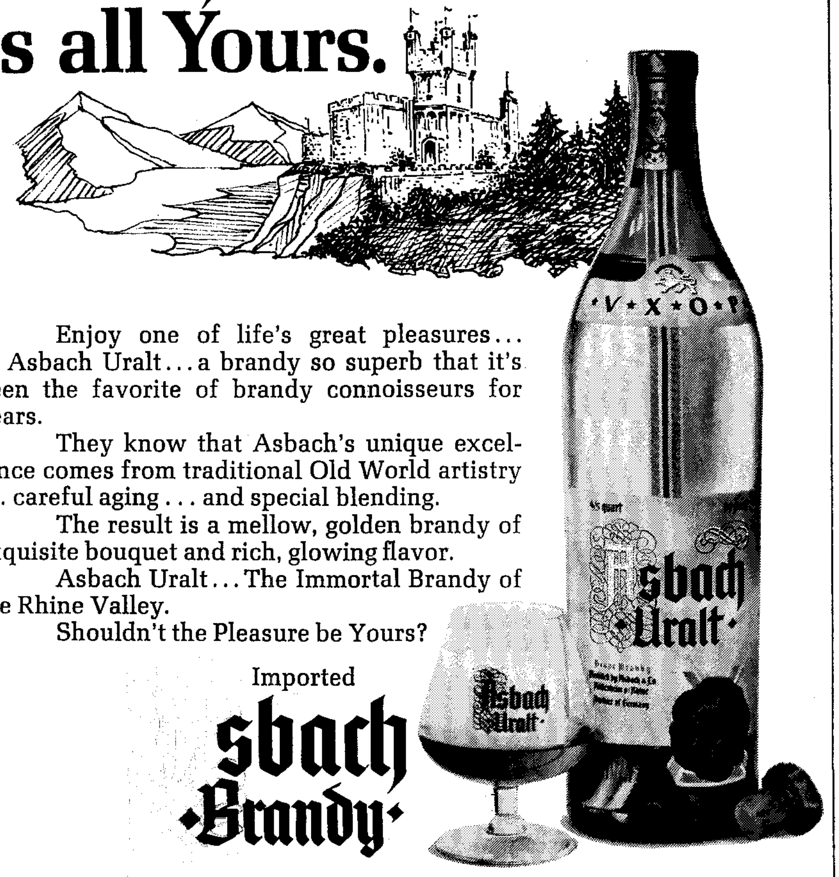

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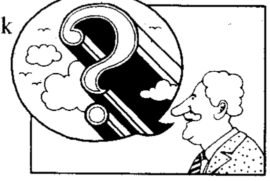

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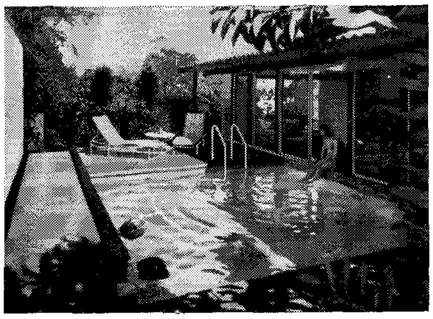

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at the Portuguese Communists' behavior—least of all François Mitterrand, who has put up with more than a little Communist bad faith since the Union of the Left was formed three years ago. (Paris's most awkward spectacle has been the alliance of the urbane and calculating Mitterrand, something of a poet in diction and style, with the Communist Party Secretary, Georges Marchais, a grinning apparatchik with a striking physical resemblance to Richard Nixon.) What has been acknowledged is the existence of this fakery.

And yet a tolerance of the Communist Parties as "legitimate" is necessary if there is to be serious opposition to the present governments of Italy and France. If the Communists are to be excluded from power and from alliance with democratic parties because they are the enemies of political pluralism—and of civil liberties and the parliamentary system—then it follows that in Italy the Christian Democrats must continue to rule. Unfortunately, the Christian Democrats are politically and morally used up after thirty years of uninterrupted power. Their regeneration is imaginable, but not if their power remains unchallenged. In France, the government has already begun to exploit the internal divisions of the Left and will try to draw the Socialists as well as the Radicals of the Left, the small third party in the Union of the Left, into a centrist coalition. This is an enterprise at which they might well succeed. The Communists would then again be isolated, a sterile and bitter force in French life, and the government would be deprived of the serious opposition any properly functioning democracy requires.

WHEN the Communist Parties of Western Europe are ruled out of politics, deprived of alliances that would let them share power, then, in effect, a major segment of the electorate in both France and Italy is disenfranchised. These voters are not, the majority of them, enemies of democracy. They are people who for very diverse and complex historical, social, and political reasons—or even the lack of an alternative, which can be the case in Italy—find themselves committed to support the Communist Party. Exactly what they see in the Party, or expect from it eventually, is equally complex, differing as the people differ, but theirs is certainly not a united wish to suppress liberal government, deny majorities their rights, turn secret policemen loose upon the people, jail intellectuals and journalists, and establish a dictatorship.

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Most of them would say that they vote for the Communists precisely because they are opposed to all of that, and they probably would add that the places where they have seen most of such things recently include Chile, Greece, Spain, and some Asian countries, all favored by the United States because of their staunchly anti-Communist governments.

The growing Communist Party vote in Italy has, as a general phenomenon, reflected a demand for better and more responsive—more "democratic"—government, not for the opposite. The existing Communist regional and municipal governments in Italy have been responsive, competent, and mostly honest. Bologna, the showcase of Communist municipal government in the country, is generally acknowledged to be one of the best-run cities in Europe. In France, the vote for the Union of the Left has increased precisely as the alliance of Socialists with the Communists has in the last few years conferred upon the Communists the aura of democratic practice and an implied guarantee by the Socialists of Communist good behavior.

The argument made in reply, of course, is that, whatever the people who vote Communist may think they want, they will find that what they get if they prevail is dictatorship and a police state. In this matter, the analogy with Eastern Europe in the nineteen-forties has thoroughly distorted a quarter century of debate. There, free political parties and an independent press were destroyed by the Communists, and what started out in the early postwar years as parliamentary government in places like Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary was quickly turned into totalitarian dictatorship. Thus, it is said that the same thing would happen in Western Europe if the Communists came to rule. It is also maintained that once Communism is in power anywhere, it is all but impossible to depose. But the widely overlooked truth of the matter is that Communism succeeded in those countries of Eastern Europe—and, once installed in power, proved impossible to get out—because Soviet occupation troops were in each of the countries or surrounded it. If British and American troops had liberated Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and the other states of Eastern Europe from the Nazis and had stayed in those countries after the war, the Communist Parties would not have come to power (except, perhaps, in Czechoslovakia, where the Communists actually won a plurality in the 1946 election), and they cer-

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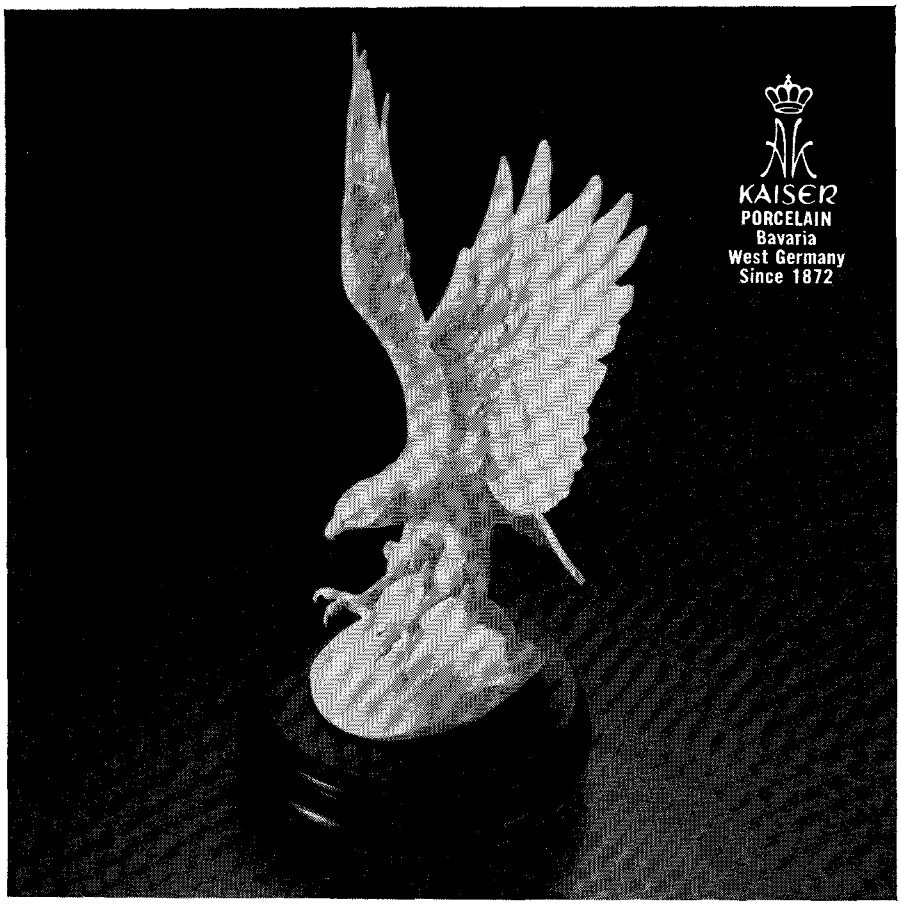

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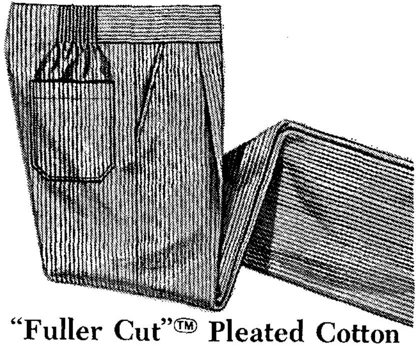

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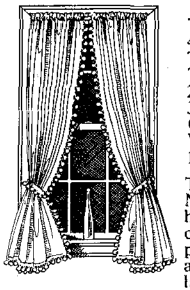

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tainly would not have possessed irreversible power. The fact is that the existing Soviet-sponsored Communist governments have had their power "reversed" three times—in East Germany in 1953, in Hungary in 1956, and in Czechoslovakia in 1968—although in each case the reversal was in turn reversed by a forcible intervention of the Russian Army. It is widely assumed that no moderate can possibly compete with the Communists in the straightforward struggle for power under revolutionary conditions. This is so because Kerenski was defeated by Lenin sixty years ago. That Socialists and moderates often are intelligent men who have had sixty years to reflect on the reasons for Kerenski's failure is overlooked. Mário Soares and his military allies in Portugal have thus far administered one tactical defeat after another to the Communists—in the elections, in the unions, in the Army, and in the streets of Lisbon.

If the voters of a West European state today were to place a Communist Party in power, or in a governing coalition, and then find that they did not like the result, they could and no doubt would put the Communists back out of power by means of a new election. If the Communists refused to call an election or to abide by the results of one, they could be forced out—through an uprising, if it came to that. No Russian tanks would intervene, and neither the French police nor the Italian Army would be likely to give much help to a Communist regime trying to hold power unconstitutionally. Not even the radicalized Portuguese Army, in a country that has not known parliamentary government since 1926, has yet been willing to do that.

One obviously must not underestimate the grief and turmoil that would result if an ultra-left-wing government should be installed (in Italy, to take the only place where there is any chance that it could happen) and should then try to hang on to power illegally. But this kind of risk comes with right-wing governments as well as left-wing, and could come in any country, including the United States. The point is simply that the Communist Party possesses no arcane power that allows it to take over countries where the majority of the people don't want to be taken over, or to maintain itself in power when the majority of the people seriously resolve to get it out.

THE Communist Parties of Western Europe are not going to disappear in the near future. They will

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not disappear even as paychecks grow bigger and workers buy freezers for their kitchens or take their families on holidays to the camping grounds and trailer parks of the Côte d'Azur. These Parties are a part of the moral as well as the political inheritance with which Europe lives today and must live for that span of the future which can be foreseen. The European Communist Parties exist because nineteenth-century capitalism existed and because Karl Marx and others made certain proposals about how to change the world they knew. The Parties exist because a certain consciousness of class and of the possibilities of class action was created amid the misery in which the industrial proletariat once lived. They also reflect the fact that the revolution first occurred in backward Russia: European Communism ever since has borne a Russian mark. It would be convenient if the large and loyal constituencies the European Communist Parties command would see the error of their ways and join some other party, but they won't. One day, no doubt, the European Communist movement will have been assimilated into the mainstream of European liberal politics—just as clerical-absolutist, imperialist, radical, and royalist forces of the past have all been incorporated by now into a European consensus on what the possibilities of political action are, and what the limits are.

This will not happen as long as the Communist leadership itself remains imprisoned by the past. Every time the Western Communists have found themselves on the brink of accommodation with modern reality, they perversely have turned back, or have been turned back by some Soviet atrocity for which they—most of them—stubbornly assume responsibility: the Moscow trials, the purges, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Now the Portuguese Communists have made their contribution. Just as the Portuguese people emerge, blinking and astonished, into the twentieth century, the Communists push them—and the rest of Western Europe—back into the anachronism of the Communist struggle.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

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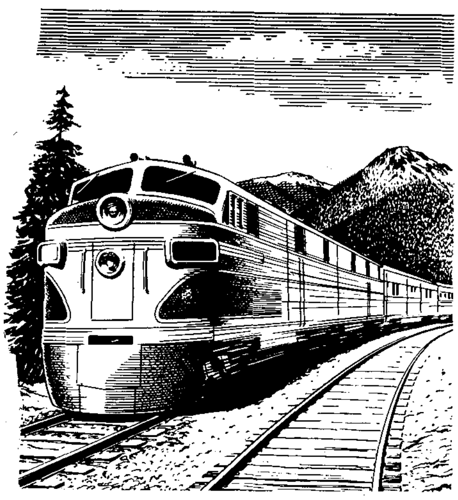

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MUSICAL EVENTS

At the Right Time, in the Right Place

THE Metropolitan Opera audience is generally deemed the most ill-mannered and ignorant to be found in any of the world's major houses, and often it lives up to its reputation. But it is also one of the world's most warmhearted audiences: appreciative, enthusiastic, ready—all too ready!—with noisy acclaim for whoever or whatever pleases it. Its bad habits are rooted in generosity, not indifference. And so, although a musical person may feel fury when, say, the coda of Susanna's "Deh vieni," in "Le Nozze di Figaro," is blotted out by a volley of applause for the singer, that fury is tempered by pleasure in the fact that so many people are enjoying themselves.

Applause, like puffing, is of various sorts; the principal are, the applause preliminary, the applause automatic, the applause collusive, the applause interruptive, and, highest kind of all, the applause manifested by rapt silence, tribute to a spell that must not be shattered. Examples need not be confined to the Metropolitan.

The applause preliminary greets the conductor as he advances to the rostrum. At this point, in the concert hall, some orchestras rise to their feet in respectful salute—a ceremonious observance, and one that is presumably determined in advance by the conductor and the players; many conductors prefer to cut the frills and get on with the concert. On great occasions, the whole audience may rise; I have known it happen for Toscanini, for Richard Strauss, for Stravinsky, and such spontaneous honoring of a great man is fitting. Unfitting, I think, and unnecessary, is the preliminary round of applause that, with increasing frequency, now greets the entrance of the concertmaster.

The applause automatic is that which breaks forth whenever the curtain rises in the theatre and a scene is revealed. It is always an exciting moment, but grownups should learn to control their excitement, to enjoy things inwardly and not make a noise—however striking the spectacle—if that noise is going to blot out several measures of a composer's music. It is a new phenomenon, this regular applause for the scenery, a bad new habit that must be stopped before it becomes an accepted part of audience behavior. It used not to happen; recordings of the old Met broadcasts are the proof. Some directors deflect the destruction of music-drama it causes by raising the curtain before the music begins, thus getting the audience racket out of the way before the show starts in earnest. And some composers have thought along similar lines. Puccini planned curtain-rise on "Il Tabarro" to be an applause-catching sight—a full-size barge floating on the Seine, plane trees on the quais, Notre-Dame looming behind—but he wanted his river music to be heard, and so, in capital letters, he began his score with the instruction "THE CURTAIN OPENS BEFORE THE MUSIC BEGINS."

The device is not always practicable. Curtain-rise is often "written into the music," coincident with the introduction of a new harmony (as in "Götterdämmerung") or a new theme (as in "Pelléas et Mélisande"), or with an intensified restatement of something already heard (as in "Die Entführung," or the fourth act of "Don Carlos"). Mozart favored no break between the overture and the first scene of his operas. Belmonte's aria at the start of "Die Entführung" is also the final movement of its overture; the "Don Giovanni" overture cadences directly into the music of Leporello's "Notte e giorno faticar;" and even at the close of the "Figaro" overture, eleven measures of reiterated tonic, Mozart wrote, "Attaca subito il Duettino di Susanna e Figaro." Wagner, in "Die Meistersinger," closes his massive prelude with the opening measure of Act I. In such cases, the composer trusts that the audience will be musical enough to follow his intentions and not break in, however delectable a surprise the scene painter may have prepared. That trust is sometimes betrayed.

Curtain-fall is another moment for the applause automatic; and modern audience practice in this country has made impossible an effect that many composers have valued—a slow curtain, and a soft instrumental coda after the scene has vanished from our eyes. The first acts of "La Bohème" and "Madama Butterfly" are not over once the soprano (along with the tenor, if he goes up, too) has sung the high C, but it is some years, I'll wager, since the final cadences of those acts have been audible in a New York theatre.

One of the most daring slow curtains in opera occurs at the end of Virgil Thomson's "The Mother of Us All." Susan B. Anthony's last monologue dies away in soft plagal cadences, serene amens, chords of F major and C major. After the penultimate chord, the curtain falls slowly during three measures of complete silence, and only then, *pp possibile*, the orchestra closes the work in C major. At Columbia University, in 1947, when "The Mother of Us All" had its première, the audience was sensitive; in a recording of that performance one can "hear" it, so to speak, holding its breath during the long silence, not applauding until the harmony has come to rest. But at a Queens College production of "Mother" last month that final C major became a lost chord. As soon as Susan B. had sung "my long life," and the curtains had started to move, din broke out and the harmony could not reach home. Again, directors sometimes find a way to remedy this automatic hailing of curtain-fall. John Cox did so in the City Opera "Mastersingers" by holding the curtain up and ending each scene with a sudden blackout after the music had finished. But not all operas lend themselves to such treatment. "Tristan" calls for a slow curtain while the final chord is sounding. (And if it is not followed by at least a moment of silence, the Isolde has failed to touch her listeners' hearts.)

By the applause collusive, I signify that planned and paid for in advance. Claqueurs are still a pest in some Italian houses but, so far as I know, they are not active here. No need for them when vociferous volunteer enthusiasts abound. These enthusiasts are responsible for the applause interruptive, which occurs at three points: at the favored one's entrance; improperly in the course of her aria; and, often properly, when that aria is done. Applause at entrance is plainly justified on very special occasions: when a Beverly Sills or a Magda Olivero makes her first-ever appearance on the Metropolitan stage, for example. Only a killjoy could take exception to the spontaneous and thunderous welcome with which those distinguished débutantes were greeted. But *regular* applause for the prima donna—or tenor or baritone—of the evening the moment she or he is glimpsed, regardless of what the music may be doing at that point, is a barbarism. Even during the Entrance of Butterfly I have heard it—that aria which starts offstage, the soprano's voice bowered by those of her maidens, and ends onstage. Not long

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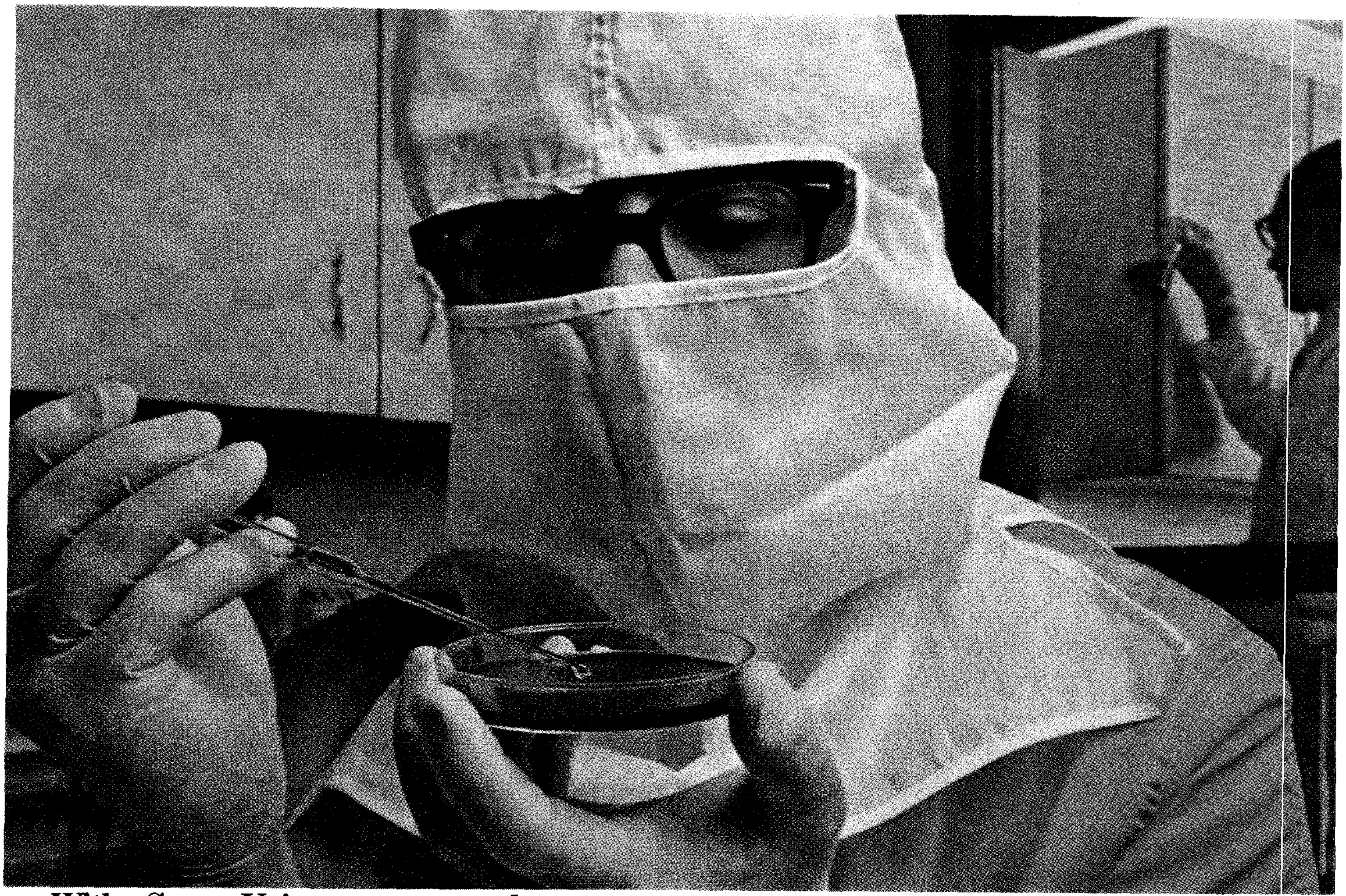

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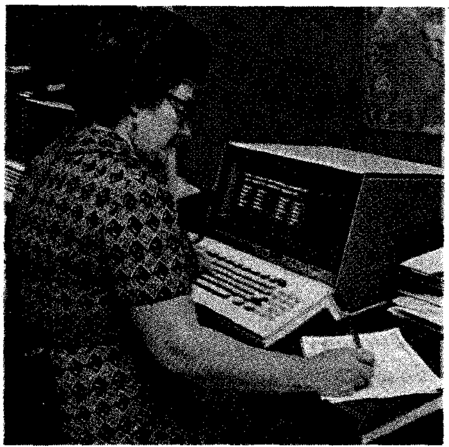

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ago, a typical dialogue heard during the first act of "Aida" might have run:

Prompter: Dessa!
Radamès: Dessa!
Whisperer in the row behind: That's Leontyne Price.

Today, it is more likely that when the clarinet starts to sound the Aida theme and Miss Price comes on, all is drowned for a while, though the Radamès and the Amneris can be seen moving their lips.

Mid-aria applause arises from enthusiasm coupled to ignorance. Roberta Peters had to suffer it this season when she sang Oscar in "Un Ballo in Maschera." Each of Oscar's arias is in two stanzas, and of each Miss Peters sang the first stanza so delightfully that her ruder admirers broke in and did not hear, or let anyone else hear, how she started the second. In "Rigoletto," Gildas quite often find themselves interrupted after the cadenza of "Caro nome" by people unaware that there are further beautiful phrases to come. (Rule for clap-happy folk attending an opera for the first time: wait for someone else, someone who knows the piece, to begin the applause; otherwise you may deprive yourself—and deprive everyone else—of hearing something wonderful.)

Knowing when and when not to applaud after an aria needs connoisseurship. Many arias call for applause—and require it as soon as the singer has finished, even though the orchestra may still be playing. The noisy tonic-and-dominant perorations of Donizetti often serve best as accompaniment to cheers. But, well before Wagner, there were also composers who aimed to avoid mid-act applause. Mozart tried to write it out of his "Idomeneo." To the librettist of "Il Trovatore," Verdi said, "If only the whole opera could be, so to speak, all one number, I should find that reasonable and right." I treasure the memory of a "Trovatore," its cast led by Martina Arroyo and Shirley Verrett, in which there was no mid-scene applause—not because the artists sang badly but precisely because they sang and acted so well that no one wanted to add noises of his own. After Azucena's "Stride la vampa," the gypsies' voices stole into an electric silence; the Miserere bell tolled into an attentive hush that succeeded Leonora's "D'amor sull'ali rosee;" and after the Miserere the soprano could continue the verbal and dramatic thread unbroken into "Tu vedrai che amore in terra." Verdi may have been bowing to the inevitable when he added a full close to the end of Eboli's Veil Song, in "Don Carlos;" originally, his music passed without break into Elizabeth's entrance. But the Veil Song is the kind of aria after which applause does no harm, is even dramatically apt. On the other hand, a sensitive Elizabeth, I believe, will work with her conductor, director, and tenor to insure that there is no audience interruption after the aria in the last act of that opera. Any disturbance breaks the solemn mood. In "La Bohème," a good Mimì and Rodolfo should be able to act and inflect and time things so that "Che gelida manina," "Mi chiamano Mimì," and "O soave fanciulla" are heard as an unbroken sequence. (At the end of his aria, Rodolfo turns to Mimì with his request "Please tell me," quickly she replies "Yes, they call me Mimì," and at the end of her reply the offstage voices break in almost as her last note is sung.) But artists with both the wish and the ability to hold an audience silent after a striking and familiar aria are rare. Maria Callas is the only Tosca of my experience whose genius has been able to keep listeners hushed and spellbound after "Vissi d'arte."

SKI SHOP
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"Fidelio" attracts a more serious audience than "Tosca." At the Met revival of "Fidelio," last week, there was only one noisy brute who tried to destroy the effect Jess Thomas had made with his nobly earnest account of Florestan's aria. The sonic intruder was quickly shushed, but already the damage to Beethoven's dying fall had been done.* Do such people really think they are honoring an artist whose achievement they thus degrade? At the heart of Ernst Krenek's "Life of Orestes" there is a romantic, yearning soliloquy for the hero. In the Portland Opera performances of the work, Victor Braun sang it with deep feeling. He seemed to fill the stage, to fill all the theatre, with Orestes' strong, sweet sadness. But one listener was untouched, and did not share the experience; seated prominently in the front row of the circle, at each of the performances I attended she bawled an impassioned "Bravo!" the moment Mr. Braun had sung the last note of this solo (which does not end the scene). In vain had he conjured an imaginative world for us to dwell in; his admirer had ears and eyes only for a singer on the stage.

Audiences are apt to resent being told how they should behave. (The Metropolitan has removed from its program books the little note requesting its patrons not to interrupt the music with their applause.) Back in the eighteenth century, the great castrato Gaetano Guadagni, a pupil of David Garrick, forfeited public favor when he put the claims of music-drama before those of voice fanciers. For him, Gluck had written the title role of "Orfeo." When he sang the opera in London, in 1770, then, according to Burney,

> with his determined spirit of supporting the dignity and propriety of his dramatic character, by not bowing acknowledgment, when applauded, or destroying all theatrical illusion by returning to repeat an air, if encored at the termination of an interesting scene, he so much offended individuals, and the opera audience in general, that, at length, he never appeared without being hissed.

Renata Scotto is a soprano who can make listeners do her bidding. When she sings the three soprano roles in the Met "Trittico," later this month, it will be interesting to discover whether she endeavors to keep the house quiet after Suor Angelica's aria, "Senza mamma." Gilda Cruz-Romo, the Angelica of the first cast, did not try to; she openly invited applause—at a moment where it is dramatically intrusive. An ovation after Lauretta's aria, "O mio babbino caro," in "Gianni Schicchi," is another matter. A turning point early in the action, this number is meant to stop the show. If it passes in silence, there is a flatness; and even an encore does no musical or dramatic harm. After the première of "Il Trittico," at the Met in 1918, Gatti-Casazza sent Puccini a cable including the sentence "IN SPITE OF PUBLIC NOTICE FORBIDDING ENCORES BY INSISTENCE LAURETTA'S ARIA WAS REPEATED STOP"

But appropriateness, not historical precedent, should be the guide. Some old practices are better unrevived. When Beethoven's Violin Concerto was first performed, in 1806, the Allegro figured in one part of the program, the slow movement and finale in the other, and among the interven-

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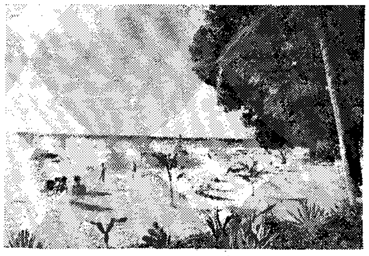
*The aria is different in the three versions of "Fidelio." Joseph Röckel, the 1806 Florestan, declared that Demmer and Radichi, the 1805 and the 1814 Florestans, both craved applause after the aria, and insisted on a bravura final section; that Demmer was provided with "a conventional allegro" (it does not survive), and Radichi with the familiar F-major Poco Allegro, to which Beethoven then added "a new short pianissimo coda, by which means the stillness necessary for the succeeding scene would be re-established." Röckel's full statements are difficult to square with the surviving scores but suggest clearly enough that the composer himself preferred no applause.



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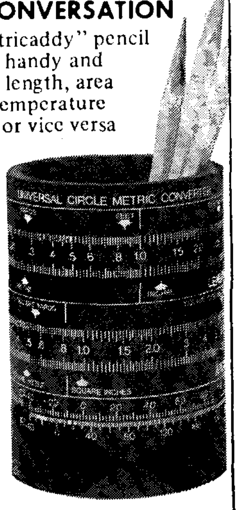

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ing pieces was a "novelty item" played with the violin upside down. When Verdi's "La Traviata" was first performed, in 1853, the composer joined Violetta and Alfredo onstage to take a bow after their brindisi, and again after their intimate duet. Such curious customs we have reformed altogether. On the other hand, I think modern concert audiences sometimes go *too* far in their observance of reverent silence between movements. There are jolly numbers in orchestral suites, and even some first movements of concertos, after which it seems positively churlish not to applaud. Nevertheless, silence is probably the better course; though stirred to express his enthusiasm, a concertgoer refrains, lest his racket shatter another's rapture. The person who maintains his "right" to applaud whenever he feels like it is cousin to him who claims a "right" to smoke wherever he chooses to. Their motives may differ; but the former, when, say, he decides to show how much he has enjoyed a scene in "Pelléas" or in "The Turn of the Screw" by adding his manual percussion to the ensuing interlude, pollutes the musical air for everyone.

So a plague on the person who drowns any measure composed by Mozart! Another on the slow-wit who is not content to laugh at a joke but claps his hands together as well—and goes on clapping them while a second joke has begun! A third on the popinjay whose pride it is to get in the first "Bravo!" while "Winterreise" or "Tristan" or "Das Lied von der Erde" should be dying into silence! And long live full-hearted, discriminate, tumultuous applause—at the right time, in the right place!

LAST week's "Fidelio" was dedicated to the memory of Bruno Walter, who conducted the opera at the Metropolitan in 1941, 1945, and 1951. He would have been a hundred this year. (In the lower foyer of the house, the Bruno Walter Foundation, which contributed to the revival, has mounted a small exhibition of Walter mementos.) The performance was carefully rehearsed, earnestly conceived, and moving, and I thought it the highest achievement of the Met season so far. Gwyneth Jones, who bowled me over when she sang her first Leonore, in Cardiff, in 1964, did so again. But "bowl over" is too glib a phrase; a very beautiful and now very powerful voice, an interpretation spontaneous, intent, impassioned, and free from any taint of self-display, her clear, candid features, and naturalness, directness, honesty in all she does combine to

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prompt unconditional surrender to Beethoven's radiant heroine. Miss Jones does not always sing as well as this, and on Friday she did not sing all episodes equally well. Although the transitions from boyishness to loving woman were subtly and unself-consciously achieved, she is still an imperfect actress, who tends to stand in a crouch, with elbows crooked. But her feelings shine through, and Leonore comes to life. Jess Thomas, as noted above, was a noble Florestan. He has the ability to emphasize individual words without breaking Beethoven's lines. Donald McIntyre's Pizarro was curious—no simple tyrant but a fussy, neurotic creature with fidgety gestures, Himmler-like in appearance. His intonation often strayed. John Macurdy's, as Rocco, was rock-firm; a magnificent voice was kept within the bounds of character. Judith Blegen was a captivating Marzelline, and Kenneth Riegel an alert Jaquino. Don Fernando was cast at strength; James Morris sang his elevated utterances smoothly and firmly.

John Mauceri's conducting was athletic and assured. It was a young man's "Fidelio," not weighted with the deep eloquence that a Furtwängler or a Klemperer brought to the score. (I never heard Walter conduct it.) So the prisoners' chorus was not overwhelming—despite ardent singing from the First Prisoner of Douglas Ahlstedt. "Leonore" No. 3 was played as scene-shift music in the second act, and—a vulgar touch, though some illustrious conductors have given a precedent for it—the last chord of the prison duet was sustained as the first of that overture. (This means that the sublime opening measures accompany a battle between clappers and shushers; at this point in the drama, after the long tensions of the prison scene have been released, applause is appropriate—and "Leonore" No. 3 is not.) The dialogue, especially before the canon quartet, was too severely abridged. Otto Schenk's production, first staged here in 1970 and now freshly directed by his own hand, is powerful and unaffected. One obtrusive, eye-catching chorister—the prisoner whom Don Fernando raises from his slavish kneeling—needs toning down. —ANDREW PORTER

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In announcing the establishment of the Office of Professional Responsibility on Tuesday, Levi said the new agency will oversee investigations of alleged misconduct by all department employes, including FBI agents.—*The Post.*

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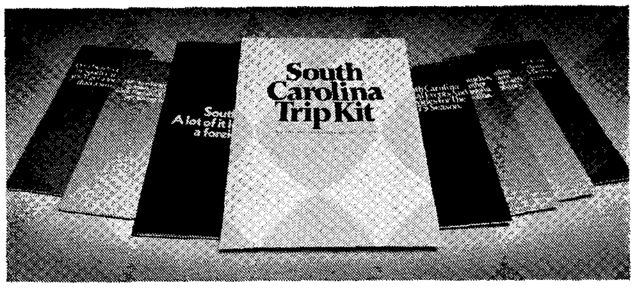

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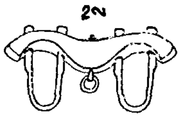

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BOOKS

Drabbling in the Mud

"OMNISCIENCE has its limits," Margaret Drabble tells the reader in her seventh novel, "The Realms of Gold" (Knopf). Having taken upon herself the voice and manner of an omniscient Victorian novelist, she seems rather frequently to be appealing to the reader to help her out, to write the novel with her. Her particularizations suggest multiple-choice problems: "Something in her finally rebelled—pride, conscience, something like that;" "she ached, with either sympathy or envy for them: she was not sure which." A disarmed, if not disarming, vagueness afflicts her especially in the vicinity of male characters: "The truth is that David was intended to play a much larger role in this narrative, but the more I looked at him, the more incomprehensible he became, and I simply have not the nerve to present what I saw in him in the detail I had intended;" "as for Sir Frank Ollerenshaw and Harold Barnard, who knows what they were thinking?" Like a housewife quite overcome by the complexity of her household tasks, yet confident of her feminine charm, the author in amiable dishevelment apologizes for the thinness of some scenes and the fullness of others:

> And that is enough, for the moment, of Janet Bird. More than enough, you might reasonably think, for her life is slow, even slower than its description, and her dinner party seemed to go on too long to her, as it did to you.

Miss Drabble in some ways bears comparison with Iris Murdoch and Muriel Spark; she is as intellectually serious as they, though not as witty, and warmer than either. But, in sharp contrast to these two plotmakers, she does not *encompass* her material; rather, she seems half lost within it—mystified by her characters, ruminative where she should be expository, expository where she should be dramatic, shamelessly dependent upon coincidence, lackadaisical about locating her theme, and capable, for long stretches, of blocking in episodes devoid of dynamic relevance to what one takes to be the action. The plot of "The Realms of Gold" appears to be this: a pair of perfectly suited middle-aged lovers break, and are slow to reunite because a postcard is held up by a mail strike in Europe. As the postcard (declaring, "I miss you. I love you") languishes at the bottom of a letterbox, the book happens; that is, a number of familial and professional gatherings are described, while the heroine's heart is distinctly elsewhere, and the reader's attention threatens to wander also. The unseen mailman who finally moves the missive is the novel's active agonist; the other characters conduct a three-hundred-page holding action. When at last the lovers do reunite, they are relieved and, simply, pleased; their circumstances, through no doing of their own, are enough improved for them to marry, and they do. "Invent a more suitable ending if you can," the author writes, in a last plea for the reader's collaboration, or indulgence.

Since neither lover significantly wavers, in the months of separation, from fidelity, the book generates little suspense and depends on its essayistic interest, which, luckily, is high. The heroine, Frances Wingate, is a divorced archeologist enjoying the aftermath of celebrity that has followed her discovery and excavation of the ancient Saharan trading city of Tizouk. The amount of archeological detail and theory Miss Drabble has worked up attractively adorns her portrait of this mistress and mother, drinker and lecturer. Archeology brings a wealth of metaphors and incidental illuminations to the book, and in a sense informs its very structure; we have less a plot than a lode of prose and description, through which, as he reads, the reader digs down toward some underlying message about kinship, ancestry, vitality, and life's meaning. An ingenious interlocking of academic disciplines broadens and unifies the terrain of significance. Frances's lover, Karel Schmidt, is a historian specializing in "the history of agriculture in the eighteenth century," and at the end Frances is awakened by happenstance to a vivid sense of her own ancestry among the rural laborers of the Midlands. She is by birth an Ollerenshaw, and the book's creaking machinations bring her into contact with two other Ollerenshaws. One of them, her cousin David, is a geologist, and geology is the discipline on the further side (history being the near side) of her archeology. Her other discovered cousin, Janet Bird, lives as a kind of human artifact in Tockley, the Ollerenshaw home country; buried amid the plastic gimcrackery of modern England, including a plastics chemist for a husband, she is unearthed—brought into the light both of Frances's attention and of television interviews—by the death of a mad old great-aunt, Connie Ollerenshaw, who lived alone in a primitive cottage and has occasioned a momentary scandal by dying of starvation there. Her death brings accu-

10
JUST A DOORMAT
Weber

sations of hardhearted neglect upon her nearest relative, Sir Frank Ollerenshaw, Frances's father; he has risen from the mud of rural anonymity "to the golden world above" by the study of zoology—specifically, the biochemistry of newts, which abound in the ditches of Tockley. A second death, more scandalous than old Connie's, overtakes young Stephen Ollerenshaw, who, burdened by an infant daughter and a wife hospitalized with anorexia nervosa, commits suicide because of a revelation that "came to him like a light from heaven. It was better to be dead than alive. . . . Being alive was sordid, degrading, sickly, unimaginable . . ." His last conversation with Frances, the epitome of innate vitality and resilience, concerns Freud's "Beyond the Pleasure Principle," with its assertion that "all living things strove for death." Psychology, zoology, geology, history—all frame our heroine's energetic unearthing of the dead, whose custom of child sacrifice bothers her, as she sacrifices her own children to her career, herself the child of multitudinous Ollerenshaws. In this web of reference, the central reunion is not with her lover but with the ghost of her dead great-aunt, whose cottage she visits in the book's most intensely described moment:

> A terrible purity marked the scene, and Frances approached it without fear. Even a corpse would not have alarmed her. She was used to corpses; human bones were her familiars. She walked up to the front door, through the long swaths of grass, her feet wet with mud and dew: Oh, so different, so beautifully different from the parched red mud of Adra, from the glaring altitudes of rocky, weathered Tizouk. England. A bird sang in a tree. Frances paused at the door, feeling in her pocket for the key. She bowed her head in respect to Constance Ollerenshaw, who had lived here alone for so long, whose death had been so solitary, so unremarked, who had let the creepers and brambles and roses grow in through her windows.

Even the prosaic Janet Bird, walking to this same cottage earlier, is moved by solitude: "Loneliness possessed her sweetly, like a reassuring desolation. The grass was company, the birds were company."

The moments in "The Realms of Gold" that do not feel trivial tend to be those showing women alone: in hotel rooms, in suburban living rooms, in isolated cottages, wherever they are removed from the clutter of men and mating and freed to concentrate upon the silent solemn tasks—cooking and childrearing, withstanding pain and depression—that seem to be their essence. In her dead great-aunt's cottage, Fran-

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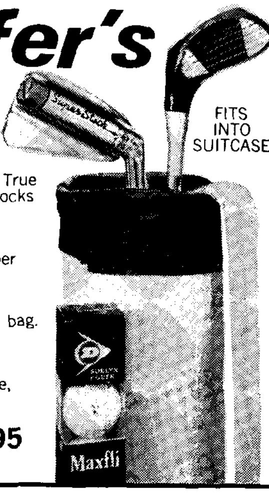

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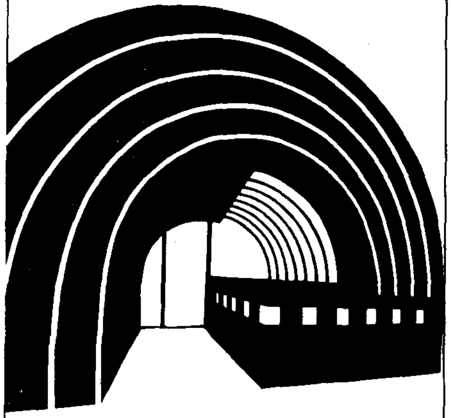

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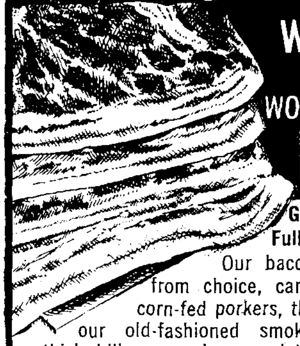

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ces lights a fire; at the novel's culmination, its untidily numerous characters bury two of their number. These primitive human acts loom, jutting from Miss Drabble's ground of passion. English critics have already remarked, with raised eyebrows, her fiction's concern with motherhood; she has here broadened her family to include all the earth, described geologically, topologically, archeologically, botanically (her background of vegetation is luxuriant and precise). Her love scenes take place in the mud; Karel and Frances gravitate to ditches, and in the end fall into one. Along with this earth-sense goes a naturalistic pessimism—"there never was a golden world, there was never anything but toil and subsistence, cruelty and dullness"—and something inchoate and defiantly, jauntily casual about the organization of at least this novel. The conversations, the dinner parties, the conferences (all trendy, flirtatious, and desultory) feel superficial, perhaps because they appear so to the author—a crust over the earthy realities. Before falling asleep one night, Frances contemplates a recently unearthed terra-cotta figurine with "a witchy, androgynous, yet friendly look, almost a comic look, as one who appreciates the twists of fate." The novel digs toward some such emblem of the feminine. In friendly mud Miss Drabble finds her strengths, and her paragraphs, though they come at one jumbled, at their best have the closeness, the intimate solemnity, of something personally discovered and held in the hand:

> Hundreds and hundreds of frogs were sitting down that pipe, and they were all honking, all of them, not in unison but constantly, their little throats going, their mouths open, their eyes staring up with curiosity at Karel and Frances and their large human shadows. . . . Oh, I love them, said Frances. They looked as though they had been bred from the clay, as in some medieval natural history. A natural product of the landscape, they were. And every time she thought of them, in later years, she felt such pleasure and amusement deep within her, a deep source of it, much deeper than that pipe.

Deeper than its scattered, diffident surface as a novel of manners, "The Realms of Gold" celebrates the human as a department of the natural.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

OXFORD IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by A. L. Rowse (Putnam). As he did in "The Tower of London," A. L. Rowse here uses a historic place as a stage on which he can choreograph a pageant—sometimes a helter-skelter skit—stretching through all of English history and bristling with opinions on almost any subject that comes to mind. The result could be disparaged as popularized fluff (an impression reinforced by its picture-book format), but only a first-rate historian could have produced such lively and knowledgeable popularized fluff. Whether spotlighting the original minds of medieval Oxford, or recreating the town during the Civil War, or breezing through the literary lions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, Rowse delights and instructs. His opinions are so numerous that some of them are bound to titillate the reader, but many of them are so imperious and extravagant that one feels one is reading a particularly bitchy piece of journalism. A bald, unexplained judgment like "The importance of Namier as an historian has been exaggerated; he was an exhaustive analyst over a small field, the 1760s, and a brilliant essayist, but not a constructor of historical works" sounds odd coming from someone who can write of S. R. Gardiner that he "devoted his whole life to research, teaching, and writing, without the distractions of public life and pomposity, [and] has reaped the reward that, of all [the nineteenth century's] monuments of historical writing, his stands least in need of revision or re-interpretation."

GOD BLESS PAWNBROKERS, by Peter Schwed (Dodd, Mead). The author has worked for Simon & Schuster since the end of the Second World War, but right after he came out of college, in the Great Depression, he found (and hung on to) a job at the Provident Loan Society, a nonprofit pawnbroking firm that was established by a group of New York City millionaires to help the poor in the depression that followed the panic of 1893. These are Schwed's memoirs of this remarkable institution—it still exists, although the author tells us that easier bank credit has reduced the scale of its operations. The book is anything but sad, despite the theme of economic distress. Most stories have happy endings—customers redeem their pledges—and some are thrilling indeed: Schwed has several tales of pawned jewels that turned out far more valuable than their owners ever guessed. He has fistfuls of cheery anecdotes about odd or famous customers and able colleagues, and, along the way, tucks in a course in appraising gemstones—a subject that one may not think urgent but that he makes fascinating.

Trollope: His Life and Art, by C. P. Snow (Scribners). A short but fulfilling and even probing study of perhaps the most durable of the great Victorians. Lord Snow is warmly sympathetic both to his subject and to most of his very numerous works, and he has discovered a great deal in Trollope's nature and understanding that speaks clearly to us today: " 'There is much,' the middle-aged novelist wrote to his American friend Kate Field, 'that is higher and better and greater than one's country. One is patriotic only because one is too small and too weak to be cosmopolitan.' " As for Trollope's art, Lord Snow considers its essence to be that "he had both insight and empathy, working together in exceptional harmony. Further, and this may be even more uncommon, he could not only see a person in the here-and-now, with immediate impact, but also in the past and in the future. That diachronic vision [may be called] *percipience.*" He quotes with satisfaction Tolstoy's "Trollope kills me, kills me with his excellence," and adds, with a percipience of his own, that Trollope "is too difficult a writer for young men." Illustrated with many photographs, paintings, and drawings, some twenty of them in full color.

Punishing Criminals: Concerning a Very Old and Painful Question, by Ernest van den Haag (Basic Books). Professor van den Haag (sociology and psychology, N.Y.U. and the New School) begins his work with a philosophical examination of the reasons for punishment, moving quickly over some familiar ground with few surprises, although his arguments are tight and his style is lucid and brisk. (He points out, for example, one dissimilarity between crime and sickness: there is no element of will or decision in catching pneumonia.) Later on, he gets around to putting forward his own ideas. Like many thinkers on this subject, he is critical of our prisons, and he sees the need to devise other punishments to fit crimes, including exile, banishment, and a more imaginative use of fines. He also suggests legal innova-

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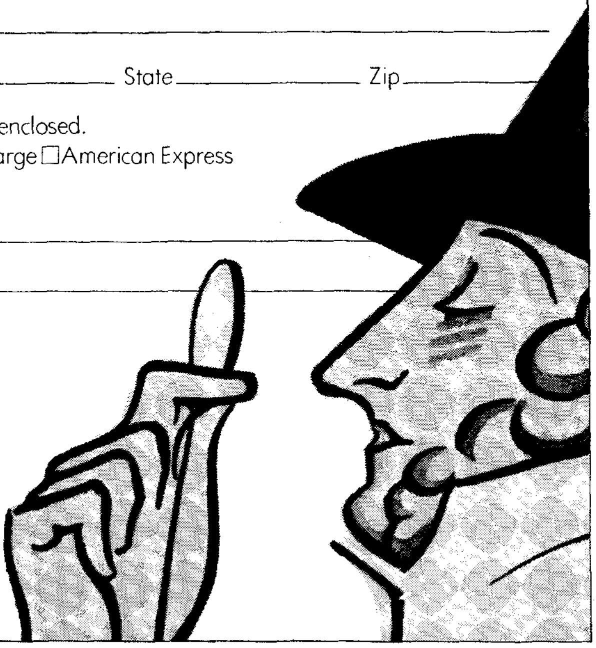

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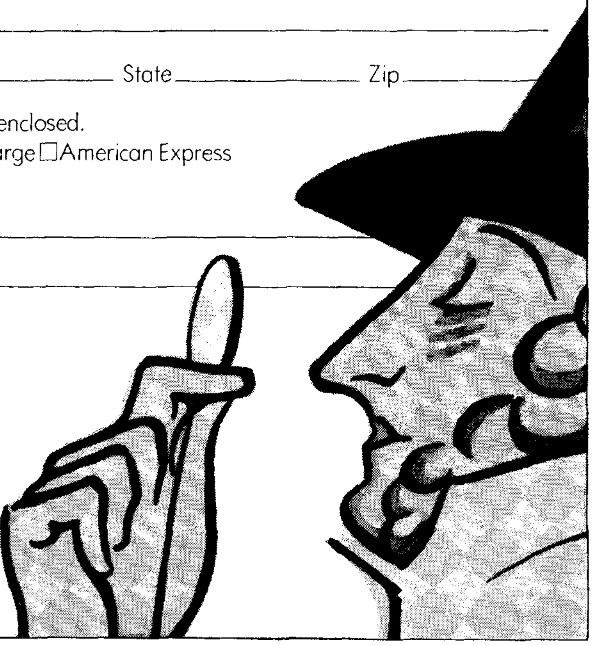

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tion. Mr. van den Haag's novelties appear more startling than persuasive, but they are still worth consideration.

NATURAL MAN: THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BEEBE, by Robert Henry Welker (Indiana). William Beebe, who died in 1962 at the age of eighty-four, was a phenomenon: part hustler, part naturalist, part man of letters, and always a boundless enthusiast. Mr. Welker, in this delightful book, gives a complete picture of Beebe, and one comes away with a sense of liking the man, flaws and all. (Beebe was not above more or less inventing adventures to supplement reality, and never bothering to let on that he was doing so.) It is not clear that Beebe's contribution to pure science amounted to a great deal. He saw a few new species and, in his bathysphere, made the first truly deep sea dives. But for many people his adventures were an introduction to the world of the naturalist. One story told by Mr. Welker deserves repeating. William Conway, now director of the New York Zoological Park, visited Beebe in Trinidad in 1960, when Beebe was eighty-two. He was treated to a vivid lecture on vampire bats. That night, when asleep in the Beebe establishment, he felt an unearthly piercing pain in his toe, as if from a bite. He leaped up with a scream of fright, only to find that Beebe had sneaked into his room, at 2 A.M., to play a little joke. An amazing man.

NOTE: "The Time of Illusion," Jonathan Schell's political and philosophical history of the Nixon years—from the Inauguration of 1969 through the excision of 1974—has been published by Knopf. All the material first appeared in this magazine.

•

FLORENCE—With an eye to expansion, the 102-year-old Florence Savings Bank trustees have purchased the Callahan Block from Edna M. Callahan of Chesterfield and Florida.—*Northampton (Mass.) Daily Hampshire Gazette.*

Even very old fellows have their dreams.

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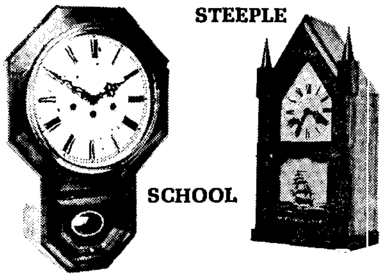

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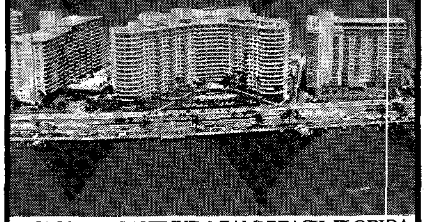

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